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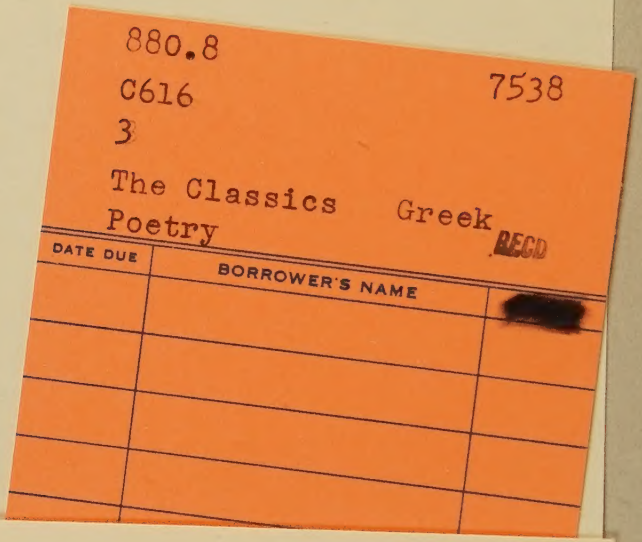

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VOLUME THREE

Didactic and Lyric Poetry

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INTRODUCTION

PINDAR

THE FOREMOST OF THE WORLD'S LYRIC POETS

BY BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE, LL.D.

Professor of Greek, The Johns Hopkins University

AS an editor of Pindar and a lover of Pindar I have been requested to say something by way of introduction to the poet. Editor and lover are not synonymous terms. I have no love for Persius and only a mitigated affection for Justin Martyr. But I have been faithful to Pindar for many years; and I have written several introductions to that remarkable singer, whose "personality for love or hate is stamped deep on all his works," so that it would be no very difficult task to cull from my own writings sentences that might serve as a presentation of the poet to the reader. But the essential facts are recorded elsewhere in this volume and it is not necessary to repeat them. Pindar is the foremost of the world's lyric poets. His birth preceded the Persian War by some thirty years; his death preceded the Peloponnesian War by ten or fifteen years,—no one knows exactly how many. "War is the father of all things," says Herakleitos, and these wars tell the story of Pindar's life,—at all events they show us the world in which he lived.

Thebes, the city-state of Pindar, was on what men call the wrong side—the unsuccessful side—the Medo-Persian side; and his life was shadowed by the troubles that foreran the great duel between Athens and Sparta,—the Doric War or the Attic War, as it was variously called. He rose to Pan-Hellenism on the wings of song, it is true; but there are up-to-date critics that would liken him rather to an aeroplane, and think of the buzzing of the motor rather than the grace of the flight. His canton, Bœotia, was, is still, proverbial for slowness of wit; and, whereas Pindar was once cited as an exception to his environment, there are those who say that

the heavy blood of the Bœotian rolls viscously in his veins, and that the Oxshire poet was late in finding himself. "Bœotian swine" was a byword in antiquity, and a modern critic has been found to compare Pindar to a mastodon plunging heavily through the primeval jungle of Hellenic poetry.

The poems by which Pindar is best known are the "Songs of Victory," which celebrate those who overcame at the great games of Greece. For these there is no modern parallel. The religious element is lacking in all our athleticism; there is scant affinity between the college yell and the Pindaric ode. Pindar lived and moved in a different world from ours; and to appreciate his spirit, his themes, his art, demands a study that few care to bestow on a poet for whom the word "aloofness" seems to have been made. The materials for such a study no brief introduction could supply; and for penetration into the recesses of his art the only clue is an intimate knowledge of the language in which his thoughts are bodied forth. The music of his verse is also an incommunicable charm, but in the present stage of Pindaric study, the less said of that the better. The "longs" and the "shorts" abide, but it seems as if after a while each scholar will sing the measures or hum them his own way—a hideous hum to everybody else.

The range of Pindar's thoughts is not wide, and he is much given to repetition—protesting against it all the while. The depth of them depends on the reader's plummet. Pindar is one that dwells apart. His sympathies are with the aristocratic regimen to which he was born, and his aloofness shows itself in his language, which is the language of disdain. "Sublime" is not the word for him, not the word for any Hellene—if Coleridge is right. But high and lifted up he is. He has a certain swoop of style, and it is not so difficult after all to be taught to admire him in detail. There are jewels five words long that catch every eye. Some of his sentences ring down the corridors of time. But honest admiration of his Odes of Victory as artistic wholes can come only from a special course of study, which has its danger for the student —the danger of adoring what he himself has conjured into his subject. One of Pindar's most famous phrases, "things that have a voice for men of understanding," has been a snare

to many. One mistakes the ringing in one's own ears for the voice of birds. As each man sees in Shakespeare his own fellow craftsman, so each man reads himself into Pindar. The architect finds the ground-plans of temples in the odes, and there are those who write keys to Pindar's political allusions as one writes keys to Disraeli's political novels.

The fact that the Odes of Victory are occasional poems is not to be denied, nor to be overlooked. But all supreme poetry has its eternal lessons apart from the circumstances that give rise to it, and this is as true of Pindar as it is true of Goethe. And, after all, what does the jargon of criticism amount to? The singer has a way with him that appeals to this man and does not appeal to that man; and one is reminded of the dictum of a poet who is not unlike Pindar in his aristocratic bearing, his disdainful attitude. "'We admire by tradition and criticise by caprice,' is a tremendous saying of Walter Savage Landor," says Augustine Birrell (who is much more than "the agreeable rattle" Henley calls him); and Pindar is no exception to this tremendous saying. Moderns repeat Horace's praise of the great lyrist. Was that a bit of tradition also? Bakchylides was nearer to Horace than was Pindar, and we all say after Horace: *Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari,* and the rest of it, with the catalogue of the various spheres of lyric poetry in which the Dircaean swan essayed his flight—the Dircaean swan, who is at the same time the Theban eagle. What matters it? In any case the poet, according to that *poëte manqué* Plato, is a winged thing, and poets have the same rights of transformation as have the gods. Think of Ganymede's eagle and Leda's swan. It is a sad mistake of some interpreters of Bakchylides when they decline to admit his right to call himself an eagle because of the nightingale element which he also claims. The side that Pindar turns out to the ordinary student is doubtless the side of which he was proudest and by which he is usually characterized, but it is not the side by which he is most easily approached. It is fair to say that, if we had had from the beginning Pindar's Paeans (recently discovered) in as good a text as the Odes of Victory, the impression would have been different and the admiration more spontaneous—

such admiration as we yield to Bakchylides without demur. Yes! we admire by tradition; and admiration expresses itself in the sincerest form, imitation. To be sure, Horace deprecated imitation of Pindar. The son of the freedman felt that he lacked the *os profundum* of the priest of Magna Mater. He only had the *os rotundum*—a very different thing, as so many writers on style fail to see. But the traditional admirers of Pindar in modern literature have been found to imitate what they did not in the least understand; and between Pindar and the understanding of him are arrayed the cohorts of Pindaric odists of every nationality. One might fill pages with characteristics of Pindar, volumes with comments on the so-called imitations of Pindar, which reflect nothing but false conceptions of a poet, whom few have the patience to study. To be sure, some of the characteristics of Pindar are in Braille point, which the most horny-handed of the blind can read. Such, for instance, is his use of epithets. A famous French writer has said that the secret of style lies in the combination of adjective and substantive; there must be no married calm between the two. The epithet must be not the wife, but the mistress of the word to which it is joined, and it is this free love, this *wilde Ehe,* that is traditionally imitated. Horace, the very poet who protested against the imitation of Pindar, has studied Pindaric effects. His *curiosa felicitas* is in the same line. Horace's marriages are at all events in the honeymoon stage. Unexpected epithets,—that is, after all, truly Pindaric. Unexpected transitions constitute another characteristic. Given these two, and one sets up a Pindaric shop. Pindar is tangential. To be Pindaric is to fly off without reason, if not without rhythm.

But it will be said: "All this was before the days of the great interpreters of the Nineteenth Century, who, believing that order is Heaven's first law, believed also that there must be order underlying the chaos of the Heaven-born poet." But it was not reserved for these interpreters of Pindar to postulate a cryptic nexus between the parts of the Pindaric ode; and commentator after commentator, from fine old Erasmus Schmid down, has fancied that he has found the key to the harmonies of Pindar.

No wonder that of late years there has been a rebellion against all these schemes, against the logical network of the old days, against the cyclic responsions, the verbal echoes of more recent times, against all the apparatus that learned ingenuity has brought to bear on the question of the unity of the Pindaric ode. No wonder that scholars of high rank have abandoned all attempts to claim for Pindar artistic purpose, and that caprice rules the day in Pindaric criticism, as it is supposed to have ruled the day in Pindar's poetic creation. And so we come back to the second half of Landor's tremendous saying, emphasized by that agreeable rattle Augustine Birrell—"We criticise by caprice." And the appetite of the voyager on the Pindaric caravel is capricious. The choppy seas of Pindaric poetry seem to have affected many of the students of the poet, not merely those who compile Histories of Greek Literature, and who are *capables de tout,* but those to whose judgment even men who have a right to an opinion might defer. But there is no appealing from sea-sickness, and one listens to the plaint that, after all, we are not on the ocean of the beautiful—that it is merely a lake that has been churned into the semblance of the sea.

The "gorgeous sublimity" which Sir Philip Sidney found in Pindar has become gorgeousness without sublimity. The stylistic intoxication, which Matthew Arnold recognized in Pindar, no longer saves him from the charge of being drunk and disorderly. In the use of metaphor, says Schroeder, Pindar is still rude and unclarified. When Wilamowitz says that the proud Aigeid does not start back in horror from the ugly the old-fashioned lover of Pindar seeks analogies ancient and modern, in defense of his favorite poet. Your aristocrat often affects great homeliness of speech. It is an old observation that Shakespeare's gentlemen rivals are more outspoken, not to say coarser than Shakespeare, the plebeian; and I myself have had something to say about the Etruscan *hobereau* Persius in that regard. But alas! the proud Aigeid has been stripped of his title of Aigeid by a noted scholar. Pindar has been made to sit below the salt, and has been characterized substantially as a paid peripatetic professional puffer. To these capricious critics Pindar's broader views of Hellenism

mean nothing more than a wider range of custom as he advances from the position of a singer for the high-born prizers of Aigina and Northern Greece, to the rank of a eulogist of the over-seas tyrants of Sicily. Pindar's praise of Athens was a miscalculation, but he got his money back, and more.

As for the artistic unity of his poems, that is a mere fancy of predetermined pedants. The myth is what the earlier school of critics, the earlier school of imitators held it to be—a mere adornment. The "tangential" theory has full sway again. Pindar, it seems, had a manufactory of these stories, and the same story with variations does duty over again, just as the Attic orators on off days got up a lot of *prooemia* which they worked off as best they might. Anything set him going, and the path was the line of least resistance. There is a wearisome recurrence to Herakles—the founder of the Olympic games, the prototype of the toiling athlete. The myth as the ideal incorporation of the real—what nonsense! Basic thought—what fudge! Boeckh's correspondence with Dissen has recently been exhumed. How strangely old-fashioned it all seems! One puffs the whole nebulous structure away.—All this to me is blasphemy; and I plead guilty to what a noted divine once called "a weather-beaten hardihood of soul." I have not lost heart. I have not lost faith either in the man or in the artist. All that I claimed for the artist twenty-five years ago abides. It is only what he claimed for himself, and he is a true witness. Opulence is his, and splendor, swiftness and elevation. His work is like unto the chryselephantine work of Pheidias. "The aristocratic disdain in his nature yields only to kindred spirits or to faithful service."

And as for Pindar the man, my judgment abides also; and I am glad to note that an eminent scholar who has said harsh things about the artist has left us the man. "He was always an individual poet," says Wilamowitz, "and hence the value of his odes to one who prizes more the laborious attempt to follow the development of an individual [of a real man] than the facile enjoyment of the grace of conventional poetry," [in other words, one who prefers working at Pindar to being entertained by Bakchylides].

HESIOD

THE WORKS AND DAYS

AND

THE THEOGONY

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY THE REV. J. BANKS, M.A.

HEAD MASTER OF LUDLOW SCHOOL

AND

THE SHIELD OF HERCULES

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

HESIOD: THE FATHER OF DIDACTIC POETRY

INTRODUCTION

HESIOD, THE FATHER OF DIDACTIC POETRY

As Homer was regarded as the founder and master of the mythical epic, so Hesiod was looked upon as the father of the didactic epic, so called because of its characteristic moral and instructive tone. This kind of poetry arose about the beginning of the seventh century before Christ in response to a demand of the time. The Greeks, in reaction from the artificial romance of the mythical epic, were turning toward the realism of life, and they welcomed the literature which presented it, especially in the extreme and unpoetic forms of useful information and moral maxims. The turning point in favor of the new order of literature was the great poetical contest at the funeral games of Amphidamas of Chalcis, in which Hesiod defeated a rival rhapsodist of the Homeric school, whom tradition naturally magnified into Homer himself. Believing the tradition, the later Greeks invented many absurd reasons to account for the amazing defeat of one whom they regarded as indisputably the supreme poet, and particularly held up the judges to ridicule.

Yet, says Professor Mahaffy, a more philosophical review of the development of Greek poetry shows such a result to be natural and necessary. The Greek public was presented with so many weak and watery epics, with so many faint imitations of the great originals, that even these lost their charm, and were a weariness to them. Then it was that a truly original poet again turned his attention to the only real source of life in any literature—the songs and shrewd sayings of the people. He found old gnomes and advices about practical life, rules of agriculture and of morals fused like the Roman lady's distaff and her chastity. He recast them in an artistic form, retaining sufficient flavour of their rudeness to preserve their

charm for audiences weary of heroic refinement. Thus arose the famous Works and Days, the homely rival of Homeric song, the parent of Greek gnomic poetry, the great hand-book of moral teaching among Greek educators. The man who gathered and systematised this old folk lore and folk wisdom—who combined Ionic treatment with a Bœotian subject —who tamed the rude dialect of the farmers on Helicon into an almost epic style—who carried back Ionic memories to his rugged home—who won the tripod at the national contest of Chalcis—who then settled near Naupactus, and died there—this was the real Hesiod. He was not removed by centuries from the poetry which directly followed his lead. He was rather the first of a close and continuous series of poets who took up his realism, though they freed it from its "Helot" flavour, left out his husbandry and his addresses to rustics, and gave his ethics an aristocratic tone.

The general character of The Works and Days is that of a shrewd and somewhat mean society, where private interest is the paramount object, and the ultimate test of morals; but where the poor and undefended man sees plainly that religion and justice, however in themselves respectable, are of value as affording his only chance of safety. The attainment of comfort, or of wealth, seems the only object in view—the distrust of kinsmen and friends seems widely spread—the whole of the social scheme seems awry, and in a decaying condition. All the faults of the Greek character, which come out so strongly in after history, are there, and even obtrusive. The picture of the Iron Age contains every one of the features so striking in Thucydides' famous picture (book iii), of the fourth century Greeks. Nevertheless, the poet strongly asserts the moral government of the world, and his Zeus is an All-wise and All-knowing Ruler, far removed from the foibles and the passions of the Homeric type. While he mentions the usual evils of poverty—mendicancy and nightly thieving—it is remarkable that he never alludes practically to the horrors of war, or the risk of slavery, from either this cause or from piracy. It is, indeed, doubtful whether any of the farm-servants mentioned are slaves, and not rather hired labourers, working for the owner of a freehold farm.

The Works and Days was addressed by Hesiod to his brother Perses (with whom he was at odds on a question of inheritance) in order to improve his character and habits, and to divert him from litigation to a life of labor as the only assurance of peace and comfort in old age. This purpose he enforces and illustrates by mythical narratives, fables, descriptions and moral proverbs, scattered among his practical directions in agriculture. The work ends with a catalogue of the days that are favorable and unfavorable for the transaction of business or the beginning of various kinds of farm labor.

The Romans, who paid great attention to agriculture, very highly regarded the Works and Days. Virgil, indeed, modeled his Georgics upon it.

The Theogony of Hesiod is in quite another vein. It describes the origin of the world and the birth of the gods, and relates legends of their loves and their conflicts. Prof. Mahaffy speaks of Hesiod's description of the battle of the gods as having "a splendid crash and thunder about it," and declares that the passage is "far superior in conception, though inferior in execution" to a similar description in the Iliad.

The present text of the Theogony closes with the beginning of a Catalogue of Famous Women, the main body of which has been lost, the end, however, appearing in the opening lines of a Hesiodic fragment, The Shield of Hercules. This work is a portion of a description of the combat between Hercules and Cycnus, containing a description of the hero's shield,—a passage in which the poet deliberately places himself in rivalry with Homer, whose description of the Shield of Achilles was considered by the ancients as the model of its kind.

In Attic days, says Mahaffy, Hesiod attained a widespread popularity as an author of moral instruction for the use of schoolmasters and parents. The Greeks, indeed, always regarded the Works as an ethical treatise, while the Romans laid more stress on its agricultural side. Plato constantly alludes to Hesiod, and quotes him, not very accurately, as an authority in morals and in theology. He is similarly cited by Xenophon. So thoroughly was this recognised that the comic writers brought him on the stage as the ideal of an old-fashioned schoolmaster, full of cut-and-dry moral advices. The philoso-

phers who succeeded Plato, especially the Stoics Zeno and Chrysippus, made him the subject of criticism; and Epicurus is said to have got his first impulse towards philosophy from reading the Theogony. The same story is told of Manilius, the Roman poet.

Hesiod has been translated into English verse in whole or in part by George Chapman, Sir Charles Abraham Elton, Richard Garnett and the Rev. James Davies. Thomas Parnell's Pandora, or The Rise of Woman, is a free imitation of parts of the Theogony. While verse is well suited to the rendition of special passages of the Works and Days and the Theogony, such as the description of winter in the former poem and the birth of Aphrodite and the fight of the gods in the latter, as a whole each of these works is best rendered into prose, because of the paramount didactic purpose. The Shield of Hercules, however, is a pure work of art, and therefore suited to translation into verse. Accordingly we present in the present work prose translations made by the Rev. J. Banks of The Works and Days and the Theogony, and the rendition into verse of the Shield of Hercules by Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

THE WORKS AND DAYS

Ye Muses from Pieria, celebrating in songs, come speak of Jove, and chaunt your sire, through whom mortal men are alike famed and fameless, named and nameless, by the will of mighty Jove. For with ease indeed he maketh strong, and with ease bringeth low the strong: and easily he minisheth the illustrious, and increaseth the obscure: easily too doth high-thundering Jove, who dwelleth in mansions highest, straighten the crooked, and blast the proud of heart. Hear and behold and heed, and direct the judgments righteously, O thou! Now would I narrate what is true, O Perses.

Not, I ween, was there one kind only of Contention, but there are two upon the earth: the one a sensible man would commend, but the other is blameworthy: and they have spirits minded different ways. For the one fosters evil war and discord, cruel as she is: her at any rate no mortal loves, but of necessity, by the counsels of the immortals, they honour harsh Strife. The other, however, gloomy Night bare first, and her, by far the best, the high-throned son of Cronos, dwelling in the heavens, placed at earth's roots and among men: 'tis she also who still rouses a man to work, even though he be inactive. For any one when idle having looked upon another being rich, he, I say, makes haste to plough and to plant, and well to order his house; for neighbour rivals neighbour, when hastening toward riches; but this contention is good for mortals. Both potter is jealous of potter, and craftsman of craftsman; and poor man has a grudge against poor man, and poet against poet.

But do thou, Perses,[1] lay up these things in thy mind, nor

[1] Hesiod and his brother Perses had divided their patrimony: Perses spent his share in riot and luxury, and then sought to recruit his fortunes, by bringing his brother to trial for having received more than his share, before corrupt judges, whom Perses had bribed. The passage seems to urge him to leave off litigation, and rely on toil and labour for a competence.

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let Contention rejoicing in ills hinder thy mind from work, whilst it gapes at strifes, and is a listener in the forum. For rare indeed is the time for contentions and suits in the forum to him, whose substance is not yearly stored up within in season, substance which Earth bears, the gift of Ceres.

When thou hast satisfied thyself with these, then, and not till then, further contentions and strife concerning the possessions of others: but it will never again be allowed you to do thus: let us however forthwith put an end to the dispute by righteous judgments which are the best from Jove. For already in sooth have we divided the inheritance, and thou didst carry off much more by plunder: flattering much the bribe-swallowing judges, whose will it is to give judgment thus. Fools! and they know neither how much half exceeds the whole, nor how great advantage is in mallow and asphodel.[1]

Now the gods keep hidden for men their means of subsistence: for else easily mightest thou even in one day have wrought, so that thou shouldest have enough for the year, even though being idle: else straightway wouldst thou lay by the rudder above the smoke, and the labours of oxen and of toil-enduring mules would be undone. But Jove in wrath at his heart concealed it, because wily Prometheus had beguiled him. Therefore, I ween, he devised baneful cares for men. And fire he hid, which indeed the good son of Iapetus stole back for mankind from counsellor Jove in a hollow fennel-stalk, after he had escaped the notice of Jove delighting in the thunderbolt.

Him then cloud-compelling Jove addressed in wrath: "O son of Iapetus, knowing beyond all in counsels, thou exultest in having stolen fire, and deceived my wisdom, a severe woe to thyself and to men that shall come after. To them now will I give evil instead of fire, wherewith all may delight themselves at heart, hugging their own evil." So spake he: and out laughed the sire of men and gods: but he bade Vulcan the illustrious with all speed mix earth with water, and endue it with man's voice and strength, and to liken in countenance to im-

[1] That is, a dinner of herbs with contentment is better than the feast of the envious.

mortal goddesses the fair, lovely beauty of a maiden: then he bade Minerva teach her work, to weave the highly wrought web; and golden Aphrodite to shed around her head grace, and painful desire, and cares that waste the limbs: but to endue her with a shameless mind and tricksy manners he charged the conductor, Argicide Mercury.

So he bade: but they obeyed Jove, the sovereign son of Cronus: and forthwith out of the earth the famous crippled god fashioned one like unto a modest maiden, through the counsels of Jove, the son of Cronus: and the goddess, gleaming-eyed Minerva, girdled and arrayed her: and around her skin the goddess Graces and august Persuasion hung golden chains, whilst fair-tressed Hours crowned her about with flowers of spring: and Pallas Minerva adapted every ornament to her person. But in her breast, I wot, conductor Mercury wrought falsehoods, and wily speeches, and tricksy manners, by the counsels of deep-thundering Jove: and the herald of the gods placed within her, I ween, a winning voice: and this woman he called Pandora, because all, inhabiting Olympian mansions, bestowed on her a gift, a mischief to inventive men.

But when he had perfected the dire inextricable snare, father Jove proceeded to send to Epimetheus the famous slayer of Argus, swift messenger of the gods, carrying her as a gift: nor did Epimetheus consider how Prometheus had told him never to accept a gift from Olympian Jove, but to send it back, lest haply any ill should arise to mortals. But he, after receiving it, felt the evil, when now he possessed it.

Now aforetime indeed the races of men were wont to live on the earth apart and free from ills, and without harsh labour, and painful diseases, which have brought death on mortals. For in wretchedness men presently grow old. But the woman having with her hands removed the great lid from the vessel, dispersed them: then contrived she baneful cares for men. And Hope alone there in unbroken abode kept remaining within, beneath the verge of the vessel nor did it flit forth abroad: for before that, she had placed on the lid of the vessel, by the counsels of ægis-bearing, cloud-compeller Jove. But myriad other ills have roamed forth among men. For full indeed is earth of woes, and full the sea: and in the day as well as at night

diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills to men, for counsellor Jove hath taken from them their voice. Thus not in any way is it possible to escape the will of Jove.

But if you will, another tale will I briefly tell you well and skilfully, and do you ponder it in your mind, that from the same origin are sprung gods and mortal men. First of all the immortals holding the mansions of Olympus made a golden race of speaking men. They indeed were under Cronus, what time he ruled in heaven. And as gods they were wont to live, with a life void of care, apart from, and without labours and trouble: nor was wretched old age at all impending, but, ever the same in hands and feet, did they delight themselves in festivals out of the reach of all ills: and they died, as if o'ercome by sleep; all blessings were theirs; of its own will the fruitful field would bear them fruit, much and ample: and they gladly used to reap the labours of their hands in quietness along with many good things, being rich in flocks, and dear to the blessed gods. But after that Earth had covered this generation by the hests of mighty Jove, they indeed are dæmons, kindly, haunting earth, guardians of mortal men, who, I ween, watch both the decisions of justice, and harsh deeds, going to and fro everywhere over the earth, having wrapt themselves in mist, givers of riches as they are: and this is a kingly function which they have.

Afterwards again the dwellers in Olympian mansions formed a second race of silver, far inferior; like unto the golden neither in shape nor mind: but for a hundred years indeed a boy was reared and grew up beside his wise mother, in her house, being quite childish: but when one happened to come to age and reached the stature of manhood, for but a brief space used they to live, suffering griefs through their imprudences: for they could not keep off rash insult one from the other, nor were they willing to worship the gods, nor to sacrifice at the holy altars of the blessed, as it is right men should in their abodes. Them indeed afterwards, Jove, son of Cronus, buried in his wrath, because they gave not due honours to the blessed gods, who occupy Olympus. Now when earth had ingulfed this race also, they, beneath the ground, are called

blessed mortals, second in rank; but still honour attends these also.

And yet a third race of speech-gifted men formed father Jove of brass, not at all like unto the silver, formidable and mighty by reason of their ashen spears: whose care was the mournful deeds of Mars, and insults: neither did they at all eat wheaten food only, but had stout-spirited hearts of adamant; unapproachable. Now vast force and hands unvanquished grew from their shoulders upon sturdy limbs. These had brazen arms, and likewise brazen houses, and with brass they wrought: for there was not yet dark iron. They indeed subdued beneath their own hands, entered the squalid abode of chilling Hades, inglorious: for terrible though they were, black Death seized them, and they quitted the bright sunlight.

But when earth had covered this race also, again Jove, son of Cronus, wrought yet another, a fourth, on the many-nourishing ground, more just and more worthy, a godlike race of hero-men, who are called by the former age demigods over the boundless earth. And these baneful war, as well as the dire battle-din, destroyed, a part fighting before seven-gated Thebes, in the Cadmean land, for the flocks of Œdipus, and part also in ships beyond the vast depths of the sea, when it had led them to Troy for fair-haired Helen's sake. There indeed the end of death enshrouded them; but to them Jove, the son of Cronus, their sire, having given life and settlements apart from men, made them to dwell at the confines of earth, afar from the immortals. Among these Cronus rules. And they indeed dwell with careless spirit in the Isles of the Blest.[1] beside deep-eddying Ocean; blest heroes, for whom thrice in a year doth the fertile soil bear blooming fruits as sweet as honey.

Would that then I had not mingled with the fifth race of men, but had either died before, or been born afterward. For now in truth is the iron race, neither will they ever cease by day, nor at all by night, from toil and wretchedness, corrupt as they are: but the gods will give them severe cares: yet

[1] Homer, Odyssey iv, speaks of the Elysian plain, which he fixed at the extremities of Earth, and at the Ocean.

nevertheless even for these shall good be mingled with ills. But Jove will destroy this race also of men endowed with speech, as soon as, immediately after having been born, they become silvery-templed. Nor will sire be like-minded to sons, nor sons at all to parent, nor guest to host, nor comrade to comrade, nor will brother be dear, even as it was aforetime, to brother. But quickly will they dishonour parents growing old, and will blame them, I ween, addressing them with harsh words, being impious, and unaware of the vengeance of the gods; nor to aged parents would these pay back the price of their nuture, using the right of might: and one will sack the city of another: nor will there be any favour to the trusty, nor the just, nor the good, but rather they will honour a man that doeth evil and is overbearing; and justice and shame will not be in their hands, and the bad will injure the better man, speaking in perverse speeches, and will swear a false oath. But on all wretched mortals envy with its tongues of malice, exulting in ills, will attend with hateful look. Then also in truth to Olympus from earth with its broad ways shall Shame and Retribution, having abandoned men, depart, when they have clad their fair skin in white raiment, to the tribe of the immortals: but the baneful griefs shall remain behind, and against evil there shall be no resource.

Now then will I speak a fable to kings, wise even though they are. Thus the hawk addressed the nightingale of variegated throat, as he carried her in his talons, when he had caught her, very high in the clouds.

She then, pierced on all sides by his crooked talons, was wailing piteously, whilst he victoriously addressed his speech to her. "Wretch, wherefore criest thou? 'tis a much stronger that holds thee. Thou wilt go that way by which I may lead thee, songstress though thou art: and my supper, if I choose, I shall make, or shall let go. But senseless is he who chooses to contend against them that are stronger, and he is robbed of victory, and suffers griefs in addition to indignities."

So spake the fleet-flying hawk, broad-pinioned bird. But do thou, Perses, hear the right, nor help on wrong: for wrong is both ill to a poor mortal, nor in truth can a well-to-do man

easily bear it, for he is also weighed down by it, having fallen upon the penalties of crime; the better way is to arrive at what is right in the contrary path; and justice surmounts injury, when it has reached to the end. When he has suffered, the senseless man learns this. For along with crooked judgments straight runs the avenger of perjury; and a resistless course is that of Justice, though she be dragged whithersoever bribe-swallowing men may lead her, and with perverse judgments decide upon the existing rights. And she follows lamenting city and settlements of peoples, clad in mist, bringing ill on men, who shall have driven her out, and dispense not a fair decision. But whoso give fair judgments to strangers and to citizens, and do not overstep aught of justice, for these a city blooms, and her peoples flourish within her: peace rears her young men through the land, nor ever to them doth wide-seeing Jove ordain troublous war: nor ever doth famine, nor ruin, company with men who judge the right, but in festivals they enjoy the fruit of carefully-tended works. For them bears Earth much substance: on the mountains the oak at its top indeed yields acorns, and midway bees: the woolly sheep are weighed down with fleeces; women bear children like unto their sires: in blessings they flourish still: nor ever travel they on board ship; but the fertile field yields its increase. But they, to whom evil, wrong, and hard deeds are a care, to them wide-seeing Jove, the son of Cronus, destines punishment. Oft hath even a whole city reaped the evil fruit of a bad man, who sins and puts in practice deeds of infatuation.

On them then from heaven the son of Cronus is wont to bring great calamity, famine and pestilence at the same time: so the peoples waste away. Neither do the women bear children: and houses come to nought, by the counsels of Olympian Jove; and at other times again the son of Cronus either destroys their wide army, or he lays low their walls, or in the deep he punishes their ships.

Now do ye too, ye judges, ponder likewise yourselves this vengeance: for being among men and nigh unto them, the immortals observe as many as with perverse judgments wear and waste each other, disregarding the punishment of the gods. For on the many-nurturing earth are thrice ten thousand im-

mortals, Jove's watchers over mortal men; who, I ween, watch both just judgments and daring acts, clad in misty darkness, and haunting everywhere over the earth. And Jove's virgin daughter, Justice, besides, is a watcher, illustrious and venerable, with the gods who occupy Olympus. Yes, and whenever any one wrongs her by perversely railing at her, forthwith taking her seat beside Jove, son of Cronus, her sire, she speaks of the unjust mind of mortals, that so the people may atone for the infatuations of kings, who, with pernicious intents, turn her the wrong way by speaking judgments perversely. Heeding these things, ye judges, swallowers of the bribe, make straight your sentiments, and entirely forget crooked judgments. For himself doth a man work evil, in working evils for another, and the evil counsel is worst to him that hath devised it. Jove's eye, having seen all things, and observed all things, also regards these things, if he so please, nor does it escape him, of what nature, in truth, is this justice, which the city encloses within. Now might in truth neither I myself, nor my son, be just among men, since to be a just man is an evil, if so be that the more unjust man is to have the stronger justice. But this I hope that Jove, delighting in thunders, will not yet bring about.

Yet, O Perses, do thou ponder these things in thine heart, and heed justice in sooth, and forget violence entirely. For this law hath the son of Cronus ordained for men, for fishes indeed and beasts, and winged fowls to eat each other, since justice is not among them: but to men hath he given justice, which is far best. For if a man choose to know and speak out what is just, to him also wide-seeing Jove gives felicity; but whoso in his testimony, wilfully having sworn a false oath, shall have lied, and by it having marred justice, shall have gone astray incurably, of him then the race is left more obscure for the future. Of a man, however, of true oath, the generation is more excellent thereafter.

Now will I speak to thee with good intent, thou exceeding foolish Perses. Badness, look you, you may choose easily in a heap: level is the path, and right near it dwells. But before virtue the immortal gods have set exertion: and long and steep and rugged at the first is the way to it, but when one

shall have reached the summit, then truly it is easy, difficult though it be before.

This man, indeed, is far best, who shall have understood everything for himself, after having devised what may be best afterward and unto the end: and good again is he likewise who shall have complied with one advising him well: but whoso neither himself hath understanding, nor when he hears another, lays it to heart, he on the other hand is a worthless man. Do thou then, ever mindful of my precept, work on, Perses, of stock divine, that so famine may hate, and fair-chapleted Demeter love thee, august as she is, and fill thy garner with substance. For famine, look you, is ever the sluggard's companion.

And with him gods and men are indignant, who lives a sluggard's life, like in temper to stingless drones, which lazily consume the labour of bees, by devouring it: but to thee let it be a pleasure to set in order seemly works, that so thy garners may be full of seasonable substance. From works men become both rich in flocks and wealthy: by working too, thou wilt be dearer far to immortals and to mortals. For greatly do they hate sluggards. Now work is no disgrace, but sloth is a disgrace. And if thou shouldst work, quickly will the sluggard envy thee growing rich; for esteem and glory accompany wealth. So to a sensible man, such as thou wert, to labour is best, if having turned a witless mind from the possessions of others towards work, thou wouldst study thy subsistence, as I recommend thee.

But a false shame possesses a needy man, shame which greatly hurts or helps men. Shame, look you, is beside wretchedness, but confidence beside wealth; and possessions not gotten by plunder, but given by the gods, are far best. For if any one even with his hands shall have taken great wealth by violence, or if he for his part shall have plundered it by his tongue, even as often happens, as soon as in truth gain hath deceived the minds of men, and shamelessness comes suddenly on shame, then, I say, easily do the gods darken his name: the family of such a man is minished, and but for a brief space doth his wealth accompany him.

And alike he who shall have done evil to suppliant and to

guest, and he who mounts the couch of his kinsman, for stealthy union with his wife, doing acts unseemly; and whoso through the senselessness of any one wrongs orphan children, and whoso reproaches an aged parent on the threshold of wretched age, assailing him with severe words; against such an one, I say in truth, Jove himself is wroth, and at the last, in requital for wrong deeds, lays on him a bitter penalty. Then keep thou wholly a witless mind from these deeds. But after thy power do sacrifice to the immortal gods, holily and purely, and burn moreover sleek thighs of victims, and at other times propitiate them with libations, and incense, both when you go to rest, and when the holy light shall have risen: that so to thee they may entertain a propitious heart and spirit, that thou mayest buy the land of others, not others thine. Invite the man that loves thee to a feast, but let alone thine enemy: and especially invite him that dwelleth near thee: for if, mark you, anything strange shall have happened at home, neighbours are wont to come ungirt, but kinsfolk gird themselves first. A bad neighbour is as great a misfortune as a good one is a great blessing. Who gains a worthy neighbour, hath truly gained a meed of honour: neither would an ox perish, if there were not a bad neighbour. Duly measure when thou borrowest from a neighbour, and duly repay, in the very measure, and better still, if thou canst, that so when in want thou mayest find that which may be relied on in future.

Gain not base gains: base gains are equal to losses. Love him that loves thee; and be nigh him that attaches himself to thee: and give to him who may have given: give not to him that hath not given. To a giver on the one hand some have given: but to the withholder none give. A gift is good: but plunder evil,—a dealer of death. For whatsoever man shall have given willingly, he too would give much. He exults in his gift, and is pleased in his spirit. But whoso shall have seized, in compliance with his shamelessness, even though it be but a little, yet that little curdles his heart's blood. For if thou shouldst lay up even a little upon a little, and shouldst do this often, soon would even this become great. He who brings, in addition to what is in store, this man shall escape dark hunger: nor does that at least which is laid up in the

house distress a man. Better is it that it should be at home, since that which is without is attended with loss. 'Tis good to take from what is at hand, but a woe to the spirit to want of that which is far from you: which truths I bid thee ponder. At the beginning too of the cask, and at the end, take thy fill, but spare it in the middle: for sparingness is too late at the bottom. Let the recompense fixed for a friend be sufficient, and, as in sport, with a brother even call in witnesses: for trust, I wot, look you, as well as mistrusts, has ruined men. Nor let a woman with sweeping train [or a bustle] beguile thy mind, winningly coaxing, and seeking after thy dwelling: for who trusts a woman, that man, I wot, trusts knaves. And let there be one only son to tend his father's house: for so shall wealth increase in the dwelling. But if old, you may die and leave another son. For easily to more might Jove provide vast wealth. For of many greater is the care, and greater the gain. Now if thy spirit desires wealth in thy mind, thus do, and moreover do work upon work.

When the Pleiads, born of Atlas, rise, begin thy harvest; but thy ploughing, when they set. Now these, look you, are hidden for forty nights and days; and again in revolving years they appear when first the sickle is sharpened. This truly is the law of fields, as well for them who dwell near the sea, as for those who inhabit wooded valleys, a fertile soil afar from the swelling sea: sow stript, plough stript, and reap stript, if thou shouldst wish to gather the works of Ceres, all in their seasons, that so each may grow for thee in due time, lest in anywise, being in need meanwhile, thou shouldst go begging to other people's houses, and accomplish nothing. As e'en now thou hast come to me; but I will not add more to thee, nor measure out aught in addition: work, senseless Perses, the works which the gods have destined for mortals, lest ever, with children and wife grieving thine heart, thou shouldst seek thy subsistence among neighbours, and they should neglect thee. For twice indeed or thrice perhaps thou wilt obtain, but if thou trouble them further, thou shalt avail nought, but wilt speak many words in vain: and useless will be thy range of words. I recommend thee then to study both payment of debts, and

avoidance of hunger. First of all get a house, and a woman, and a ploughing ox; a woman purchased, not wedded, who may also tend your cattle, and all fitting implements in your house, lest you should ask of another, and he refuse, and you be in want of it, so the season should pass by, and your labour's fruit be lessened. Nor put off till to-morrow or the day after; for not, if he works sluggishly or puts off, doth a man fill his garner: but diligence increaseth the fruit of toil. A dilatory man ever wrestles with losses.

When now the violence of the keen sun abates his sweat-causing heat, as all-powerful Jove rains in the autumnal season, and the body of man moves itself far more lightly, for at this season in truth the star Sirius comes in the day-time for a short space above the heads of men born to death, but has more share of the night; then is the timber least worm-eaten, if felled with the axe, and sheds its leaves on the ground, and ceases from budding; then truly, bearing it in mind, fell a timely work. Hew a mortar three feet in diameter, and a pestle three cubits, and an axle-tree seven feet long, for, look you, it is very serviceable thus; but if you should cleave it eight feet, you might also cut from it a mallet. And hew a wheel three spans long for the plough carriage of ten palms' length. Many curved blocks of seasoned wood are at hand; but bring your plough-tail home, when you shall have found it, after search on mountain or in field, of ilex-oak: for this is stoutest for steers to plough; whensoever a servant of Minerva [a smith or carpenter], having fastened it to the share-beam, has attached it with nails, and fitted it to the pole. But make two ploughs, toiling at them at home, one with plough-tail of one piece with the share-beam, the other compacted, for 'tis much better thus, if, look you, you should have broken one, you might place the other upon the oxen: and poles are soundest of bay or elm: but provide yourself a share-beam of oak, a plough-tail of ilex-oak, and a pair of males, steers nine years old, (for the vigour of such is not weak,) having the just mean of age, which are best for working. Such at least would not strive in the furrow and break the plough, and leave there their labour unfinished. And along with these let a lusty ploughman of forty years follow, having made a meal on a

loaf four-squared, divided into eight morsels, who, minding his business, will cut the furrow straight, no longer peering round among his fellows, but having his heart in his work; than such an one none other, being younger, is better to disperse the seed, and to avoid after-sowing. For a younger man gapes like one distraught after his fellows.

Mark, too, when from on high out of the clouds you shall have heard the voice of the crane uttering its yearly cry, which both brings the signal for ploughing, and points the season of rainy winter, but gnaws the heart of the man that hath no oxen: then truly feed the crumpled-horned oxen remaining within their stalls: for it is easy to say the word, "Lend me a yoke of oxen, and a wain;" but easy is it to refuse, saying, There is work for my oxen. Then thinks the man, rich in his own conceit, to build a wain, fool as he is, nor knows he this, "but there are also a hundred planks to a waggon," for which it is meet first to take thought, to get them within the house.

But when first the season of ploughing has appeared to mortals, even then rouse thyself, thy servants alike and thyself, ploughing during the season of ploughing, whether dry or wet, hasting very early, that so thy corn-lands may be full. In spring turn up the soil; and the ground tilled afresh in summer will not mock thy hopes: and sow thy fallow-land while yet light. Fallow-land is a guardian from death and ruin, and a soother of children.[1] Make vows, too, to Jove infernal, and chaste Demeter, that they may load the ripe holy seed-corn of Demeter, when first beginning thy ploughing, when thou hast taken in hand the goad at the extremity of the plough-tail, and touched the back of the oxen dragging the oaken peg of the pole with the leathern strap:[2] and let the servant boy behind, carrying a mattock, cause trouble to birds, whilst he covers over the seed. For good management is best to mortal men, and bad management worst. Thus, if the Olympian god himself afterwards give a prosperous end, will

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[1] i.e., by providing them food.

[2] The straps went round the necks of the oxen and then through the peg in the middle of the yoke fastening it to the pole.

the ears bend to the earth with fulness, and thou wilt drive the cobwebs from the bins, and I hope that thou wilt rejoice, taking for thyself from substance existing within. And in plenty thou wilt come to the white spring, nor wilt thou gaze on others, but another man will be in want from you. But if at the point of mid-winter you shall have ploughed the divine earth, you will have to sit and reap but little, grasping what meets your hand, being covered with dust as you tie it up, not much to your pleasure; and you will carry it in a basket, while few will eye you with admiration. Now diverse at divers seasons is the purpose of Jove, and hard for mortal men to understand. But if you shall have ploughed late, this would be your remedy: When the cuckoo sings first on the oak-foliage, and delights mortals over the boundless earth, then let Jove rain three days, and not cease, neither overtopping your ox's hoof-print nor falling short of it: thus would a late plougher be equal with an early one. But duly observe all things in your mind, nor let either the spring becoming white with blossoms, or the showers returning at set seasons, escape your notice. But pass by the seat at the brazier's forge, and the warm lodging-house in the winter season, when cold keeps men from toils; at which time an active man would greatly improve his household matters; lest the hardship of baneful winter along with poverty catch thee, and with lean hand thou press a swollen foot. But many ill designs hath the idler, waiting for a vain hope, and in need of subsistence, spoken in his spirit. And 'tis no good hope that sustains a needy man, sitting at a lodging-house, and who hath not means of life sufficient. Point out, then, to thy servants, when it is still mid-summer, "It will not be summer alway: make you cabins."

But the month Lenæon, (evil days, all galling the oxen,) this month avoid, and the hoar frosts, which, when the North-wind blows, are hard upon the earth: the North-wind, which sweeping through steed-rearing Thrace, upon the broad deep, is wont to heave it, and land and forest re-echoes: and falling on them, brings to many-feeding earth many lofty-foliaged oaks, and branching pines in the mountain dells, so then all the immense forest resounds. The wild beasts cower, and

place their tails beneath their legs, though their skin is covered over with hair: yet even through these, chilly as it is, the North-wind pierces, even though they are shaggy-breasted. It goes also through the hide of an ox, nor does that keep it out, ay, and blows through the skin of the long-haired goat; but flocks of sheep, because their fleeces last a whole year, the violence of the North-wind does not at all penetrate; but it makes the old man bent." And through the soft-skinned maiden it does not pierce, who bides within the house beside her dear mother, as yet inexperienced in the deeds of golden Aphrodité; when, having bathed her tender form, and anointed herself with rich oil, she shall rest during the night within the house in the wintry season, when the boneless one (the polypus) gnaws at his own foot, in an abode without fire, and in dismal haunts. For the Sun doth not show him a feeding-range to assail: but turns toward the nation and city of tawny men, and more slowly shines on the Panhellenes. Then at length the horned and unhorned tenants of the wood, sorely grinding their teeth, fly up and down the woodland thickets, (and this is the care of all of them in their thoughts,) where seeking a shelter they have thick-covered lairs and rocky caves: then truly are they like to a man that goes on a stick, whose back is well-nigh broken, and head looks toward the ground: like such an one they roam, shunning the white snow.

Even then, as I bid you, clothe yourself in a defence for your body, a soft cloak, and a frock reaching to the ground; and into a scant warp weave an abundant woof: this cast around you, that your hairs may not shiver, nor bristle raised erect about your body. And about your feet bind suitable sandals of the hide of an ox slaughtered with your might, having covered them thick within with felt. Then, when the season of cold has come, stitch together with the sinew of an ox the skins of first-born kids, that so upon your back you may throw a shelter from the rain; and on the head above keep a well-wrought felt hat, that you may not get your ears drenched. For bleak both is the morn, when the North-wind falls upon one, and in the morning over the earth from the starry heaven a wheat-bringing mist is spread above the tillage of the rich, a mist which also having drawn water for itself

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from ever-flowing streams, and borne high above the earth by a storm of wind, one while indeed rains toward evening, and at another descends in blasts, the Thracian North-wind driving the dense clouds. Anticipating this, return home, when you have finished work, lest ever a dark cloud from the sky should surround you, and drench your skin, and soak your garments; rather avoid it: for this wintry month is most severe, severe to flocks, and severe to men. Then to oxen give but half, but let man have a larger share, of the allotted food, for long nights are great helpers.[1] Observing these things to the completion of the year, equalize the allowance nights and days, until again Earth, the mother of all, has put forth her various fruits.

But when after the winter solstice Jove hath fulfilled sixty days of winter, even then it is that the star Arcturus, having left the sacred stream of Ocean, first rises brightly beaming in the twilight. After him is wont to rise Pandion's daughter,[2] the swallow with its plaint at dawn, for a light to men, when spring is fresh beginning. Anticipating this, prune your vines: for 'tis better thus.

When, moreover, the snail climbs up the plants from off the ground, shunning the Pleiads, then 'tis no longer the season for hoeing the vines: but you should sharpen sickles, and rouse your servants. Fly shady seats and sleep at morning time, at harvest season when the Sun parches the skin. Then make you haste, gather and bring home your corn, rising at the dawn, that you may have substance sufficient. For the morning obtains by lot a third share of the day's work: The morn, look you, furthers a man on his road, and furthers him too in his work; the morn, I say, which, at its appearing, sets many men on their road, and places the yoke on many oxen.

When the artichoke flowers, and the tuneful cicala, perched

[1] The reason for the injunction is, that in winter oxen are free from work, but men are not so, and in addition encounter then greater hardship, to be compensated by more food. Long nights help the oxen, because they have less work, and men, because they are better fed and enjoy the comforts of winter keep.

[2] Procne, the daughter of Pandion, king of Attica, and wife of Tereus. According to the tradition which Hesiod follows, she was changed into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale, and Tereus into a hawk.

on a tree, pours forth a shrill song oft-times from under his wings, in the season of toilsome summer, then goats are fattest, wine is best, women most wanton, and men weakest, since Sirius parches head and knees, and body also is dried up by reason of heat. But then at last be thine the rocky shade, and Biblian wine, a light well-baked cake, the milk of goats which are now off their milk, and the flesh of a heifer browsing the forest, which has not yet calved, and of first-born kids—then sit in the shade, and drink moreover dark-hued wine, (having your soul satisfied with viands, and turning your face to catch the brisk-blowing Zephyr,) and the ever running and forth gushing spring, which is untroubled by mud. Pour in three cups of water first, and add the fourth of wine.

Urge your servants, too, to thrash the holy gift of Demeter, when first Orion's strength shall have appeared, in a breezy place, and on a well-rounded thrashing-floor: and by measure store it well in bins. But when at length you have laid up all your substance, duly prepared within your house, I recommend you to get a houseless hireling, and to seek a female servant without children: for a female servant with children is troublesome. And maintain a sharp-toothed dog; stint not his food, lest ever a day-slumbering man shall have plundered thy property. Gather in hay and litter, that your oxen and mules may have fodder for the year. Afterwards refresh the limbs of your servants, and unyoke your pair of oxen.

But when Orion and Sirius shall have reached mid-heaven, and rosy-fingered Aurora looked on Arcturus, then, Perses, cull and carry home all thy grape-clusters. Then expose them to the Sun ten days and ten nights, shade them five days, and on the sixth draw into vats the gifts of joyous Bacchus. But when now the Pleiads, Hyads, and strong Orion set, then be thou mindful of ploughing in due season. And may the year be prosperous to thee in thy rustic matters.

But if a longing for dangerous voyaging seizes you, when fleeing the impetuous might of Orion, the Pleiads sink into the misty deep, then rage the blasts of winds of every description: then also keep no more your ships on the dark sea, but remember to till your land, as I recommend you. Haul ashore

your ship, and cover it thick with stones on all sides, that they may keep off the violence of moist-blowing winds, when you have drawn out the keel-plug, that Jove's rain may not rot it. Store away in your house all the ship's tackle duly arranged, and furl in good order the sails of your deep-skimming bark, and hang up above the smoke your well-wrought rudder. And wait you for a passage in due season, until it shall have come: then drag down to the sea your swift ship, and store in it also a prepared freight, that so you may bring home gain, even as my sire and yours, very senseless Perses, used to sail in ships, in search for honest substance: who of old came hither too, when he had traversed much sea, after having left Cuma in Æolia, in dark ship; forsaking nor plenty, nor riches and wealth, but evil poverty, which Jove gives to men. Near Helicon he dwelt in Ascra, a wretched hamlet, bad in winter, oppressive in summer, and never genial.

But thou, Perses, be thou mindful of all works in their seasons, and most of all about navigation. Commend a small vessel: in a large one stow thy freight. Greater will be thy cargo, and greater thy gain upon gain, that is to say, if the winds keep off evil blasts. When thou shalt have turned thy silly mind towards merchandise, and desired to escape debts and unpleasant hunger, then will I show thee the courses of the loud-roaring sea, though neither at all clever in navigation, nor in ships. For never yet have I sailed in ship, at least across the broad deep, save to Eubœa from Aulis, where formerly the Greeks, having waited through the winter, collected together a vast host from sacred Greece for Troy with its beauteous women. And there I crossed over to the games in honour of warlike Amphidamas and to Chalcis: the numerous prizes duly proclaimed his noble-spirited sons had set up: there boast I that, as victor in the lay, I carried off an eared tripod.

This I offered to the Muses of Helicon, where first they initiated me in the tuneful song. Thus much experience only have I had in ships with many nails: but even so I will speak the mind of ægis-bearing Jove: for the Muses have taught me to sing the divine song.[1] For fifty days after the summer

[1] Hesiod says that all his practical knowledge of navigation arises from one short voyage: but still he can speak the mind of Jove:

solstice, when summer, a season of toil, has come to an end, sailing is seasonable for mortals: neither then would you founder your ship, nor would the sea destroy the crew, unless, that is, of set purpose, earth-shaking Neptune, or Jove, king of immortals, should choose to destroy them: for with them is the end of good and bad alike. But at that season the breezes are clear, and the deep free from danger: then in security, relying on the winds, drag down to sea your swift ship, and duly stow in it all the cargo: but hasten with all speed to come back home; wait not the new wine, and autumn rain, the coming winter, and the terrible blasts of the South-wind, which is wont to disturb the sea, when it follows Jove's abundant rain, in autumn, and renders the deep dangerous.

Another season of sailing, amongst men, is in the spring. When in truth at the first, as large as the crow, advancing, has left her foot-print, just so large leaves will appear to a man on the top of the fig tree's branch, then, I say, the sea may be traversed; but this is a spring voyage. I praise it not, for it is not pleasant to my thinking, because snatched in haste: with difficulty could one avoid evil; yet even this too men do, through foolishness of mind: for riches are life to wretched mortals. But dreadful it is to die in the waves: now thee I recommend to consider all these things in thy mind, as I speak them. Nor do thou stow all thy substance in hollow ships, but leave most behind, and make the lesser share thy cargo. For shocking it is to meet with loss in the waves of the sea; and sad, if when thou hast lifted an excessive weight on thy waggon, thou crush the axle, and the loads be wasted. Observe moderation. In all the fitting season is best.—And at mature age bring home a wife to thine house, when thou art neither very far short of thirty years, nor hast added very much thereto, for such a marriage, look you, is seasonable. And let the woman be in her bloom four years, and be married in the fifth.[1] Marry a maiden, too, that you may teach her

because the Muses, when they taught him song, would teach him also the kindred subjects, which they superintended, and which were part of a poet's training, *e.g.* astronomy.

[1] That is, counting from the 14th year, let her wait four more years, and be married in her 19th year.

chaste morals. Most of all, marry her who lives near you, when you have duly looked round on everything, lest you should marry a cause of mocking for your neighbours. For nothing better does a man gain than the good wife, whilst than the worse, the banquet-seeker, nought else is more dreadful: though a man be strong, she consumes him without a torch, and consigns him to unripe old age.

And be duly regardful of the vengeance of the blest Immortals: neither make thy friend equal to a brother: but, if thou shalt have made him so, be not the first to do him wrong; and lie not, for talking's sake; though, if he should begin either to speak aught distasteful, or even to do it against you, requite him just twice as much, in thy resentment; but if again he lead the way to friendship, and be willing to give satisfaction, accept it; it is a wretched man, be sure, that gets now one, now another for his friend, but thy mind let not thy countenance at all convict. Neither be called the host of many, nor the host of none, nor comrade of the evil, nor reviler of the good. Nor ever have the cruelty to reproach a man with wretched, heart-consuming poverty, the behest of the ever-living gods. The best treasure, look you, among men is that of a sparing tongue, and the most grace is that of one which moves measuredly. If you have spoken ill, haply you will yourself hear worse. Neither be uncourteous in a feast of many guests, arising from a general payment: for the pleasure is then greatest, the expense least. Nor ever in the morning make libations of dark wine to Jove with hands unwashen, nor to the other gods. For they on their part heed not, and more, they spurn your prayers.

Neither do thou ever cross the limpid wave of ever-flowing rivers with thy feet, that is, before thou shalt have prayed, gazing on the fair streams, and having thine hands washen with the pleasant clear water. Whoso shall have crossed a river having his hands unwashen through perverseness, with him the gods are wroth, and are wont to give him griefs afterward. And do not at a festive banquet of the gods pare from the finger with bright steel the dry from the fresh.

Nor ever place a can above the bowl, when men drink[1] for a deadly fate is wrought in it. Nor, when building a house, leave it not finished off, lest, mark you, perching on it, the cawing crow should croak. Nor, having taken from cauldrons not yet used for sacrifice, eat, or wash thyself: since in these, too, there is a penalty. Nor let a lad of twelve years sit inactively; for 'tis better not, since it makes a man unmanly: nor yet a child of twelve months; for this is all the same. Nor, being a man, cleanse thy skin in the woman's bath; for import; the god, look thou, is wroth at this also. Nor ever hast chanced upon lighted sacrifices, mock at rites of hidden import; the god, look thou, is wroth at this also. Nor ever defile the current of rivers flowing seaward, nor fountains, but specially avoid it. For this is nowise best.

Thus do, and avoid the evil rumour of mortals. For evil report is light to lift with all ease, but painful to bear, and difficult to set aside. And no rumour wholly dies away, which many peoples shall have spread abroad; in sooth she, too, is a kind of goddess.

THE CALENDAR

Mind well, too, and teach thy servants fittingly the days appointed of Jove; to wit, the 30th day of each month, the best both for inspecting work done, and distributing allotted sustenance, when the peoples observe it, in deciding the right. For these following days are from counselling Jove. In the first place, the first, the fourth, and the seventh, is a holy day: for on this last, Latona gave birth to Apollo of the golden sword: the eighth and ninth; these are two days, I ween, of the month far advancing, for getting ready the works of mortals, and the eleventh and twelfth, both in truth are good, the one for shearing sheep, the other for reaping laughing corn: but the twelfth is far better than the eleventh, for on it, look you, the high-hovering spider spins his threads in the long summer day, when also the wise ant harvests his heap. On

[1] As the can was the smaller vessel in which the wine from the bowl was conveyed into the cups of the guests, to place the can over the bowl was to stint the liquor and dishonour the feast.

this day, too, a woman should set up her loom, and put forth her work. But on the thirteenth of the beginning of the month avoid commencing your sowing: though to set plants it is best.

The sixteenth, however, is very unprofitable to plants, but auspicious for the birth of men, though for a girl it is not propitious, either to be first born, or to be joined in wedlock. Nor, in truth, is the first sixth day suitable for the birth of girls, but a favourable day for cutting kids and flocks of sheep, and for enclosing a fold for sheep. Fortunate is the day on which a man is born: but it is fond both of uttering railleries, and of falsehoods, and wily words, and stealthy fond discourses. On the eighth of the month emasculate the boar and loud bellowing bull, and on the twelfth the toil-enduring mules. But on the longest twentieth day, in broad day, generate a wise man, for he will be very cautious of mind. And lucky for raising sons is the tenth day, and the fourteenth for girls. On this, too, tame sheep, and trailing-footed, crumple-horned oxen, and sharp-toothed dog, and patient mules, applying your hand to them. But be cautious in your mind to avoid gnawing the heart with grief on the twenty-fourth and fourth of the month: it is in truth a very perfect day.

Then on the fourth of the month lead home a bride, after having examined the omens, which are best in this matter. But avoid the fifth days, since they are both mischievous and destructive; for on the fifth 'tis said that the furies attend upon Orcus born on that day, whom strife brought forth, as a woe to the perjured. On the seventeenth watch well, and cast upon the well-rounded thrashing-floor Demeter's holy gift; and let the wood-cutter cut timbers for chamber furniture, and many blocks for naval purposes, which are fit for ships. And on the fourth begin to put together slight vessels. But the nineteenth is a better day towards evening. And the first ninth day in a month is wholly harmless to mortals; since lucky indeed is this day for planting and for birth, to man as well as woman; and never is it a day altogether bad. Now few, again, know that the twenty-ninth of the month is best both for broaching a cask, and placing a yoke on the neck of oxen and mules and fleet-footed steeds: then draw down your

swift, many-benched ship to the dark sea; yet few call it a truthful day. On the fourth day open your cask: the fourteenth is a day sacred beyond all others: and few know that the fourth after the twentieth of the month is best, at the break of day: but toward evening it is worse. These days indeed are to men on the earth a great benefit. But the others falling between are harmless, bringing nothing of moment. One man praises one day, another another. But few know them. Sometimes a day is a step-mother, sometimes a mother. Blest and fortunate is he who knowingly does all these things with reference to these days, unblamed by the immortals, discerning omens, and avoiding transgressions.

THE THEOGONY

Begin we to sing with the Heliconian Muses, who keep safe the spacious and divine mount of Helicon, and also with delicate feet dance about the violet-hued fount and altars of the mighty son of Cronos [Zeus]: and likewise having bathed their soft skins in the Permessus, or Hippocrene,[1] or sacred Olmius, are wont to institute on the top of Helicon choral dances, beautiful and lovely, and move nimbly with their feet. Then starting thence, shrouded in thick darkness, by night they are wont to wend their way, uttering sounds exceeding sweet, while they celebrate ægis-bearing Jove, and majestic Juno, the Argive goddess, treading proudly in golden sandals; and gleaming-eyed Athene, daughter of ægis-bearing Jove; Phœbus Apollo; Artemis, arrow-queen; and earth-encompassing, earth-shaking Poseidon; august Themis; Aphrodite shooting lively glances; and Hebe[2] of the golden crown; and fair Dione;[3] Aurora, and the great Sun, and the resplendent Moon; Latona, and Iapetus,[4] and wily Cronos; Earth, mighty Ocean, and dark Night, and the holy race of other ever-living immortals, who erst taught Hesiod a lovely song, as he fed his lambs beneath divine Helicon. But first of all the goddesses, the Olympian Muses, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, addressed me in a speech such as this:

"Ye shepherds, dwelling afield, base subjects for reproach,

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[1] The "Well of the Horse," was named from the steed Pegasus, which, when thirsty, stamped the ground with his hoof, and it sent forth a spring. Permessus and Olmius were rivers rising on Mount Helicon.

[2] Hesiod ranke Hebe among Deæ Majores, because she was the wife of Hercules.

[3] Dione, in Homer, is the mother of Venus (by Jove). Hesiod does not so call her, but places her among the Majores Deæ. Latin writers constantly confuse Dione and Venus. Perhaps they were different names the same goddess in different parts of Greece.

[4] Iapetus, the Titan, though not worshipped in Greece, as the other gods here mentioned, was yet highly distinguished among the ancient Hellenes, on account of his descendants, Prometheus and Deucalion.

nought but gluttons, we know to sing many fictions like to truths, and we know, when we will, to speak what is true."

Thus said the daughters, ready in speech, of mighty Jove, and gave me as a staff a branch of very luxuriant olive to pluck, a branch wondrous to behold; and breathed into me a voice divine, that I might sing of both the future and the past.

And they bade me hymn the race of ever-living blessed gods, but first and last ever to sing of themselves. Yet why should these tales be told by me touching the sacred oak,[1] or rock? Come thou! Begin we with the Muses, who, as they sing, delight the great spirit of Jove, their sire, within Olympus, telling of the present, and the future, and the past, according in their voice; and from their lips sweet speech flows ceaselessly, whilst the halls of loud-thundering Jove, their sire, are glad at the delicate utterance of the goddesses, as it is diffused around: and the top of snowy Olympus rings, and the mansions of the immortals. They then uttering divine sounds first celebrate in song the august race of the gods, whom from the beginning Earth and broad Heaven produced: the gods who sprang from these, givers of good gifts; and then next, Jove, sire of gods and men likewise, the goddesses chaunt as they begin, and chaunting him cease from their song, how most excellent he is of the gods, and mightiest in strength. And next the Olympian Muses, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, gladden Jove's spirit within Olympus, by singing of the race of heroes, and mighty giants; the Muses I say, whom Mnemosyne, guardian over the corn-lands of Eleuther,[2] bare, after union with their sire, the son of Cronus, in Pieria,[3] to be a means of oblivion of ills, and a rest from cares. For during nine nights did the counsellor Jove associate with her, apart from the other immortals, ascending her holy bed: but when at length, I ween, it was the year, and the seasons had

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[1] The oaks of Dodona and the rock of Delphis were seats of prophecy.

[2] Eleutheræ, a city built by Eleuther, son of Apollo and Aethusa, daughter of Neptune, near Cithæron, on the Bœotian border.

[3] Pieria, a mountain tract between Macedon and Thessaly, whence the Pierians introduced the worship of the Muses to Helicon and its vicinity.

revolved towards the end of the months, and many days had been completed, then she bare nine accordant daughters, whose care is song, possessing, as they do, in their bosoms a mind at ease, but a little distance from the highest peak of snowy Olympus, where are their bright spots for dancing and fair abodes. And beside them the Graces and Cupid too have dwellings at festivals, and pouring through their lips a lovely voice, they chaunt the attributes, and celebrate the wise ways of all the immortals, uttering an exceedingly lovely voice.

And they[1] then went to Olympus, exulting in their beautiful voice, in their immortal song, and around them, as they sang, dark earth was re-echoing, and a winsome sound arose from their feet, as they wended to their sire: but he reigns in Olympus, having in his own disposal the thunder and the glowing bolt, since he hath conquered by might his father, Cronus. And duly to the immortals hath he arranged each office at once, and declared their prerogatives.

Thus, I wot, the Muses tenanting Olympian homes are wont to sing, nine daughters born of mighty Jove, Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, and Melpomene, Terpsichore and Erato; Polymnia, Urania, and Calliope,[2] and she is eldest of them all. For she also attends in the company of august kings. Whomsoever of Jove-reared sovereigns the daughters of great Jove shall have honoured and looked upon at his birth, on the tongue of such an one they shed a honeyed dew, and from his lips drop gentle words; so then the peoples all look to him, as he decideth questions of law with righteous judgments; and he speaketh counsels unerringly, and quickly stays with wisdom a strife however great. For therefore are kings wise, in that for their peoples, when misled in the forum, they easily accomplish the reversal of their acts, exhorting them with soft words. And as he goes through the city they propitiate him as a god with gentle awe, and he is conspicuous among them when assembled, as is the sacred gift of the Muses among men.

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[1] The Muses, who were full grown at birth.

[2] These were the Muses respectively of rhetoric, flute-playing, comedy, tragedy, lute-playing and the dance, erotic poetry and mimic imitation, geometry, astronomy, and epic poetry.

Since from the Muses and far-shooting Apollo are men of song, and harpers over the earth, but from Jove spring kings: yet happy he whomsoever the Muses shall have loved; sweet is the sound that flows from his mouth. For suppose one, even having grief in his fresh sorrowing spirit, pines away troubled at heart, yet if a minstrel, servant of the Muses, shall have chaunted the glories of men of yore, and the blessed gods, who hold Olympus, quickly does he forget his melancholy, nor does he at all remember his cares; and quickly have the gifts of the gods diverted them.

Hail! daughters of Jove; and give the lovely song. And sing the sacred race of immortals ever-existing, who sprang from Earth and starry Heaven, and murky Night, whom the briny Deep nourished. Say, too, how at the first the gods and earth were born, and rivers and boundless deep, rushing with swollen stream, and shining stars, and the broad Heaven above; and the gods who were sprung from these, givers of good gifts; and say how they divided their wealth, and how they apportioned their honours, and how at the first they occupied Olympus with its many ravines. Tell me these things, ye Muses, abiding in Olympian homes from the beginning, and say ye what was the first of them that rose.

In truth then foremost sprang Chaos, and next broad-bosomed Earth, ever secure seat of all the immortals, who inhabit the peaks of snow-capt Olympus, and dark dim Tartarus in a recess of Earth having broad ways, and Love, who is most beautiful among immortal gods, Love that relaxes the limbs, and in the breasts of all gods and all men, subdues their reason and prudent counsel. But from Chaos were born Erebus and black Night; and from Night again sprang forth Æther and Day, whom she bare after having conceived, by union with Erebus[1] in love. And Earth, in sooth, bare first indeed like to herself (in size) starry Heaven, that he might shelter her around on all sides, that so she might be ever a secure seat for the blessed gods: and she brought forth vast mountains, lovely haunts of deities, the Nymphs who dwell along the woodland hills. She too bare also the barren

[1] Son of Chaos, and father of Æther and Day by his sister Night.

Sea, rushing with swollen stream, the Deep, I mean, without delightsome love: but afterward, having bedded with Heaven, she bare deep-eddying Ocean, Cæus and Crius, Hyperion and Iapetus, Thea and Rhea, Themis, Mnemosyne, and Phœbe with golden coronet, and lovely Tethys. And after these was born, youngest, wily Cronus, most savage of their children; and he hated his vigour-giving sire. Then brought she forth next the Cyclops, having an over-bearing spirit, Brontes, and Steropes, and stout-hearted Arges, who both gave to Jove his thunder, and forged his lightnings. Now these, in sooth, were in other respects, it is true, like to gods, but a single eye was fixed in their mid-foreheads. And they from immortals grew up speaking mortals, and Cyclops was their appropriate name, because, I wot, in their foreheads one circular eye was fixed. Strength, force, and contrivances were in their works. But again, from Earth and Heaven sprung other three sons, great and mighty, scarce to be mentioned, Cottus and Briareus and Gyas, children exceeding proud. From the shoulders of these moved actively an hundred hands, not brooking approach, and to each above sturdy limbs there grew fifty heads from their shoulders. Now monstrous strength is powerful, joined with vast size. For of as many sons as were born of Earth and Heaven, they were the fiercest, and were hated by their sire from the very first: as soon as any of these was born, he would hide them all, and not send them up to the light, in a cave of the earth, and Heaven exulted over the work of mischief, whilst huge Earth inly groaned, straitened as she was: and she devised a subtle and evil scheme. For quickly having produced a stock of white iron, she forged a large sickle, and gave the word to her children, and said encouragingly, though troubled in her heart: "Children of me and of a sire madly violent, if ye would obey me, we shall avenge the baneful injury of your father; for he was the first that devised acts of indignity." So spake she, but fear seized on them all, I wot, nor did any of them speak; till, having gathered courage, great and wily Cronus bespake his dear mother thus in reply:

"Mother, this deed at any rate I will undertake and accomplish, since for our sire, in sooth, of detested name, I care not; for he was the first that devised acts of indignity."

Thus spake he, and huge Earth rejoiced much at heart, and hid and planted him in ambush: in his hand she placed a sickle with jagged teeth, and suggested to him all the stratagem.

Then came vast Heaven bringing Night with him, and, eager for love, brooded around Earth, and lay stretched, I wot, on all sides: but his son from out his ambush grasped at him with his left hand, whilst in his right he took the huge sickle, long and jagged-toothed, and hastily mowed off the genitals of his sire, and threw them back to be carried away behind him. In nowise vainly slipped they from his hand; for as many gory drops as ran thence, Earth received them all; and when the years rolled round, she gave birth to stern Furies, and mighty giants, gleaming in arms, with long spears in hand, and Nymphs whom men call Ashnymphs, [Meliæ as opposed to Dryades, the Oak-nymphs] over the boundless earth. But the genitals, as after first severing them with the steel he had cast them into the heaving sea from the continent, so kept drifting long time up and down the deep, and all around kept rising a white foam from the immortal flesh; and in it a maiden was nourished; first she drew nigh divine Cythera, and thence came next to wave-washed Cyprus. Then forth stepped an awful, beauteous goddess; and beneath her delicate feet the verdure throve around: her gods and men name Aphrodite, the foam-sprung goddess, and fair-wreathed Cytherea—the first because she was nursed in foam, but Cytherea, because she touched at Cythera; and Cyprus-born, because she was born in wave-dashed Cyprus.[1]

And her Eros accompanied and fair Desire followed, when first she was born, and came into the host of the gods. And from the beginning this honour hath she, and this part hath she obtained by lot among men and immortal gods, the amorous converse of maidens, their smiles and wiles, their sweet delights, their love, and blandishment. Now those sons, their father, mighty Heaven, called by surname Titans, upbraiding those whom he had himself begotten; and he was wont to say that, out-stretching their hands in infatuation,

[1] The worship of Venus (Astarte) came from the Phœnicians from Ascalon, and was first celebrated in the isles of Cyprus and Cythera.

they had wrought a grave act, but that for it there should be vengeance hereafter.

Night bare also hateful Destiny, and black Fate, and Death: she bare Sleep likewise, she bare the tribe of dreams; these did the goddess, gloomy Night, bear after union with none. Next again Momus, and Care full of woes, and the Hesperides, whose care are the fair golden apples beyond the famous ocean, and trees yielding fruit; and she produced the Destinies, and ruthlessly punishing Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who assign to men at their births to have good and evil; who also pursue transgressions both of men and gods, nor do the goddesses ever cease from dread wrath, before that, I wot, they have repaid sore vengeance to him, whosoever shall have sinned. Then bare pernicious Night Nemesis also, a woe to mortal men: and after her she brought forth Fraud, and Wanton Love, and mischievous Old Age, and stubborn-hearted Strife. But odious Strife gave birth to grievous Trouble, and Oblivion, and Famine, and tearful Woes, Contests and Slaughters, Fights and Homicides, Contentions, Falsehoods, Words, Disputes, Lawlessness and Ruin, intimates one of the other, and the Oath, which most hurts men on the earth, whensoever one has sworn voluntarily a perjured oath.

And Pontus begat trusty and truthful Nereus, eldest indeed of his children, but men call him old, because he is unerring as well as mild, neither doth he forget the laws, but knoweth just and gentle purposes. And next again, by union with Earth, great Thaumas, and strong Phorcys, and Ceto with fair cheek, and Eurybia, having in her breast a soul of adamant.

From Nereus and fair-haired Doris, daughter of Ocean, perfect stream, sprung lovely daughters of goddesses in the barren sea, Proto, Eucrante, Sao, and Amphitrite; Eudora, Thetis, Galene, Glauce, Cymothoe, Spio, Thoe, and charming Halia; graceful Melita, and Eulimene, and Agave, Pasithea, Erato and rosy-armed Eunice, Doto and Proto, Pherusa, and Dynamene, Nesæa, and Actæa, and Protomedia, Doris and Panope, and beauteous Galatea, lovely Hippothoe, and rosy-armed Hipponoe, and Cymothoe, who along with Cymatolege, and neat-ankled Amphitrite, calms with ease the waves on

the misty sea, and the blasts of violent winds; Cymo and Eione, and Halimede with beauteous wreath, and blithe Glauconome, and Pontoporia, Liagore, Evagore, Laomedia, Polynome, Autonoe, and Lysianassa, and Evarne, both lovely in shape and in beauty faultless, and Psamathe, graceful in person, and divine Menippe, Neso, Eupompe, Themisto, Pronoe, and Nemertes, who hath the mind of her immortal sire.[1] These were born of blameless Nereus, fifty maidens, versed in blameless labours.

And Thaumas[2] wedded Electra, daughter of deep-flowing Ocean: she bare rapid Iris, and the fair-tressed Harpies, Aello and Ocypete, who, I ween, accompany the wind-blasts and birds, with swift wings, for they are wont to fly high above the earth. But to Phorcys next Ceto of fair cheek bare the Grææ, gray from their birth, whom in truth immortal gods as well as men walking on the ground call Grææ; namely, Pephredo handsomely clad, and Enyo of saffron-vestment, and the Gorgons, who dwell beyond famous Ocean, in the most remote quarter night-ward, where are the clear-voiced Hesperides, Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa having suffered sadly. The latter was mortal, but they, the other two, were immortal and ageless, and it was with the one (Medusa) that the azure-haired god lay in the soft meadow, and amid the flowers of spring. From her too when, as the tale is, Perseus had cut off the head, up sprang huge Chrysaor and the steed Pegasus. To the latter came his name, because I wot he was born near the springs of Ocean, whilst the other had a golden falchion in his hands. And he indeed, winging his flight away, left Earth, the mother of flocks, and came to the immortals; in Jove's house he dwells, bearing to counsellor Jove thunder and lightning. But Chrysaor, by union with Callirhoe, daughter of famous Ocean, begat three-headed Geryon. Him indeed then mighty Hercules spoiled, amidst his trailing-footed oxen in sea-girt Erythia, even on

[1] Many of the names in this list are found in Homer's Iliad xviii. They are derived from the sea, its wonders, its treasures, and its good signs for sailors.

[2] Thaumas, (wonder,) son of Pontus, marries Electra, (lustre,) daughter of Oceanus, and hence springs Iris, the rainbow.

that day when he drove the broad-browed oxen to sacred Tiryns, having crossed the path of Ocean, and having slain beyond famous Ocean Orthus, and the herdsman Eurytion in a dusky stall.

And she brought forth another monster, irresistible, no-wise like to mortal men, or immortal gods, in a hollow cavern; the divine stubborn-hearted Echidna, half nymph, with dark eyes and fair cheeks; and half, on the other hand, a serpent huge, and terrible, and vast, speckled, and flesh-devouring, 'neath caves of sacred Earth. For there is her cavern, deep under a hollow rock, afar from immortal gods as well as mortal men: there I ween have the gods assigned to her famous mansions to inhabit. But she, the destructive Echidna, was confined in Arima[1] beneath the earth, a nymph immortal, and all her days insensible to age. With her they say that Typhaon associated in love, a terrible and lawless ravisher for the dark-eyed maid. And she, having conceived, bare fierce-hearted children. The dog Orthus[2] first she bare for Geryon, and next, in the second place, she brought forth the irresistible and ineffable flesh-devourer Cerberus, dog of hell, with brazen voice and with fifty heads, a bold and strong beast. Thirdly, again she gave birth to the Lernæan Hydra subtle in destruction, whom Juno, white-armed goddess, reared, implacably hating the mighty Hercules. And it Jove's son, Hercules, named of Amphitryon, along with warlike Iolaus,[3] and by the counsels of Pallas the despoiler, slaughtered with ruthless sword. But she (Echidna) bare Chimæra, breathing resistless fire, fierce and huge, fleet-footed as well as strong: this monster had three heads: one indeed of a grim-visaged lion, one of a goat, and another of a serpent, a fierce dragon; in front a lion, a dragon behind, and in the midst a goat; breathing forth the dread strength of burning fire. Her Pegasus slew and brave Bellerophon.

[1] A mountain of Cilicia, or Lydia.

[2] Orthus, (high, tall,) and Eurytion, (broad,) are the keepers of Geryon's oxen, a figurative representation of high mountains and broad plains. Echidna was sister or aunt of Geryon, for whose service she bore this dog.

[3] Comrade and charioteer of Hercules.

But she, compelled by Orthus, brought forth in sooth the destructive Spinx, a destruction to the Cadmæans; and the Nemæan lion, whom I wot Juno, Jove's glorious consort, reared, and settled in the corn-lands of Nemæa, a woe to mankind. There abiding truly used he to devour the tribes of men, whilst he held sway over Tretus[1] of Nemæa, and over Apesas: but him the might of strong Hercules subdued. And Ceto mingling in love with Phorcys, brought forth, as youngest-born, a terrible serpent,[2] which in hiding-places of dark earth, guards all golden apples, in wide bounds. Such then is the brood of Ceto and Phorcys. But Tethys to Oceanus bare eddying rivers, Nile and Alpheus, and deep-eddying Eridanus, Strymon, and Mæander and Ister of fair stream, Phasis, Rhesus, and Achelous with silvery tide, Nessus, and Rhodius, Haliacmon and Heptaporus, Granicus, Æsopus, and divine Simois, Peneus, Hermus, and pleasant-flowing Caicus; and vast Sangarius, Ladon, Parthenius, Evenus, and Ardescus and divine Scamander. And she bare a sacred race of daughters, who with King Apollo and the rivers all earth over bring up men to manhood, and have this prerogative from Jupiter, namely, Pitho, Admete, Ianthe, Electra, Doris and Prymno, and goddess-like Urania, Hippo, and Clymene, Rhodia, and Callirhoe, Zeuxo and Clytia, Idya and Pasithoe, Plexaure, Galaxaure, lovely Dione, Melobosis, and Thoo, and fair Polydora, and Circeis in nature amiable, and bright-eyed Pluto, Perseis, Ianira, Acaste, and Xanthe, and winsome Petræa, Menesto, and Europa, Metis, Eurynome, and saffron-robed Telesto, Crenæis, Asia as well as desire-kindling Calypso, Eudora, Tyche, Amphiro and Ocyroë, and Styx, who truly is eldest of them all.[3]

Now these were born eldest daughters of Oceanus and

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[1] Tretus was a mountain between Mycenæ and Nemea, near Cleonæ. Nemea was about fifteen stadia from Tretus, and Mount Apesas above Nemea.

[2] This Dragon is called Ladon by Apollonius of Rhodes.

[1] The Oceanides, though in some respects similar in nature to Meliæ and Dryads, differed herein, that they haunted not merely the woods and glades, but roamed everywhere, now over earth, now over water. Hence they are associated with the Naiads and Dryads.

Tethys; there are, however, many others also: for thrice a thousand are the tapering-ankled Ocean-nymphs, who truly spreading far and near, bright children of the gods, haunt everywhere alike earth and the depths of the lake. And again, as many other rivers flowing with a ringing noise, sons of Ocean, whom august Tethys bare: of all of whom 'twere difficult for mortal man to tell the names, but each individual knows them, of as many as dwell around them. And Thia, overcome in the embrace of Hyperion, brought forth the great Sun, and bright Moon, and Morn, that shines for all that dwell on the earth, and for immortal gods, who occupy broad heaven. Eurybia, too, a goddess among goddesses, bare to Crius, after union in love, huge Astræus,[1] and Pallas, and Perses, who was transcendent in all sciences. And to Astræus Morn brought forth the strong-spirited winds, Argestes, Zephyr, swift-speeding Boreas, and Notus, when she, a goddess, had mingled in love with a god. And after them the goddess of morning produced the star Lucifer, and the brilliant stars wherewith the heaven is crowned.

And Styx, daughter of Ocean, after union with Pallas, bare within the house Zelus and beauteous-ankled Victory; and she gave birth to Strength and Force, illustrious children, whose mansion is not apart from Jove, nor is there any seat, or any way, where the god does not go before them; but ever sit they beside deep-thundering Jupiter. For thus counselled Styx, imperishable Ocean-nymph, what time the Olympian Lightener summoned all the immortal gods to broad Olympus, and said that whoso of the gods would fight with him against the Titans, none of them would he rob of his rewards, but each should have the honour, to wit, that which he had aforetime among the immortal gods. And he said that him, who was unhonoured or ungifted by Cronus, he would stablish in honour, and rewards, according to justice. Then first I wot came imperishable Styx to Olympus along with her children through the counsels of her sire. And Jove honoured her, and gave her exceeding gifts.

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[1] Father of Hesperus and the stars (Astra), as well as of the winds which rise in the morning.

For her he ordained to be the great Oath-witness of the gods, and her children to be dwellers with her all their days. And even in such wise as he promised, he performed to them all for ever: for he hath power and reigns mightily.

And next Phœbe came to the much-beloved couch of Cœus: then in truth having conceived, a goddess by love of a god, she bare dark-robed Latona,[1] ever mild, gentle to mortals and immortal gods, mild from the beginning, most kindly within Olympus. And she bare renowned Asteria, whom erst Perses led to an ample palace to be called his bride. And she, becoming pregnant, brought forth Hecate, whom Jove, the son of Cronus, honoured beyond all: and provided for her splendid gifts, to wit, to hold a share of earth and of barren sea. But she has obtained honour also from starry Heaven, and has been honoured chiefly by immortal gods. For even now when anywhere some one of men upon the earth duly propitiates them by doing worthy sacrifice, he calls on Hecate: and abundant honour very speedily attends him, whose vows the goddess shall receive, that is to say, graciously, yea, and to him she presents wealth, for she has the power. For as many as were born of Earth and Heaven, and received a share of honour, of all these she has the lot, neither did the son of Cronus force any portion from her, nor did he take away as many honours as she had obtained by lot, among the elder gods, the Titans, but she hath them, as at the first the distribution was from the beginning. Nor, because she is sole-begotten, has the goddess obtained less of honour, and her prerogative on earth, and in heaven and sea, but even still much more, seeing that Jove honours her. And to whom she wills, she is greatly present, and benefits him, and he is distinguished, whom she may will, in the forum among the people; and when men arm for mortal-destroying war, then the goddess draws nigh to whom she will, kindly to proffer victory and to extend renown to them: and in judgment she sits beside august kings: and propitiously again, when men contend in the games, there the goddess stands near these also, and helps them.

And when he has conquered by strength and might, a man

[1] Leto, or Latona, seems to have been the same as Night.

carries with ease a noble prize, and rejoicingly presents glory to his parents. Propitious is she also to be present with horsemen, whom she will; and to them who ply the rough silvery main; and they pray to Hecate and the loud-sounding Earth-shaker. Easily too the glorious goddess presents an ample spoil, and easily is she wont to withdraw it when it is shown, that is, if she is so disposed in her mind. And (propitious along with Mercury to increase the flock in the folds) the herds of cattle, and the droves, and broad herds of goats, and flocks of fleecy sheep, if she choose in her heart, she makes great from small, and is wont to make less from being many. Thus, in truth, though being sole-begotten from her mother, she has been honoured with rewards amidst all the immortals. And the son of Cronus made her the nursing-mother of children, who after her have beheld with their eyes the light of far-seeing Morn. Thus is she from the beginning nursing-mother, and such are her honours.

Rhea too, embraced by Cronus, bare renowned children, Vesta, Demeter, and Herè of the golden sandals, and mighty Hades, who inhabits halls beneath the earth, having a ruthless heart; and loud-resounding Neptune, and counselling Jupiter, father of gods as well as men, by whose thunder also the broad earth quakes. And then indeed did huge Cronus devour, namely, every one who came to the mother's knees from her holy womb, with this intent, that none other of the illustrious heaven-born might hold royal honour among the immortals. For he had heard from Earth and starry Heaven that it was fated for him, strong though he was, to be subdued by his own child, through the counsels of mighty Jove: wherefore he did not keep a careless watch, but lying in wait for them, kept devouring his own sons; whilst a grief not to be forgotten possessed Rhea. But when at length she was about to bear Jove, the sire of gods as well as men, then it was that she essayed to supplicate her parents dear, Earth and starry Heaven, to contrive a plan how she might without observation bring forth her son, and take vengeance on the furies of their sire, against his children, whom great and wily Cronus devoured.

But they duly heard and complied with their dear daughter,

and explained to her as much as it had been fated should come to pass concerning king Cronus, and his strong-hearted son. And they sent her to Lyctus, to the fertile tract of Crete, when I wot she was about to bear the youngest of her sons, mighty Jove: whom indeed vast Earth received from her to rear and nurture in broad Crete. Thereupon indeed came she, bearing him through the swift dark night, to Lyctus first, and took him in her hands and hid him in a deep cave, 'neath the recesses of the divine earth, in the dense and wooded Ægean mount. But to the great prince, the son of Heaven, former sovereign of the gods, she gave a huge stone, having wrapped it in swathes: which he then took in his hands, and stowed away into his belly, wretch as he was, nor did he consider in his mind that against him for the future his own invincible and untroubled son was left instead of a stone, who was shortly about to subdue him by strength of hand, and to drive him from his honours, and himself to reign among the immortals.

Quickly then, I ween, throve the spirit and beauteous limbs of the king, and, as years came round, having been beguiled by the wise counsels of Earth, huge Cronus, wily counsellor, let loose again his offspring, having been conquered by the arts and strength of his son. And first he disgorged the stone, since he swallowed it last. This stone Jove fixed down upon the earth with its broad ways, in divine Pytho, beneath the clefts of Parnassus, to be a monument thereafter, a marvel to mortal men. Then he loosed from destructive bonds his father's brethren, the sons of Heaven, whom his sire had bound in his folly. Who showed gratitude to him for his kindnesses, and gave him the thunder, and the smoking bolt, and lightning; but aforetime huge Earth had hidden them: trusting on these, he rules over mortals and immortals.

Iapetus, moreover, wedded the damsel Clymene, a fair-ankled Oceanid, and ascended into a common bed. And she bare him Atlas, a stout-hearted son, and brought forth exceeding famous Menætius, and artful Prometheus, full of various wiles, and Epimetheus of erring mind, who was from the first an evil to gain-seeking men: for he first, I wot, received from Jove the clay-formed woman, a virgin. But the

insolent Menætius wide-seeing Jove thrust down to Erebus, having stricken him with flaming lightning, on account of his arrogance, and overweening strength.

But Atlas[1] upholds broad Heaven by strong necessity, before the clear-voiced Hesperides, standing on earth's verge, with head and unwearied hands. For this lot counselling Jove apportioned to him. And wily-minded Prometheus he bound in indissoluble bonds, with painful chains, having thrust them through the middle of a column. And he urged against him an eagle with wings outspread: but it kept feeding on his immortal liver, whilst it would increase to a like size all-round by night, to what the eagle with wings outspread had eaten during the whole day before. This bird indeed, I wot, Hercules, valiant son of fair-ankled Alcemene, slew, and repelled from the son of Iapetus the baneful pest, and released him from his anxieties, not against the wishes of high-reigning Olympian Jove, that so the renown of Thebes-sprung Hercules might be yet more than aforetime over the many-feeding earth. Thus, I ween, he honours his very famous son, through veneration for him: and though incensed, ceased from the wrath which he was before cherishing, because he strove in plans against the almighty son of Cronus. For when gods and mortal men were contending at Mecone, then did he set before him a huge ox, having divided it with ready mind, studying to deceive the wisdom of Jove. For here, on the one hand, he deposited the flesh and entrails with rich fat on the hide, having covered it with the belly of the ox; and there, on the other hand, he laid down, having well disposed them with subtle art, the white bones of the ox, covering them with white fat. Then it was that the sire of gods and men addressed him, "Son of Iapetus, far-famed among all

[1] According to Hesiod, Atlas is a doomed Titan bearing up the vault of heaven, as a punishment. Homer too (Odyssey i.) seems to have the idea of a giant, not a mountain, in view. Later writers confounded him with the mountain so called, cf. Virg. Æneid book iv. Van Lennep suggests that the mountain got its name either from a naval expedition of early date from Greece, the leader of which was called Atlas; or from Atlas the Titan, whom tradition connects with the growth of nautical science.

kings, how unfairly, good friend, you have divided the portions." Thus spake rebukingly Jupiter, skilled in imperishable counsels. And him in his turn wily Prometheus addressed, laughing low, but he was not forgetful of subtle art: "Most glorious Jove, greatest of ever-living gods, choose which of these your inclination within your breast bids you." He spake, I ween, in subtlety: but Jove knowing imperishable counsels was aware, in sooth, and not ignorant of his guile; and was boding in his heart evils to mortal men, which also were about to find accomplishment. Then with both hands lifted he up the white fat. But he was incensed in mind, and wrath came around him in spirit, when he saw the white bones of the ox arranged with guileful art. And thenceforth the tribes of men on the earth burn to the immortals white bones on fragrant altars. Then cloud-compelling Jove addressed him, greatly displeased: "Son of Iapetus, skilled in wise plans beyond all, you do not, good sir, I wot, yet forget subtle art." Thus spake in his wrath Jove knowing imperishable counsels: from that time forward in truth, ever mindful of the fraud, he did not give the strength of untiring fire to wretched mortal men, who dwell upon the earth.

But the good son of Iapetus cheated him, and stole the far-seen splendour of untiring fire in a hollow fennel-stalk; but it stung high-thundering Jove to his heart's core, and incensed his spirit, when he saw the radiance of fire conspicuous among men. Forthwith then wrought he evil for men in requital for the fire bestowed. For from the earth the famous Vulcan, halting in both feet, fashioned the image of a modest maiden, through the counsels of the son of Cronus. And the goddess glancing-eyed Minerva girded and arrayed her in silver-white raiment; and from her head she held with her hands a curiously embroidered veil, a marvel to look upon: and Pallas Athene placed around her about her head lovely garlands fresh-budding with meadow-flowers, and around her head she set a golden coronet, which renowned Vulcan lame with both feet had made himself, having wrought it carefully by hand, out of compliment to Jove his sire. On it had been wrought many curious monsters, a marvel to view, as many as in great abundance the continent and the sea maintain. Many of these

he introduced, (and much elegance beamed from it,) of wondrous beauty, like to living animals gifted with sounds.

But when he had wrought a beauteous evil[1] instead of good, he led her forth even where were the rest of gods and men, exulting as she was in the adornment of the gleaming-eyed daughter of a strong father: and wonder seized immortal gods as well as mortal men, when they beheld a deep snare, against which man's arts are vain. Now from her is the race of tender women. For from her is a pernicious race, and tribes of women, a great source of hurt, dwell along with mortal men, helpmates not of consuming poverty, but of surfeit. And as when in close-roofed hives bees feed drones, sharers in bad works, the former through the whole day till sunset are busy day by day, and make white combs, whilst the latter, remaining within in the close-roofed hives, reap the labours of others for their own maws.

Just so to mortal men high-thundering Jove gave women as an evil, helpmates of painful toils: another evil too did he provide instead of good; to wit, whosoever shunning marriage and the ills that women work, declines to marry, and has come to old age pernicious, through want of one to tend his latter days; he lives not, it is true, in lack of subsistence, but, when he is dead, distant kindred divide his possessions: whilst to whomsoever, on the other hand, the lot of marriage shall have fallen, and he has had a good wife congenial to his heart, to him then for ever ill contends with good to be with him: but whoso finds a baneful breed, lives with an incessant care to spirit and heart within his breast, and is an irremediable woe.

Thus it is not possible to deceive or overreach the mind of Jove, for neither did Prometheus, guileless son of Iapetus, escape from beneath his severe wrath; but a great chain, by necessity, constrains him, very knowing though he is.

But when first their sire [Heaven] became wroth in spirit against Briareus, Cottus, and Gyes, he bound them with a strong bond, admiring their overweening courage, and also their form and bulk; and he made them dwell beneath the

[1] The evil was Pandora; the good, fire.

roomy earth: then they in sooth in grief dwelling 'neath the earth, sate at the verge, on the extremities of vast Earth, very long, afflicted, having a great woe at heart; but them the son of Cronus, and other immortal gods, whom fair-haired Rhea bare in the embrace of Cronus, by the counsels of Earth brought up again to light: for she recounted to them at large everything, how that they should along with those (Titans) gain victory and splendid glory. Long time then they fought, incurring soul-vexing toil, the Titan gods and as many as were born from Cronus, in opposition to each other in stout conflicts; the one side,[1] the glorious Titans from lofty Othrys, and the other, I wot, the gods, givers of good things, whom Rhea the fair-haired had borne to Cronus, in union with him, from Olympus. They then, I ween, in soul-distressing battle, one party with the other, were fighting continuously more than ten years. Nor was there any riddance or end of severe contention to either party, and the completion of the war was extended equally to either. But when at length Jove set before them all things agreeable, to wit, nectar and ambrosia, on which the gods themselves feed, a noble spirit grew in the breasts of all. And when they had tasted the nectar and delightful ambrosia, then at length the sire of gods and men addressed them: "Hear me, illustrious children of Earth and Heaven, that I may speak what my spirit within my breast prompts me to speak. For now a very long space are we fighting, each in opposition to other, concerning victory and power, all our days, the Titan gods and as many of us as are sprung from Cronus. Now do ye show against the Titans in deadly fight both mighty force and hands invincible, in gratitude for our mild loving-kindness, namely, after how many sufferings ye came back again to the light, from afflictive bondage, through our counsels, from the murky gloom." Thus he spake; and him again the blameless Cottus addressed in answer: "Excellent Lord, thou dost not tell things unlearnt

[1] Here we have the battle-field. The sons of Cronus occupy Olympus, the Titans, Othrys; between which on the south, and Olympus on the north, lay Thessaly and its wide plains, not unmarked to after ages by tokens of a gigantic contest, in the rocks rent and the traces of earthquakes that are visible throughout it.

by us: but we too are aware that thy wisdom is excellent, and excellent thine intellect, and that thou hast been to the immortals an averter of terrible destruction. And back again, from harsh bonds, have we come from the murky darkness, through thy thoughtful care, O royal son of Cronus, having experienced treatment unhoped for. Wherefore also now with stedfast purpose and prudent counsel we will protect thy might in dread conflict, fighting with the Titans in stout battles." Thus spake he: and the gods, givers of good, applauded, when they had heard his speech: and their spirit was eager for battle still more than before, and they stirred up unhappy strife all of them, female as well as male, on that day, both Titan gods, and as many as had sprung from Cronus, and they whom Jove sent up to light from Erebus, beneath the earth, terrible and strong, having overweening force. From the shoulders of these a hundred hands outsprung to all alike, and to each fifty heads grew from their shoulders over their sturdy limbs. They then were pitted against the Titans in deadly combat, holding huge rocks in their sturdy hands. But the Titans on the other side made strong their squadrons with alacrity, and both parties were showing work of hand and force at the same time, and the boundless sea re-echoed terribly, and earth resounded loudly, and broad heaven groaned, being shaken, and vast Olympus was convulsed from its base under the violence of the immortals, and a severe quaking came to murky Tartarus, namely, a hollow sound of countless chase of feet, and of strong battle-strokes: to such an extent, I ween, did they hurl groan-causing weapons. And the voice of both parties reached to starry heaven, as they cheered: for they came together with a great war-cry.

Nor longer, in truth, did Jove restrain his fury, but then forthwith his heart was filled with fierceness, and he began also to exhibit all his force: then, I wot, from heaven and from Olympus together he went forth lightening continually: and the bolts close together with thunder and lightning flew duly from his sturdy hand, whirling a sacred flash, in frequent succession, while all-around life-giving Earth was crashing in conflagration, and the immense forests on all sides crackled loudly with fire. All land was boiling, and Ocean's

streams, and the barren sea: warm vapour was circling the earth-born Titans, and the incessant blaze reached the divine dense-atmosphere, whilst flashing radiance of thunderbolt and lightning was bereaving their eyes of sight, strong heroes though they were. Fearful heat likewise possessed Chaos:[1] and it seemed, to look at, face to face, with the eye, and to hear the sound with the ear, just as if earth and broad heaven from above were threatening to meet: (for such an exceeding crash would have arisen from earth falling in ruins, and heaven dashing it down from above.) Such a din there rose when the gods clashed in strife. The winds too at the same time were stirring up quaking and dust together, thunder and lightning and smoking bolt, shafts of the mighty Jove; and they were bearing shout and battle-cry into the midst, one of another, then a terrible noise of dreadful strife was roused, strength of prowess was put forth, and the battle was inclined: but before that time assailing one another, they were fighting incessantly in stern conflict. Now the others, I wot, among the first ranks roused the keen fight, Cottus, Briareus, and Gyes insatiable in war, who truly were hurling from sturdy hands three hundred rocks close upon each other, and they had overshadowed the Titans with missiles, sent them 'neath the broad-wayed earth, and bound them in irksome bonds, (having conquered them with their hands, over-haughty though they were,) as far beneath under earth as heaven is from the earth, for equal is the space from earth to murky Tartarus. For nine nights and days also would a brazen anvil be descending from the heaven, and come on the tenth to the earth: and nine days as well as nights again would a brazen anvil be descending from the earth, to reach on the tenth to Tartarus.[2] Around it moreover a brazen fence has been forged: and about it Night is poured in three rows around the neck;

[1] The wide void beneath the earth, betwixt it and the bottom of Tartarus

[2] Hesiod endeavours to give an exact account of the distances from heaven to earth, and from earth to Tartarus. Throw an anvil from heaven, and it will reach earth on the tenth day after. Just so, if thrown from the earth through the void beneath, the same anvil will take as many more days to reach Tartarus.

but above spring the roots of Earth and barren Sea. There, under murky darkness, the Titan gods lie hidden by the counsels of cloud-compelling Jupiter in a dark, drear place, where are the extremities of vast Earth. These may not go forth, for Neptune has placed above them brazen gates, and a wall goes round them on both sides. There dwell Gyes, and Cottus, and high-spirited Briareus, faithful guards of ægis-bearing Jove. And there are the sources and boundaries of dusky Earth, of murky Tartarus, of barren Sea, and starry Heaven, all in their order: boundaries oppressive and gloomy, which also even gods abhor, a vast chasm, not even for a whole round of a year would one reach the pavement, after having first been within the gates: but hurricane to hurricane would bear him onward hither and thither, distressing him, and dreadful even to immortal gods is this prodigy, and there the dread abodes of gloomy Night stand shrouded in dark clouds. In front of these the son of Iapetus stands and holds broad Heaven, with his head and unwearied hands, unmovedly, where Night and Day also drawing nigh are wont to salute each other, as they cross the vast brazen threshold. The one is about to go down within, whilst the other comes forth abroad, nor ever doth the abode constrain both within; but constantly one at any rate being outside the dwelling, wanders over the earth, while the other again being within the abode, awaits the season of her journey, until it come; the one having a far-seeing light for men on the earth, and the other, destructive Night, having Sleep, the brother of Death, in its hands, being shrouded in hazy mist.

And there the sons of obscure Night hold their habitation, Sleep and Death, dread gods: nor ever doth the bright sun look upon them with his rays, as he ascends the heaven, or descends from the heaven. Of whom indeed the one tarries on the earth and the broad surface of the sea, silently and soothingly to men; but of the other, iron is the heart, and brazen is his ruthless soul within his breast; and whomsoever of men he may have first caught, he holdeth: and he is hostile even to immortal gods. There in the front stand the resounding mansions of the infernal god, of mighty Hades, and awful Persephone besides; and a fierce dog keeps guard

in front, a ruthless dog; and he has an evil trick: those who enter he fawns upon with his tail and both ears alike, yet he suffers them not to go forth back again, but lies in wait and devours whomsoever he may have caught going forth without the gates of strong Hades and dread Persephone. There too dwells a goddess odious to immortals, dread Styx, eldest daughter of back-flowing Ocean: and apart from the gods she inhabits renowned dwellings vaulted by huge rocks; and round about on all sides they are strengthened to Heaven by silver columns. And seldom goes the fleet-footed daughter of Thaumas, Iris, on a message over the broad back of the sea, namely, when haply strife and quarrel shall have arisen among the immortals: and whomsoever, I wot, of them that hold Olympian dwellings, utters falsehood, then also Jove is wont to send Iris to bring from far in a golden ewer the great oath of the gods, the renowned water, cold as it is, which also runs down from a steep and lofty rock; but in abundance beneath the roomy Earth flows a branch of Ocean from the sacred river through black Night; and a tenth portion has been assigned to it. In nine portions indeed, rolling around Earth and also the broad back of the Sea with silver whirlpools, he (Ocean) falls into the brine; but the other one part flows forth from a rock, a great bane to the gods. Whosoever of immortals that occupy the top of snowy Olympus, shall have offered of this as a libation, and sworn over it a false oath, lies breathless until the completion of a year, nor ever comes near the repast of nectar and ambrosia, but also lies breathless and speechless on a strown couch, and a baneful stupor overshrouds him. But when he has fulfilled his malady until the full year, then another after another severer trouble succeeds for him. And for nine years he is parted from the ever-living gods; nor ever does he mix with them in council nor in feasts for nine whole years; but in the tenth he mingles again in the assemblies of the gods immortal, who occupy Olympian dwellings. Such a grave oath, I wot, have the gods made the imperishable water of Styx, that ancient water, which also runs through a very rugged tract. There too are the sources and boundaries of dusky Earth, and murky Tartarus, and barren Sea, and starry Heaven, all in order; boun-

daries oppressive and gloomy, which also even gods abhor. And there are gleaming gates and a brazen threshold, unshaken and fixed upon far-extending foundations, self-growing; and before it, outside of all the gods, beyond gloomy Chaos, the Titans dwell. But the famed allies of loud-crashing Jove inhabit dwellings under the foundations of the Ocean, namely, Cottus and Gyes. Briareus indeed, for his part, strong as he was, deep-sounding Earth-shaker made his son-in-law, and gave him to wife his daughter Cymopolia.

But when Jove had driven the Titans out from Heaven, huge Earth bare her youngest-born son, Typhoeus, by the embrace of Tartarus, through golden Aphrodite. Whose hands, indeed, are apt for deeds on the score of strength, and untiring the feet of the strong god; and from his shoulders there were a hundred heads of a serpent, a fierce dragon, playing with dusky tongues, and from the eyes in his wondrous heads fire sparkled beneath the brows: whilst from all his heads fire gleaming, as he looked keenly. In all his terrible heads, too, were voices sending forth every kind of sound ineffable. For one while indeed they would utter sounds, so as for the gods to understand, and at another time again the voice of a loud-bellowing bull, untameable in force, and proud in utterance; at another time, again, that of a lion possessing a daring spirit; at another yet again they would sound like to whelps, wondrous to hear; and at another he would hiss, and the lofty mountains resound. And, in sooth, then would there have been done a deed past remedy, and he, even he, would have reigned over mortals and immortals, unless, I wot, the sire of gods and men had quickly observed him. Harshly then he thundered, and heavily, and terribly the earth re-echoed around; and the broad heaven above, and the sea, and streams of ocean, and the abysses of earth. But beneath his immortal feet vast Olympus trembled, as the king uprose, and earth groaned beneath. And the heat from both caught the dark-coloured sea, both of the thunder and lightning, and fire from the monster, the heat arising from the thunder-storms, winds, and burning lightning. And all earth and heaven and sea were boiling; and huge billows roared around the shores about and around, beneath the violence of gods; and

unallayed quaking arose. Pluto trembled, monarch over the dead beneath; and the Titans under Tartarus, standing about Cronus, trembled also, on account of the unceasing tumult and dreadful contention. But Jove, when in truth he had raised high his wrath, and had taken his arms, his thunder and lightning, and smoking bolt, leapt up, and smote him from Olympus, and scorched all around all the wondrous heads of the terrible monster.

But when at length he had quelled it, after having smitten it with blows, the monster fell down lamed, and huge Earth groaned. But the flame from the lightning-blasted monster flashed forth in the mountain-hollows, hidden and rugged, when he was stricken, and much was the vast earth burnt and melted by the boundless vapour, like as pewter, heated by the art of youths, and by the well-bored melting-pit; or iron, which is the hardest of metals, subdued in the dells of the mountain by blazing fire, melts in the sacred earth beneath the hands of Vulcan. So, I wot, was earth melted in the glare of burning fire. Then, troubled in spirit, he hurled him into wide Tartarus.

Now from Typhoeus is the strength of winds moist-blowing, except the south-west, the north, and Argestes, and Zephyr, who also indeed are a race from the gods, a great blessing to mortals. But the others, being random gusts, breathe over the sea. And these in truth falling upon the darksome deep, rage with baneful hurricane, a great hurt to mortals; and now here, now there they blow, and scatter barks, and destroy sailors: nor is there any succour from ill to men, who encounter them on the ocean. But these again even o'er the boundless flowery earth spoil the pleasant works of earth-born men, filling them with dust and wearisome uproar. But when, I wot, the blessed gods had fulfilled their labour, and contended with the Titans perforce on the score of honours, then it was, I say, that they urged far-seeing Jove, by the advice of Earth, to rule and reign over immortals; and he duly distributed honours amongst them.

And Jupiter, king of the gods, made Metis[1] first his wife;

[1] Metis, ("prudentia,") daughter of Ocean, was a fitting choice for Jupiter, as a new sovereign. Apollodorus and the Scholia tell us

Metis, most wise of deities as well as mortal men. But when now at length she was about to give birth to Minerva, gleaming-eyed goddess, then it was that having by deceit beguiled her mind with flattering words, he placed her within his own belly by the advice of Earth, and of starry Heaven.[1] For thus they persuaded him, lest other of everliving gods should possess sovereign honour in the room of Jove. For of her it was fated that wise children should be born: first the glancing-eyed Tritonian maiden, having equal might and prudent counsel with her sire; and then, I ween, she was going to give birth to a son, as king of gods and men, with an overbearing spirit, but that in sooth Jove deposited her first in his own belly, that the goddess might indicate to him both good and bad. Next he wedded bright Themis,[2] who bare the Hours, Eunomia, Dicè, and blooming Peace, who care for their works for mortal men; and the Parcæ, to whom counselling Jove gave most honour, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who also give to men good and evil to possess. And Eurynome, daughter of Ocean, having a very lovely form, nourishing Demeter, who bare him white-armed Proserpine; and winsome Thalia; from whose eyelids also as they gazed dropped Love, unnerving limbs, and sweetly too look they under their brows. But he came to the couch of much-nourishing Demeter, who bare him white-armed Proserpine; her whom Pluto ravished from her mother: and sage Jupiter gave her. And next he was enamoured of beautiful-haired Mnemosyne, of whom were born to him the Muses nine, with golden fillets, to whom festivals, and the delight of song, are wont to be a pleasure.

But Apollo and Artemis, rejoicing in arrows, a lovely offspring beyond all the heavenly-beings, Latona in sooth brought forth, after union in love with ægis-bearing Jove. And last

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that Metis had the property of assuming various shapes; and that Jove persuaded her to transform herself into such a shape that he could without difficulty swallow her; and that so Minerva might spring, not from Metis, but from his head.

[1] In order that Metis might never again bear a child; it having been fated that the next-born should reign in place of Jove.

[2] The mother of the Hours.

made he blooming Juno his spouse. She bare Hebe, and Mars, and Lucina, having been united in love with the king of gods and men. But by himself, from his head, he produced glancing-eyed Tritonis, fierce, strife-stirring, army-leading, unsubdued, and awful, to whom dins, and wars, and battles are a delight. And Juno, without having been united in love, brought forth famous Vulcan, and put out all her strength, and strove with her husband; Vulcan, distinguished in arts from amongst all the heaven-born.

But from Amphitrite and the loud-roaring Earth-shaker sprang great and widely-powerful Triton, who occupies the depth of the sea, and inhabits golden houses beside his dear mother and his royal sire, being a terrible god. To shield-piercing Mars, however, Cytherea bare Fear and Terror, formidable deities, even they who route dense phalanxes of men in horrid war, with the help of city-spoiler Mars; and Harmonia, whom high-spirited Cadmus made his spouse.

Then to Jove, I wot, Maia, daughter of Atlas, bare glorious Hermes, herald of immortals, having ascended his holy couch. And to him, in sooth, Semele, daughter of Cadmus, bare an illustrious son, even jocund Bacchus, after union in love, mortal though she was, an immortal. But now both are deities. And Alcmena, after union in love with cloud-compelling Jove, bare Hercules the strong.

But Vulcan, far-famed, crippled god, took to wife blooming Aglaia, youngest of the Graces. And Bacchus, of golden hair, took for his blooming bride auburn-tressed Ariadne, daughter of Minos. And her the son of Cronus made immortal, and unsusceptible of old age for him. And fair-ankled Alcmena's valiant son, mighty Hercules, having accomplished grievous toils, made Hebe, daughter of mighty Jove and Juno with golden sandals, his bashful wife in snowy Olympus: happy hero, who having achieved a great work, dwells among the immortals uninjured and ageless evermore. To the unwearied Sun the famous Oceanid, Perseis,[1] bare

[1] V. Lennep traces the myth of the Sun marrying an Oceanid from his appearing to sailors to rise at morn from the sea, and return to it at eve.

Circe and king Œetes. And Œetes, son of man-enlightening Sun, wedded beauteous-cheeked Idyia, daughter of Ocean, perfect river, by the will of the gods. But she then, subdued in love through golden Aphrodite, brought forth to him fair-ankled Medea.

Now fare ye well, gods dwelling in Olympian mansions; Islands and Continents, and briny Sea within; and now Olympian Muses, sweet of speech, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, sing ye the tribe of goddesses, as many as in truth having been united, though immortal, with mortal men, gave birth to children resembling gods.

Ceres, divine among goddesses, after union in delightsome love, bare Plutus to the hero Iasius,[1] in a thrice-ploughed fallow, in the fertile country of Crete, a kind god, who goes over all the earth, and the broad surface of the sea; and to him that has chanced upon him, and into whose hands he may have come, him, I say, he is wont to make rich, and presents to him much wealth. And to Cadmus, Harmonia, daughter of golden Aphrodite, bare Ino, Semele, and fair-cheeked Agave, and Autonoe, whom Aristæus of clustering locks wedded, and Polydorus in tower-circled Thebes.

But Callirhoe, daughter of Ocean, united to brave-hearted Chrysaor in union of all-golden Aphrodite, bare a son the strongest of all mortals, Geryon, whom mighty Hercules slew, for the sake of the trailing-footed oxen in island Erythea. And to Tithonus Aurora bare Memnon with brazen helm, king of the Æthiopians, and the sovereign Hemathion. But to Cephalus in truth she produced an illustrious son, the brave Phaethon,[2] a man like to the gods, whom, I wot, when young, in the tender flower of glorious youth, a lad, conscious but of young fancies, laughter-loving Aphrodite snatched up, and rushed away, and she made him, in her sacred fanes, her nightly temple-keeper, a divine Genius. And the daughter

[1] The same account of Iasius is given in Hom. Odyssey v., with the additional statement, that he was stricken with lightning by Jove, for his boldness.

[2] This Phaethon is other than he, of whom we read as the son of Sol, and whose end was so disastrous.

of Œetes, Jove-descended king, Jason, son of Æson, by the counsels of ever-living gods, carried off from Œetes, after he had fulfilled the grievous toils, which, being many in number, the great and overbearing king, insolent and infatuated Pelias, doer of deeds of violence, imposed upon him. Which having achieved, after having toiled much, the son of Æson arrived at Iolchos, bearing in his fleet ship a dark-eyed maiden, and her he made his blooming bride. Yes, and she, having been yoked with Jason, shepherd of his people, bore a son Medeus, whom Chiron, son of Philyra, reared on the mountains; whilst the purpose of mighty Jove was being fulfilled. But of the daughters of Nereus, ancient sea-god, Psamathe in truth, divine among goddesses, bare Phocus in the embrace of Æacus, through golden Aphrodite: and the goddess Thetis, of the silver feet, yielding to Peleus, gave birth to Achilles the lion-hearted, who broke the ranks of men.

Fair-wreathed Cytherea too, I wot, blending in delightsome love with the hero Anchises, bare Æneas on the peaks of many-valleyed, woody Ida. But Circe, daughter of the Sun, born of Hyperion, by the love of Ulysses of enduring heart, gave birth to Agrius and blameless and strong Latinus; Telegonus also she bare through golden Aphrodite. Now these in truth very far in a recess of sacred isles, reigned over all the very far-renowned Tyrrhenians. But Calypso, divine among goddesses, bore to Ulysses Nausithoüs and Nausinous after union in delightful love. These, though immortal, having been united with mortal men, gave birth to children like unto the gods. And now sing ye the tribe of women, ye sweet-spoken Olympian Muses, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove.

THE SHIELD OF HERCULES

ARGUMENT

I. The arrival of Alcmena at Thebes as the companion of her husband's exile. The expedition of Amphitryon against the Teloboans. The artifice of Jupiter, who anticipates his return, and steals the embraces of Alcmena. The birth of Hercules.

II. The meeting of Hercules with Cygnus. The description of his armour, and particularly of THE SHIELD, diversified with sculptured imagery.

III. The Combat.

I

OR as Alcmena, from Electryon born,
The guardian of his people, her lov'd home
And natal soil abandoning, to Thebes
Came with Amphitryon, with the brave in war.
She all the gentle race of womankind
In height surpass'd and beauty: nor with her
Might one in prudence vie, of all who sprang
From mortal fair-ones, blending in embrace
With mortal men: both from her tressed head,
And from the darkening lashes of her eyes,
She breath'd enamouring fragrance, like the breath
Of love's all-charming goddess: fair she was,
But not the less her consort with heart-love
Rever'd she; so had never woman lov'd.
Yet he her noble sire by violent strength
Had slain, amid those herds the cause of strife,
Madden'd to sudden rage: his native soil
He left, and thence to the Cadmean state,
Shield-bearing tribe, came supplicant: and there
Dwelt with his modest spouse, yet from the joys
Of love estranged: for might he not the couch
Ascend of her the beautiful of feet,
Till for the slaughter of her brethren brave
His arm had wreak'd revenge, and burn'd with fire

The guilty cities of those warlike men,
Taphians and Teloboans. This the task
Assign'd; the gods on high that solemn vow
Had witness'd:—of their anger visitant
In fear he stood, and speeded in all haste
T' achieve the mighty feat impos'd by Heaven.
Him the Bœotians, gorers of the steed,
Who, coveting the war-shout and the shock
Of battle, o'er the buckler breathe aloft
Their open valour; him the Locrian race,
Close-combating; and of undaunted soul
The Phocians follow'd: towering in the van
Amphitryon gallant shone, and in his host
Gloried. But other counsel secret wove
Within his breast the sire of gods and men—
That both to gods and to th' inventive race
Of man, a great deliverer might arise
Sprung from his loins, of plague-repelling fame.
Deep-framing in his inmost soul deceit,
He through the nightly darkness took his way
From high Olympus, glowing with the love
Of her, the fair-one of the graceful zone.
Swift to the Typhaonian mount he pass'd:
To lofty Phycium thence approach'd;—sublime
There sitting, the wise counsellor of heaven
Revolv'd a work divine. That self-same night,
Of her who stately treads with ample pace
He sought the couch; and melting in her arms
Took there his fill of love. That self-same night
The host-arousing chief, the mighty deed
Perform'd, in glory to his home return'd;
Nor to the vassals and the shepherd hinds
His footstep bent, before he climb'd the couch
Of his Alcmena: such inflaming love
Seiz'd in the deep recesses of his heart
The chief of thousands. And as he that scarce
Escapes, and yet escapes, from grievous plague
Or the hard-fettering chain, flees free away
Joyful,—so struggling through that arduous toil

With pain accomplish'd, wishful, eager, trac'd
The prince his homeward way. The livelong night
He with the modest partner of his bed
Embracing lay, and revell'd in delight
The bounteous bliss of love's all-charming queen.
Thus by a god and by the first of men
Alike subdued to love, Alcmena gave
Twin-brethren birth, within the seven-fold gates
Of Thebes: yet brethren though they were, unlike
Their natures; this of weaker strain, but that
Far more of man, valorous, and stern, and strong.
Him, Hercules, conceiv'd she from th' embrace
Of the cloud-darkener: to th' Alcæan chief,
Shaker of spears, gave Iphiclus: a race
Distinct; nor wonder: this of mortal man,
That of imperial Jove; the same that slew
The lofty-minded Cygnus, born from Mars.

II

For in the grove of the far-darting god
He found him; and insatiable of war
His father Mars beside. Both bright in arms.
Bright as the sheen of burning flame, they stood
On their high chariot; and the horses fleet
Trampled the ground with rending hoofs: around
In parted circle smok'd the cloudy dust,
Up-dash'd beneath the trampling hoofs, and cars
Of complicated frame. The well-fram'd cars
Rattled aloud; loud clash'd the wheels; while rapt
In their full speed the horses flew. Rejoic'd
The noble Cygnus; for the hope was his,
Jove's warlike offspring and his charioteer
To slay, and strip them of their gorgeous mail.
But to his vows the Prophet-god of day
Turn'd a deaf ear; for he himself set on
Th' assault of Hercules. Now all the grove,
And Phœbus' altar, flash'd with glimmering arms
Of that tremendous god; himself blaz'd light,
And darted radiance from his eyeballs glar'd

As it were flame. But who of mortal mould
Had e'er endur'd in daring opposite
To rush before him, save but Hercules,
And Ioläus, an illustrious name?
For mighty force was theirs, and hands of strength
Outstretch'd in valour unapproachable;—
He therefore thus bespake his charioteer:
"O hero Ioläus! dearest far
To me, of all the race of mortal men;
I deem it sure that 'gainst the blest of heaven
Amphitryon sinn'd, when to the fair-wall'd Thebes
He came, forsaking Tirynth's well-built walls,
Electryon midst the strife of wide-brow'd herds
Slain by his hand: to Creon suppliant came,
And her of flowing robe, Henioche;
Who straight embrac'd, and all of needful aid
Lent hospitable, as to suppliant due:
And more for this, e'en from the heart they gave
All honour and observance. So he liv'd
Exulting in his beauteous-ankled spouse
Alcmena: when roll'd round the rapid year,
We, far unlike in stature and in soul,
Were born, thy sire and I: him Jove bereav'd
Of wisdom; who from his parental home
Went forth, and to the fell Eurystheus bore
His homage. Wretch! for he most sure bewail'd
In after-time that grievous fault, the which
Irrevocable is. On me has Fate
Laid heavy labours. But, O friend! O now
Quick snatch the crimson reins of these my steeds
Rapid of hoof; the manly courage rouse
Within thee: now with strong unerring grasp
Guide the swift chariot's whirl, and wind the steeds
Rapid of hoof: fear nought the dismal yell
Of mortal-slayer Mars, whilst to and fro
He ranges fierce Apollo's hallow'd grove
With phrensying shout: for, be he as he may
War-mighty, he of war shall take his fill."
Then answer'd Ioläus: "O rever'd!

Doubtless the father of the gods and men
Thy head delights to honour; and the god
Who keeps the wall of Thebes, and guards her towers,
Bull-visag'd Neptune: so be sure they give
Unto thy hand this mortal strong and huge,
That from the conflict thou mayst bear away
High glory. But now haste—in warlike mail
Dress now thy limbs, that, rapidly as thought
Mingling the shock of cars, we may be join'd
In battle. He th' undaunted son of Jove
Shall strike not with his terrors, nor yet me
Iphiclides: but swiftly, as I deem,
Shall he to flight betake him, from the race
Of brave Alcæus; who now pressing nigh
Gain on their foes, and languish for the shout
Of closing combat; to their eager ear
More grateful than the banquet's revelry."

He said; and Hercules smil'd stern his joy
Elate of thought: for he had spoken words
Most welcome. Then with winged accents thus:
"Jove-foster'd hero! it is e'en at hand,
The battle's rough encounter; thou, as erst,
In martial prudence firm, aright, aleft,
With 'vantage of the fray, unerring guide
Arion huge, the sable-maned, and me
Aid in the doubtful contest as thou mayst."

Thus having said, his legs he sheath'd in greaves
Of mountain-brass, resplendent-white; the gift
Glorious of Vulcan: o'er his breast he drew
The corselet, variegated, beautiful,
Of shining gold; this Jove-born Pallas gave.
When first he rush'd to meet the mingling groans
Of battle, then the mighty man athwart
His shoulder slung the sword whose edge repels
Th' approach of mortal harms: and clasp'd around
His bosom, and reclining o'er his back,
He cast the hollow quiver; lurk'd therein
Full many arrows; shuddering horror they
Inflicted, and the agony of death

Sudden, that chokes the suffocative voice:
The points were barb'd with death, and bitter steep'd
In human tears: burnish'd the lengthening shafts;
And they were feather'd from the tawny plume
Of eagles. Now he grasp'd the solid spear
Sharpen'd with brass; and on his brows of strength
Plac'd the forg'd helm, high-wrought in adamant,
That cas'd the temples round, and fenc'd the head
Divine.

His hands then rais'd THE SHIELD, of disk
Diversified; might none with missile aim
Pierce, or th' impenetrable substance rive
Shattering. A wondrous frame; since all throughout
Bright with enamel, and with ivory,
And mingled metal; and with ruddy gold
Refulgent, and with azure plates inlaid.
The scaly terror of a dragon coil'd
Full in the central field; unspeakable;
With eyes oblique retorted, that aslant
Shot gleaming flame; his hollow jaw was fill'd
Dispersedly with jagged fangs of white,
Grim, unapproachable.

And next above
The dragon's forehead fell, stern Strife in air
Hung hovering, and array'd the war of men:
Haggard; whose aspect from all mortals reft
All mind and soul, whoe'er in brunt of arms
Should match their strength, and face the son of Jove,
Below this earth their spirits to th' abyss
Descend; and through the flesh that wastes away
Beneath the parching sun, their whitening bones
Start forth, and moulder in the sable dust.

Pursuit was there, and fiercely rallying Flight,
Tumult and Terror: burning Carnage glow'd;
Wild Discord madden'd there, and frantic Rout
Rang'd to and fro. A deathful Destiny
There grasp'd a living man, that bled afresh
From recent wound; another yet unharm'd
Dragg'd furious; and a third already dead

Trail'd by the feet amid the throng of war:—
And o'er her shoulders was a garment thrown,
Dabbled with human blood; and in her look
Was horror; and a deep funereal cry
Broke from her lips.
There, indescribable,
Twelve serpent heads rose dreadful; and with fear
Froze all who drew on earth the breath of life,
Whoe'er should match their strength in brunt of arms,
And face the son of Jove: and oft as he
Mov'd to the battle, from their clashing fangs
A sound was heard. Such miracles display'd
The buckler's field, with living blazonry
Resplendent: and those fearful snakes were streak'd
O'er their cœrulean backs with streaks of jet;
And their jaws blacken'd with a jetty dye.
Wild from the forest, herds of boars were there,
And lions, mutual glaring; and in wrath
Leap'd on each other; and by troops they drove
Their onset: nor yet these nor those recoil'd,
Nor quak'd in fear: of both the backs uprose
Bristling with anger: for a lion huge
Lay stretch'd amidst them, and two boars beside
Lifeless; the sable blood down-dropping ooz'd
Into the ground. So these with bowed backs
Lay dead beneath the terrible lions: they,
For this the more incens'd, both savage boars
And tawny lions, chafing sprang to war.
There, too, the battle of the Lapithæ
Was wrought; the spear-arm'd warriors: Cæneus king,
Hopleus, Phalérus, and Pirithous,
And Dryas and Exadius; Prolochus,
Mopsus of Titaressa, Ampyx' son,
A branch of Mars, and Theseus like a god:
Son of Ægéus:—silver were their limbs,
Their armour golden: and to them oppos'd
The Centaur band stood thronging: Asbolus,
Prophet of birds, Petræus huge of height,
Arctus, and Urius, and of raven locks

Mimas: the two Peucidæ, Dryalus,
And Perimedes; all of silver frame,
And grasping golden pine-trees in their hands.
At once they onset made; in very life
They rush'd, and hand to hand tumultous clos'd
With pines and clashing spears.
There fleet of hoof
The steeds were standing of stern-visag'd Mars
In gold: and he himself, tearer of spoils,
Life-waster, purpled all with dropping blood,
As one who slew the living and despoil'd,
Loud-shouting to the warrior-infantry
There vaulted on his chariot: him beside
Stood Fear and Consternation; high their hearts
Panted, all eager for the war of men.
There too Minerva rose, leader of hosts,
Resembling Pallas when she would array
The marshall'd battle. In her grasp her spear,
And on her brows a golden helm; athwart
Her shoulders thrown her ægis; went she forth
In this array to meet the dismal shout
Of war.
And there a tuneful choir appear'd
Of heaven's immortals: in the midst, the son
Of Jove and of Latona sweetly rang
Upon his golden harp; th' Olympian mount,
Dwelling of gods, thrill'd back the broken sound.
And there were seen th' assembly of the gods
Listening: encircled with beatitude:
And in sweet contest with Apollo there
The virgins of Pieria rais'd the strain
Preluding; and they seem'd as though they sang
With clear sonorous voice.
And there appear'd
A sheltering haven from the rage untam'd
Of ocean. It was wrought of tin, refin'd,
And rounded by the chisel; and it seem'd
Like to the dashing wave: and in the midst
Full many dolphins chas'd the fry, and show'd

As though they swam the waters, to and fro
Darting tumultuous. Two of silver scale,
Panting above the wave, the fishes mute
Gorg'd, that beneath them shook their quivering fins
In brass: but on the crag a fisher sat
Observant; in his grasp he held a net,
Like one that poising rises to the throw.
There was the knight of fair-hair'd Danaë born,
Perseus: nor yet the buckler with his feet
Touch'd, nor yet distant hover'd: strange to think:
For nowhere on the surface of the shield
He rested: so the crippled artist-god
Illustrious, fram'd him with his hands in gold.
Bound to his feet were sandals wing'd: a sword
Of brass, with hilt of sable ebony,
Hung round him by the shoulders from a thong.
Swift e'en as thought he flew. The visage grim
Of monstrous Gorgon all his back o'erspread;
And wrought in silver, wondrous to the sight,
A veil was drawn around it, whence in gold
Hung glittering fringes: and the dreadful helm
Of Pluto clasp'd the temples of the prince,
Shedding a night of darkness. Thus outstretcht
In air, he seem'd like one to trembling flight
Betaken. Close behind, the Gorgons twain,
Of nameless terror, unapproachable,
Came rushing: eagerly they stretch'd their arms
To seize him: from the pallid adamant
Audibly as they rush'd, the clattering shield
Clank'd with a sharp shrill sound: two grisly snakes
Hung from their girdles, and with forking tongues
Lick'd their inflected jaws: and violent gnash'd
Their fangs, fell glaring: each grim Gorgon head
Shook horror.
Next above them warrior men
Wag'd battle, grasping weapons in their hands.
Some from their city and their sires repell'd
Destruction; others hasten'd to destroy:
And many press'd the plain, but more still held

The combat. On the strong-constructed towers
Stood women, shrieking shrill, and rent their cheeks
In very life, by Vulcan's glorious craft.
The elders hoar with age assembled stood
Without the gates, and to the blessed gods
Their hands uplifted, for their fighting sons
Fear-stricken. These again the combat held.
Behind them stood the Fates, of aspect black,
Grim, slaughter-breathing, fell, insatiable,
With teeth white-gnashing; and fierce conflict held
For those who fell. Each eager-thirsting sought
To quaff the sable blood. Whom first they snatch'd
Prostrate, or staggering with the fresh-made wound,
On him they struck their talons huge: the soul
Fled down th' abyss, the horror-freezing gulf
Of Tartarus. They, glutted to the heart
With human gore, behind them cast the corse;
And back with hurrying rage they turn'd to seek
The throng of battle. And hard by there stood
Clotho and Lachesis; and Atropos,
Somewhat in years inferior; nor was she
A mighty goddess, yet those other Fates
Exceeding, and of birth the elder far.
And all around one man in cruel strife
Were join'd; and on each other turn'd in wrath
Their glowing eyes; and mingling desperate hands
And talons, mutual strove.

And near to them
Stood Misery, wan, ghastly, worn with woe;
Arid and swoln of knees, with hunger's pains
Faint-falling: from her lean hands long the nails
Outgrew; an ichor from her nostrils flow'd;
Blood from her cheeks distill'd to earth; with teeth
All wide disclos'd in grinning agony
She stood: a cloud of dust her shoulders spread,
And her eyes ran with tears.

But next arose
A well-tower'd city, by seven golden gates
Enclos'd, that fitted to their lintels hung.

There men in dances and in festive joys
Held revelry. Some on the smooth-wheel'd car
A virgin bride conducted: then burst forth
Aloud the marriage-song; and far and wide
Long splendours flash'd from many a quivering torch
Borne in the hands of slaves. Gay-blooming girls
Preceded, and the dancers follow'd blithe:
These, with shrill pipe indenting the soft lip,
Breath'd melody, while broken echoes thrill'd
Around them; to the lyre with flying touch
Those led the love-enkindling dance.
A group
Of youths was elsewhere imag'd, to the flute
Disporting: some in dances and in song,
In laughter others. To the minstrel's flute
So pass'd they on; and the whole city seem'd
As fill'd with pomps, with dances, and with feasts.
Others again, without the city-walls,
Vaulted on steeds, and madden'd for the goal.
Others as husbandmen appear'd, and broke
With coulter the rich glebe, and gather'd up
Their tunics neatly girded.
Next arose
A field thick-set with depth of corn; where some
With sickle reap'd the stalks, their speary heads
Bent, as with pods weigh'd down of swelling grain,
The fruits of Ceres.
Others into bands
Gather'd, and threw upon the thrashing-floor
The sheaves.
And some again hard by were seen
Holding the vine-sickle, who clusters cut
From the ripe vines, which from the vintagers
Others in frails receiv'd, or bore away
In baskets thus up-pil'd the cluster'd grapes,
Or black, or pearly white, cut from deep ranks
Of spreading vines, whose tendrils curling twin'd
In silver, heavy-foliag'd: near them rose
The ranks of vines, by Vulcan's curious craft

Figur'd in gold. The vines leaf-shaking curl'd
Round silver props. They therefore on their way
Pass'd jocund, to one minstrel's flageolet,
Burden'd with grapes that blacken'd in the sun.
Some also trod the wine-press, and some quaff'd
The foaming must.
But in another part
Were men who wrestled, or in gymnic fight
Wielded the cæstus.
Elsewhere men of chase
Were taking the fleet hares; two keen-tooth'd dogs
Bounded beside: these ardent in pursuit,
Those with like ardour doubling on their flight.
Next them were knights, who painful effort made
To win the prize of contest and hard toil.
High o'er the well-compacted chariots hung
The charioteers; the rapid horses loos'd
At their full stretch, and shook the floating reins.
Rebounding from the ground with many a shock
Flew clattering the firm cars, and creak'd aloud
The naves of the round wheels. They therefore toil'd
Endless; nor conquest yet at any time
Achiev'd they, but a doubtful strife maintain'd.
In the mid-course the prize, a tripod huge,
Was plac'd in open sight, insculpt of gold:—
These glorious works had Vulcan artful wrought.
Rounding the uttermost verge the ocean flow'd
As in full swell of waters: and the shield
All-variegated with whole circle bound.
Swans of high-hovering wing there clamour'd shrill,
Who also skimm'd the breasted surge with plume
Innumerous: near them fishes midst the waves
Frolic'd in wanton leaps.
Marvellous the sight
E'en to the Thunderer's eyes, by whose dread will
Had Vulcan fram'd the vast and solid shield.

III

This fitting to his grasp, the valiant son
Of Jove with ease now shook, and vaulting rose
Into the steed-rapt chariot; with light bound,
Swift as the flash of his Egean sire
Up-springing: and his hardy charioteer
Stood o'er the steeds from high, and guided strong
The crooked car.
Now near to them approach'd
Pallas, the blue-eyed goddess, and address'd
These winged words in animating voice:
"Offspring of Lyngeus wide renown'd, all-hail!
Now verily the ruler of the blest,
E'en Jove, doth give you strength to spoil of life
Cygnus your foe, and strip his gorgeous arms.
But I will breathe a word within thy ear
Of counsel, O most mighty midst the strong!
Now soon as e'er from Cygnus thou hast reft
The sweets of life, there leave him; on that spot,
Him and his armour: but th' approach of Mars,
Slayer of mortals, watch with wary eye;
And where thy glance discerns a part expos'd,
Defenceless of the well-wrought buckler, strike!
With thy sharp point there wound him, and recede:
For know, thou art not fated to despoil
The steeds and glorious armour of a god."
Thus having said, the goddess all divine,
Aye-holding in her everlasting hands
Conquest and glory, rose into the car
Impetuous: to the war-steeds shouted fierce
The noble Ioläus: from the shout
They starting rapt the flying car, and hid
With dusty cloud the plain: for she herself,
The goddess azure-eyed, sent into them
Wild courage, clanging on her brandish'd shield:
Earth groan'd around.
That moment with like pace
E'en as a flame or tempest came they on,

Cygnus the tamer of the steed, and Mars
Unsated with the roar of war. And now
The coursers midway met, and face to face
Neigh'd shrill: the broken echoes rang around.
Then him the first strong Hercules bespake:
"O soft of nature! why dost thou obstruct
The rapid steeds of men, who toils have prov'd
And hardships? Outward turn thy burnish'd car;
Pass outward from the track, and yield the way:
For I do Trachys ride, of obstacle
Impatient; to the royal Ceyx: he
O'er Trachys rules in venerable power,
As needs not thee be told, who hast to wife
His blue-eyed daughter Themisthonöe:—
Soft-one! for not from thee shall Mars himself
Inhibit death, if truly hand to hand
We wage the battle: and e'en this I say,
That elsewhere heretofore himself has prov'd
My mighty spear; when, on the sandy beach
Of Pylos, ardour irrepressible
Of combat seiz'd him, and to me oppos'd
He stood; but thrice when stricken by my lance
Earth propp'd his fall, and thrice his targe was cleft:
The fourth time urging on my utmost force
His ample shield I shattering riv'd, his thigh
Transpierc'd, and headlong in the dust he fell
Beneath my rushing spear:—so there the weight
Fell on him of reproach midst those of heaven,
His gory trophies leaving to these hands."
So said he. But in no wise to obey
Enter'd the thought of Cygnus the spear-skill'd;
Nor rein'd he back the chariot-whirling steeds.
Then truly from their close-compacted cars
Instant as thought they leap'd to earth—the son
Of kingly Mars, the son of mighty Jove.
Aside, though not remote, the charioteers
The coursers drove of flowing manes. But then
Beneath the trampling sound of rushing feet
The broad earth sounded hollow: and as rocks

From some high mountain-top precipitate
Leap with a bound, and o'er each other whirl'd
Shock in the dizzying fall; and many an oak
Of lofty branch, pine-tree, and poplar deep
Of root, are crash'd beneath them, as their course
Rapidly rolls, until they reach the plain—
So met these foes encountering, and so burst
Their mighty clamour. Echoing loud throughout
The city of the Myrmidons gave back
Their lifted voices; and Iolchos fam'd,
And Arne, and Anthea herbage-crown'd,
And Helice: thus with amazing shout
They join'd in battle. All-consulting Jove
Then greatly thunder'd: from the clouds of heaven
He cast forth dews of blood, and signal thus
Of onset gave to his high-daring son.

As in the mountain thickets the wild boar,
Grim to behold and arm'd with jutting fangs,
Now with his hunters meditates in wrath
The conflict, whetting his white tusk oblique;
Foam drops around his champing jaws; his eyes
Show like to glimmering fires, and o'er his neck
And horrent back he raises up erect
The starting bristles;—from the chariot, whirl'd
By steeds of war, such leap'd the son of Jove.

'T was in that season when, on some green bough
High-perch'd, the dusky-wing'd cicada first
Shrill chants to man a summer note; his drink,
His balmy food the vegetative dew:
The livelong day from early dawn he pours
His voice, what time the sun's exhaustive heat
Fierce dries the frame:—'Twas in the season when
The bristly ears of millet spring with grain
Which they in summer sow; when the crude grape
Faint reddens on the vine, which Bacchus gave,
The joy or anguish of the race of men;—
E'en in that season join'd the war, and vast
The battle's tumult rose into the heaven.

As two grim lions for a roebuck slain

Wroth in contention rush, and them betwixt
The sound of roaring and of clashing teeth
Ariseth; or as vultures, curv'd of beak,
Crooked of talon, on a steepy rock
Contest, loud-screaming, if perchance below
Some mountain-pastur'd goat or forest-stag
Sleek press the plain, whom far the hunter-youth
Pierc'd with fleet arrow from the bowstring shrill
Dismiss'd, but elsewhere wander'd of the spot
Unknowing; they with keenest heed the prize
Mark, and in swooping rage each other tear
With bitterest conflict;—so vociferous rush'd
The warriors on each other.

Truly then
Cygnus, the son of Jove unmatch'd in strength
Aiming to slay, against the buckler struck
His brazen lance—but through the metal plate
Broke not: the present of a god preserv'd.
On th' other side he of Amphitryon nam'd
Strong Hercules, between the helm and shield
Drove his long spear, and underneath the chin
Through the bare neck smote violent and swift.
The murderous ashen beam at once the nerves
Twain of the neck cleft sheer; for all the man
Dropp'd, and his force went from him: down he fell
Headlong. As falls a thunder-blasted oak,
Or perpendicular rock, riven by the flash
Of Jove, in smouldering smoke is hurl'd from high,
So fell he; and his brass-emblazon'd mail
Clatter'd around him.

Him the son of Jove,
Stout-hearted, there abandon'd where he lay:
But wary watch'd the mortal slayer god
Approach, and view'd him o'er with terrible eyes
Stern-lowering. As a lion who has fall'n
Perchance on some stray beast, with griping claws
Intent strips down the lacerated hide;
Drains instantaneous the sweet life, and gluts
E'en to the fill his gloomy heart with blood;

Green-eyed he glares in fierceness; with his tail
Lashes his shoulders and his swelling sides,
And with his feet tears up the ground; not one
Might dare to look upon him, nor advance
Nigh, with design of conflict;—such in truth
The war-insatiate Hercules to Mars
Stood in array, and gather'd in his soul
Prompt courage. But the other near approach'd,
Anguish'd at heart; and both encountering rush'd
With cries of battle.

As when from high ridge
Of some hill-top abrupt, tumbles a crag
Precipitous, and sheer a giddy space
Bounds in a whirl and rolls impetuous down;
Shrill rings the vehement crash, till some steep cliff
Obstructs; to this the mass is borne along,
This wedges it immovable;—e'en so
Destroyer Mars, bender of chariots, rush'd
Yelling vociferous with a shout: e'en so
As utterance prompt met Hercules the shock,
And firm sustain'd.

But Jove-born Pallas came
With darkening shield uplifted and to Mars
Stood interpos'd; and, scowling with her eyes
Tremendous, thus address'd her winged words:
"Mars! hold thy furious valour; stay those hands
In prowess inaccessible; for know,
It is not lawful for thee to divest
Slain Hercules of these his glorious arms,
Bold-hearted son of Jove: but come; rest thou
From battle, nor oppose thyself to me."

She said; nor yet persuaded aught the soul
Of Mars, the mighty of heart. With a great shout,
He, brandishing his weapon like a flame,
Sprang rapid upon Hercules, in haste
To slay: and, for his slaughter'd son incens'd,
With violent effort hurl'd his brazen spear
'Gainst the capacious targe. The blue-eyed maid
Stoop'd from the chariot, and the javelin's force

Turn'd wide. Sore torment seiz'd the breast of Mars;
He bar'd his keen-edg'd falchion, and at once
Rush'd on the dauntless Hercules: but he,
The war-insatiate, as the god approach'd,
Beneath the well-wrought shield the thigh expos'd
Wounded with all his strength, and thrusting riv'd
The shield's large disk, and cleft it with his lance,
And in the middle-way threw him to earth
Prostrate.

But Fear and Consternation swift
Urg'd near his well-wheel'd chariot: from the face
Of broad-track'd earth they rais'd him on the car
Variously-fram'd; thence lash'd with scourge the steeds
And bounding up the vast Olympus flew.

Alcmena's mighty son and his compeer,
Fam'd Iolāus, now that they had stripp'd
From Cygnus' shoulders in triumphant spoil
The armour elegant, forthwith return'd
Upon their way direct, and instant reach'd
The towers of Trachys with their fleet-hoof'd steeds:
And azure-eyed Minerva sought the vast
Olympus, and the mansions of her sire,

But Ceyx o'er the corse of Cygnus rais'd
A tomb. Innumerable people grac'd
His obsequies: both they who dwelt hard by
The city of th' illustrious king; and they
Of Anthe, of Iolchos wide-renown'd,
Of Arne, of the Myrmidonian towers,
And Helice. So gather'd there around
A numerous people; honouring duteous thus
Ceyx, beloved of the blessed gods.

But the huge mount and monumental stone
Anaurus, foaming high with wintry rains,
Swept from the sight away. Latous this
Commanded, for that Cygnus ambush'd spoil'd
In violence the Delphic hecatombs.

CALLIMACHUS

HYMN TO DEMETER

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

THE RELIGIOUS POETS OF GREECE

INTRODUCTION

THE RELIGIOUS POETRY OF GREECE

Closely associated with both Homer and Hesiod is Cercops, the name of two poets, one, a very ancient Orphic poet, the author of an epic on the descent of Orpheus into Hades, the other, a poet of Miletus, a rival of Hesiod, and who wrote an epic called Ægimius, which some ascribe to Hesiod himself. The Theogony of Hesiod exerted quite an influence over the Orphic poets, as appears in a Theogony of their own. (See article in volume two, page 341, The Epic Poets After Homer.)

A number of the Hymns to the Gods, already presented (in Volume II) under the name of Homer, have been assigned by scholars to Hesiod with excellent reasons. This kind of poetry was revived by Callimachus, the learned librarian of Alexandria in the middle of the third century before Christ. (See The Epic Poets After Homer in volume two.) The hymns of Callimachus which have come down to us are those to Zeus, Apollo, Artemis, Delos, and Demeter. The last named is presented in this volume as an example of the ritualistic form into which the hymns developed in the Ptolemaic age. an era of sumptuous art and profound learning. It solemnly narrates the tale, amusing to modern ears, of hunger-cursed Erysichthon, who ate up everything in the house, even the cat. It is here given in the prose translation of the Rev. J. Banks.

The Epigrams of Callimachus will be found in the Greek Anthology at the end of this volume.

Among the Idyls of Theocritus, presented in this volume in the prose translation of Andrew Lang, will be found three hymns to the gods in the epic manner, viz., Idyl XXII to Castor and Pollux, and Idyls XXIV and XXV to Hercules.

HYMN TO DEMETER

Ptolemy Philadelphus had introduced to Alexandria from Athens the Eleusinian festival of Demeter. In this a main ceremony was the carrying of the calathus or sacred basket in honour of Ceres, on the fourth day of the festival. Demeter seems to have personified the fertilizing power of nature.

As the basket descends, ye women, join in acclamation: all hail, Demeter, that feedest many, of many measures. The basket as it descends (close the door of your lips, ye profane) gaze upon, neither from the house-roof, nor from an eminence, neither boy, nor woman, nor she who has suffered her hair to flow unbound, neither when fasting we spit from parched mouths.[1] Hesperus is wont to behold it when he comes forth from the clouds, Hesperus, who alone persuaded Demeter to drink, when she was following after the undiscovered track of her ravished child. Lady goddess, how did thy feet sustain to bear thee both to the west, and even to the black Africans, and to where are the golden apples. Thou didst not drink, no, nor eat nor wash thyself during that time. Thrice didst thou cross in truth silver-eddying Achelous. and as many times pass over each of the ever-flowing rivers, and thrice didst thou run to Henna, the navel of a most beauteous isle [Sicily], and thrice didst thou seat thyself on the ground beside the spring Callichorus,[2] athirst and without drinking; and thou didst not eat nor wash thyself. Nay, let us not speak of these things, which brought tears to Ceres: better, how she gave to cities pleasing laws; better, how she was the first to cut off wheat straw and handfuls of ears, and introduced oxen to

[1] Barren harlots, whose trade was indicated by their loose hair, should not gaze on the ceremony of the Canephoria (Basket-bearing) which celebrated the fruitful Demeter, nor should fasting persons do so, thus renewing the memory of the fast of the goddess when searching for her daughter.

[2] A spring of Attica, where first the Eleusinian women instituted a choir and celebrated the goddess with song.

tread out the corn, when Triptolemus was being taught a good art.[1] Better, to see how (that so every one may escape transgressions) she made the son of Triopas pitiable by hunger.[2] Not yet were the Pelasgians inhabiting the Cnidian land, but as yet sacred Dotium; but to thyself had raised a beautiful enclosure, thickly-grown with trees; scarce would an arrow have penetrated it. In it was the pine, in it tall elms, and pear-trees also, and beautiful sweet-apples, whilst the water, like as amber, was bursting forth from springs, and the goddess was as fond of the spot as Eleusis, and as Triopus, and Enna. But when their propitious deity was wroth with the Triopidæ, then worse counsel took hold of Erysichthon. He hastened forth with twenty servants, all in their prime, all giant-men, (they would be sufficient to lift a whole city,) having armed them in both respects with hatchets and axes. So they rushed without shame into the grove of Ceres.

Now there was a poplar, a large tree, reaching to heaven, and under it the Nymphs were wont to disport themselves in the noontide; which stricken first, sounded an evil melody for the rest. Demeter became aware that her sacred grove is in trouble, and said in her anger, "Who is hewing down my beautiful trees?"

Forthwith she likened herself to Nicippe, whom the state had appointed as her public priestess, and she grasped in her hand the fillets, and poppies, and kept her key on her shoulders. Then said she, soothing the bad and shameless man, "My son, who fellest the trees which are consecrated to gods, stay, my son, child much loved by thy parents, forbear: and turn away thy servants, lest anywise our Lady Demeter be wroth with thee, Demeter, whose holy precinct thou art pillaging."

At her then looking askance more fiercely than a lioness with savage brood (whose eye men say is of all most terrible) eyes a man on the Tmarian mountains, he said, "Give way lest I fasten this great axe in thy flesh. These trees thou shalt behold my well-roofed house, wherein I shall ever and anon

[1] Triptolemus was a son of King Eleusis, a favourite of Demeter, and the great hero in the Eleusinian mysteries. To him was ascribed the invention of the plough.

[2] The son of Triopas, i. e. Erysichthon, i. e. tearer up of earth.

hold pleasant banquets to my heart's content with my companions." So spake the youth, and Nemesis recorded the wicked speech.

Demeter was wroth in an unspeakable degree; and she became the goddess. Her steps indeed trod the ground, but her head touched Olympus. Then were they half-dead I wot, when they had seen the awful goddess, and on a sudden rushed away, having left the axe among the oaks. The rest she let alone, (for by constraint they followed beneath their lord's hand,) but she replied to the king that vexed her, "So, so build thy hall, thou dog, thou dog, wherein thou mayest hold banquets: for frequent festivals shalt thou have hereafter." Thus much she spake, and proceeded to work evil for Erysichthon. Forthwith upon him she sent a grievous fierce hunger, burning and violent; and he began to be famished by a severe disease. Wretched man that he was, as much as he happened to eat, for so much more again did a craving seize him. Twenty were wont to make ready his banquet, twelve to pour out wine: for so many acts incense Dionysus as incense Demeter likewise. For along with Demeter Dionysus had been enraged. Neither to clubs nor to social banquets could his parents send Erysichthon for shame, but every pretext was devised to excuse him. The Ormenidæ had come to invite him to the games in honour of Itonian Minerva: his mother then said that he could not come. "He is not within, for yesterday he has gone to Cranon, to demand back a debt of a hundred oxen." Polyxo, Actorion's mother, came, for she was making ready her son's nuptials, inviting both Triopas and his son. But with grieving heart the woman answered, as she shed tears, "Triopas will come at your bidding, but a boar hath smitten Erysichthon in the sweet glades of Pindus, and he is lying ill now for nine days." Wretched mother, fond of thy son, what falsehood then didst thou not utter! Was any one preparing feasts? Erysichthon was abroad. Was one marrying a wife? "A quoit has struck Erysichthon, or he has fallen from his chariot, or he is numbering the flocks on Othrys." But within the inner chambers, then for whole days long the feaster was devouring ten thousand viands of every kind, but his insatiate stomach was in commotion while he kept eating more continually: and

all the meats kept flowing down idly thankless, as it were into the deep of the sea. Even as snow on Mimas, as a wax-doll in the sun, and yet more than these he was wasting, until on the nerves of the wretched man fibres and bones alone were left. Weeping was his mother, deeply wailing were his two sisters, and the nurse by whom he was suckled, and the ten handmaids oftentimes. Yea, and often would Triopas himself lay hands on his hoary hair, thus calling on Neptune, who did not heed him; "O falsely named father, behold this the third from thee, that is, if I indeed am son of thee and Æolian Canace; and from me is born this wretched offspring.

"For would that mine hands had duly buried him stricken by Apollo:[1] but now baneful famine is seated in his eyes. Either remove thou from him his sore disorder, or thyself take and maintain him: for my tables have fallen short. Reft are my folds, and my stalls now void of beasts: and at length my cooks have declined the task. Nay more, they have unyoked the mules from the great wains, and he ate the heifer which his mother was feeding for Vesta, and the prize-gaining steed and war-horse, and the cat, which lesser animals dread."

As long as matters rested in the house of Triopas, so long the household apartments, I wot, alone were aware of the misfortune. But when his teeth were beginning to consume and exhaust the plenteously supplied house, then it was that the king's son sate in the cross-roads, begging for morsels, and cast away refuse of feasts. O Demeter, may he be no friend to me who is hated by you, neither may he be under a common roof: evil-neighbours are hateful to me. Sing, ye virgins, and ye mothers, join the acclaim: all hail, Demeter, many nurturing, of many measures. And as the four white-maned steeds carry the basket, so shall the great goddess, wide-ruling, come bringing to us fair spring, fair summer, winter, and autumn, and shall keep them for us to another year. And as without sandals, and without fillets, we tread the city, so shall we have our feet, and our heads, all unharmed. As the basket-bearers carry baskets full of gold, so we shall possess gold in abundance.

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[1] Apollo and Diana were supposed to remove those who perished by sudden death.

'Tis meet that the uninitiated women should attend these mysteries as far as the Prytaneum of the city; whosoever are under sixty years, as far as the goddess's temple; but those who are weighed down by age, and she who stretches out hands to Ilithyia,[1] and whoso is in pain, 'tis enough that they follow as far as their knees are able: and to them Ceres will give everything in full abundance, and that they may come to her temple. Hail goddess, and preserve this city in harmony, and in prosperity; and bring all things home ripe from the fields. Feed our cattle: support our fruit-trees: bring forth the ear, produce the harvest: nurse also peace, that he who has sowed, that same may reap. Be propitious at my bidding, O thou thrice prayed for, widely ruling among goddesses.

[1] Goddess of childbirth.

THE

IAMBIC AND ELEGIAC POETS

ARCHILOCHUS
SIMONIDES OF AMORGOS
TYRTÆUS
MIMNERMUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY VARIOUS HANDS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON
GREEK IAMBIC AND ELEGIAC POETRY

INTRODUCTION

GREEK IAMBIC AND ELEGIAC POETRY

Archilochus was the son by a slave-woman of a poor citizen of Paros, who was driven by poverty to go with a colony to Thasos about B.C. 650. From this place want harried the son, and he roamed from country to country with a bitterness of spirit that found vent in scathing lampoons of people and towns. Finally he returned to his native island, where he was slain in fight by Calondas of Naxos, who long after, on visiting the temple of Apollo at Delphi, was driven forth by the god to propitiate the *manes* of the poet at his tomb—a story which expresses the high esteem in which Archilochus was held by the Greeks. Indeed, the poet was rightly regarded as the great master of verse forms—an inventor of those rhythmic cadences and phonetic harmonies which thrilled the ancients as the music of great composers does a modern audience. In particular he brought to artistic perfection iambic and elegiac verse, being the first of a line of Greek poets known as *elegiac,* in contradistinction to those known as *melic* or *lyric,* such as Sappho and Anacreon. The term *elegy* was first applied to a plaintive melody on a Phrygian flute (*aulos*), a clarinet-like instrument made of reeds, then to the song that accompanied it; and, finally, to the invention of Archilochus, a coupling of the old plunging hexameter with the new evenly pacing iambic pentameter that, strangely enough, afforded the Greek poet the most serviceable team of Pegasi in his stables. He used it for every kind of purpose and occasion, says Mahaffy, moral reflections, patriotic outburst, effusions of love and grief, epigrams of praise and epitaphs of sorrow. There was only one exception—religious verse remained either hexameter or strictly lyric in form.

We usually speak, continues Mahaffy, of the elegiac poets of Greece as if they were a distinct class, but there is hardly one of them at this epoch who did not use various metres, as appears even from the extant fragments. Thus Archilochus.

so celebrated for his iambic satire, used the elegiac metre freely and with great elegance; Tyrtæus employed anapæsts, and Solon iambics. There is in fact hardly an early poet of whom we know much, except perhaps Mimnermus, who does not follow the example of Archilochus in the use of various metres.

This latter poet is plainly the leading figure in the new movement, and a strong and vigorous personality, who spoke freely and fearlessly of all his own failings and misfortunes. The woes and indignities that he had suffered bred in him a deeply ingrained indignation that vented itself in moderate mockery even upon his friends, and in rancorous outrageous abuse upon his foes. He so violently assailed a man named Lycambes, who had first promised him the hand of his daughter Neobule in marriage, and then, undoubtedly for good and sufficient reasons, had withdrawn the promise, that the father hanged his family and himself in despair at the public humiliation.

In coarseness, terseness, and bitterness Archilochus may justly be called the Swift of Greek literature. But even the scanty fragments of Archilochus show a range of feeling and a wideness of sympathy far beyond the complete works of Swift. He declares Mars and the Muse to be his enduring delights, but yet what can be more passionate than his love and his hate in all other human relations? He has noble passages of resignation too, which sound like the voice of his later years, when his hardest taskmaster had lost his sway. But even these are as nothing compared to the real gush of feeling when he describes his youthful passions, his love for Neobule, passing the Homeric love of women. Here he has anticipated Sappho and Alcæus, as in his warlike elegies he rivalled Tyrtæus, in his gnomic and reflective wisdom Solon and Theognis, in his jibes Cratinus and Aristophanes, in his fables Æsop.

Of his Hymns to Heracles and Dionysus we are not able to form any opinion. But it is clear that his Hymn to Heracles and Iolaus was so popular that it was regularly sung at Olympia by a friendly chorus in honor of the victors on the day or evening of the victory. This the scholiasts on Pindar's ninth Olympian ode tell us, and the custom must have lasted till the later lyric poets Simonides and Pindar were paid to write

special odes for these occasions. It is remarkable that in this hymn, of which the scholiasts just mentioned have preserved two or three lines, the leader sung the refrain (in the absence of an instrument), while the chorus sang the body of the hymn.

The poems of Archilochus were admired by the Romans no less than by the Greeks. Horace modeled his epodes upon them. They continued in existence down to the Byzantine age, when their outspoken coarseness caused the monks to leave them uncopied and even to destroy them. Even in classic times their immorality was objected to, Valerius Maximus declaring that "the Lacedæmonians ordered the works of Archilochus to be carried out of their city, since they regarded the matter of them indecent, and were loth that their children's minds should receive that which would injure their morals more than it improved their understanding. Therefore they banished his verses and punished one who was their [the Greeks'] greatest, or next to their greatest, poet."

Only a few fragments of Archilochus's poems are now extant. These are here presented in translations by various hands.

Simonides of Amorgos, (so called because about 660 B.C. he led a colony from Samos, his native place, to the neighboring island of Amorgos), although he wrote the Archæology of Samos (a work that is now completely lost) in elegiacs, is reckoned as an iambic poet. About forty fragments of his iambic verse have come down to us, only two of which are important. One is a reflection on the vanity of human life, recommending equanimity in quite the spirit of Solomon. The other is a satire on women, in which the poet derives the sex's various qualities—generally bad ones—from various animals; thus the uncleanly woman is formed from the swine, the cunning one from the fox, the talkative from the dog, and so on. This poem is presented in the following pages in the translation of Sir Charles Elton.

The third great iambic poet of this early period was Hipponax. He was an Ephesian who, about B.C. 540 was banished to Clazomenæ by Athenagoras and Comas, tyrants of his native city. It is said that two sculptors of Clazomenæ caricatured in their art the exile, who was a little ugly wizen man, and that like Archilochus he revenged himself in such bit-

ter and clever verse that he turned the ridicule of the public upon them to an intolerable degree, causing them to go and hang themselves. In his satire he spared no one, not even the gods nor his own parents. For his satiric verse he invented a variation of the iambic measure, called the "halting iambus," from the fact that the line ended with a spondee (two long syllables) or trochee (a long and a short syllable) instead of the iambus (a short and a long syllable). He is reckoned among the first to produce parodies of epic poetry, like the Battle of the Frogs and Mice by Pigres. Only a few fragments of his poetry remain.

There is another iambic poet, ARISTOXENUS OF SILENUS, who is assigned to the time of Archilochus. Of his writings only a single anapæstic line is preserved. but it fully reveals him as a satirist and skeptic like his fellow iambic poets. It is:

Who among men are most brazen, imposters who know not the truth?
—Soothsayers, in sooth.

CALLINUS, a native of Ephesus who flourished about B.C. 700, when the kings of Lydia were harassing the Greeks by constant wars, was the creator of the political elegy. One of the poems remains,—a strong, manly appeal to the degenerate youth of his country to come to the aid of the fatherland. Being in the spirit of Tyrtæus, it is usually included among the poems of the Spartan bard by translators and so appears in the present work.

TYRTÆUS wrote his stirring martial songs in anapæsts (two short syllables followed by a long one) and in the elegiac measure. His *embateria* or anapæstic marches, were sung to the accompaniment of the flute by the Spartans when going to battle. He also composed songs for three choirs—one of old men, one of middle-aged men, and one of young men. His verse was intended, to use the words of the Spartan patriot, Leonidas, "to stimulate the soul of the young," treating of the beauty and benefit of valor and patriotism, and the shame and loss attendant on cowardice and effeminacy. Yet he himself was not born in Sparta, but in Attica. According to older tradition the Spartans during the second Messenian War (688-685 B.C.) were commanded by an oracle to take a leader from

among the Athenians if they would conquer their enemies; whereupon, feeling that they lacked the inspiration of poetry rather than military genius, they chose Tyrtæus. Later writers added to this tradition, saying that Tyrtæus was a lame schoolmaster of low family and esteem, whom the Athenians, when the Lacedæmonians in accordance with the oracle applied to them for a leader, sent in derision, little thinking that the marching feet of his verses would supply the halting ones of his body and lead the Spartan hosts onward to victory.

The elegies of Tyrtæus are presented in the following pages in the translation of the Rev. Richard Polwhele.

Mimnermus, (B.C. 630-600), a native either of Smyrna or of Colophon, gave a new direction to elegiac poetry by making it the vehicle for private and sentimental feelings, as opposed to public and political opinions. Solon called him Ligyastades, "the sweet singer," because of his sweet and tender lines. He composed a series of plaintive love elegies to which he gave the name of a beautiful flute-player, Nanno, who would not return his love because of his advanced years. Mahaffy calls him the "Petrarch of Greek Literature" and speaks of his peculiar appeal of his sad world-weariness to the later Alexandrians and the Romans. It is remarkable, he adds, that the contemporaries and immediate successors of Mimnermus were of a different opinion. The poets who desired to sing of love and passion did not adopt his elegiac metre as their fittest vehicle. It still remained the metre of political and philosophical expression, of wise advice, of proverb and of epigram. To early Greek love, to the passion of Alcæus, Sappho, and Anacreon, no form could be more unutterably slow and cold that the deliberate hexameter. When bookworms at Alexandria and Roman dilettanti began to talk about love, it suited them well enough, and it was the subdued and resigned attitude of Mimnermus, his modernism, if one may so say, which made him to them, and to many of the moderns, so sweet and perfect a singer of love.

One of the fragments of Mimnermus, On the Shortness of Life, is presented in the following pages in the translation of Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

ARCHILOCHUS

EXHORTATION TO FORTITUDE

Groans rise on griefs, oh Pericles! nor they
Who feed the woe, in wine or feast are gay.
The billow of the many-roaring deep
Has borne these pleasures in its whelming sweep.
Our grief-swollen hearts, now, draw their breath in pain;
Yet blessings, oh my friend! shall smile again.
The gods reserve for seeming-cureless woe
A balm, and antidotes on grief bestow.
In turn the cure and suffering take their round,
And we now groaning feel the bleeding wound:
Now other breasts the shifting tortures know;
Endure, nor droop thus womanish in woe.

—*Translated by* Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

Naught, now, can pass belief; in Nature's ways
No strange anomaly our wonder raise.
The Olympian Father hangs a noon-day night
O'er the sun's disk and veils its glittering light.
Fear falls on man. Hence miracles, before
Incredible, are counted strange no more.
Stand not amazed if beasts exchange the wood
With dolphins and exist amid the flood;
These the firm land exchange for sounding waves,
And those find pleasure in the mountain caves.

—*Translated by* Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL

Tost on a sea of troubles, Soul, my Soul,
Thyself do thou control;
And to the weapons of advancing foes
A stubborn breast oppose:

Undaunted mid the hostile might
Of squadrons burning for the fight.
Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown
Wins thee deserved renown;
Thine no dejected sorrow, when defeat
Would urge a base retreat:
Rejoice in joyous things—nor overmuch
Let grief thy bosom touch
Midst evil, and still bear in mind
How changeful are the ways of humankind.

—*Translation of* WILLIAM HAY.

CONTENTMENT

WHAT's Gyges or his gold to me!
His royal state or rich array?
From envy's taint my breast is free,
I covet no proud tyrant's sway.
I envy not the gods in heaven!
The gods to me my lot have given.
That lot, for good or ill, I'll bear,
And for no other man's I care.

—*Translated by* COLONEL MURE.

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SHIELD

THE foeman glories in my shield;
I left it in the battle-field;
I threw it down beside the wood,
Unscathed by scars, unstained by blood;
And let him glory, since from death
Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath.
I soon may find, at little cost,
As good a shield as that I've lost.

—*Translated by* JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.

HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE

Bows will not avail thee,
Darts and slings will fail thee,
When Mars tumultuous rages
On wide-embattled land;

Then with falchions clashing,
Eyes with fury flashing,
  Man with man engages
  In combat hand to hand.
But most Eubœa's chiefs are known,
  Marshalled hosts of spearmen leading
  To conflict, whence is no receding,
To make this—war's best art—their own.
— *Translated by* JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.

HALF-SEAS OVER

COME then, my friend, and seize the flask,
  And while the deck around us rolls,
Dash we the cover from the cask
  And crown with wine our flowing bowls.
While the deep hold is tempest-tost,
  We'll strain bright nectar from the lees;
For though our freedom here be lost
  We drink no water on the seas.
— *Translated by* JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.

A STORM AT SEA

BEHOLD, my Glaucus! how the deep
  Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl,
And round the promontory steep
  The big black clouds portentous scowl,
With thunder fraught and lightning's glare
While Terror rules and wild Despair.
— *Translated by* JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.

MAN'S MIND

THE mind of man is such as Jove
  Ordains by his immortal will,
Who moulds it in his courts above,
  His heavenly purpose to fulfil.
— *Translated by* JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.

VICISSITUDE

Leave the gods to order all things;
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man, grovelling
In the gloomy shades below
Often turn again and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
Reft of sense and wanting bread.

— *Translated by* John Hermann Merivale.

SIMONIDES OF AMORGOS

WOMEN

She from the steed of wanton mane
Shall spurn all servile toil and pain;
Nor shake the sieve, nor ply the mill
Nor sweep the floor, though dusty still,
Nor near the oven take her seat,
But loathe the ashes, smoke, and heat,
And to her husband profit naught,
Unless by sheer compulsion taught.
Twice, thrice she bathes her through the day,
Washing the slightest soil away;
Perfumes with oils her every limb,
Her tresses combs in order trim;
Tress upon tress, in thickening braid,
While twisted flowers her temples shade.
A goodly sight to strangers' view,
But he that owns her sore shall rue
The cost I ween, unless he be
Satrap or king and joy in luxury.

Her from an Ape the Maker sent
Man's evil mate and punishment.
Her visage foul, she walks the streets
The laughing-stock of all she meets.
Scarce her short neck can turn; all slim
And lank and spare; all leg and limb!
Wretched the man who in his breast
Is doomed to fold this female pest!
She, like the Ape, is versed in wiles
And tricking turns; she never smiles,
Obliges none; but ponders still
On mischief-plots and daily ill.

Who gains the creature from the Bee
By fortune favoured most is he:
To her alone, with pointless sting,
Would Scandal impotently cling.
With her his May of life is long;
His days are flourishing and strong.
Beloved, her fond embrace she twines
Round him she loves: with him declines
In fading years; her race is known
For goodly forms and fair renown.

Her decent charms her sex outshine:
Around her flits a grace divine.
She sits not pleased where women crowd,
In amorous tattle, light and loud:
With such the God mankind has blest;
With such the wisest and the best.

— *Translated by* Sir Charles Abraham Elton

TYRTÆUS

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE

ELEGY I

I WOULD not value, or transmit the fame
Of him, whose brightest worth in swiftness lies;
Nor would I chant his poor unwarlike name
Who wins no chaplet but the wrestler's prize.

In vain, for me, the Cyclops' giant-might
Blends with the beauties of Tithonus' form;
In vain the racer's agile powers unite,
Fleet as the whirlwind of the Thracian storm.

In vain, for me, the riches round him glow
A Midas or a Cinyras possess'd;
Sweet as Adrastus' tongue his accents flow,
Or Pelops' sceptre seems to stamp him bless'd.

Vain all the dastard honours he may boast,
If his soul thirst not for the martial field;
Meet not the fury of the rushing host,
Nor bear o'er hills of slain the untrembling shield.

This—this is virtue: this—the noblest meed
That can adorn our youth with fadeless rays;
While all the perils of the adventurous deed,
The new-strung vigour of the state repays.

Amid the foremost of the' embattled train,
Lo, the young hero hails the glowing fight;
And, though fall'n troops around him press the plain,
Still fronts the foe, nor brooks inglorious flight.

His life—his fervid soul oppos'd to death,
He dares the terrors of the field defy;
Kindles each spirit with his panting breath,
And bids his comrade-warriors nobly die!

See, see, dismay'd, the phalanx of the foe
  Turns round, and hurries o'er the plain afar;
While doubling, as afresh, the deadly blow,
  He rules, intrepid chief! the waves of war.

Now fall'n, the noblest of the van, he dies!
  His city by the beauteous death renown'd;
His low-bent father marking, where he lies,
  The shield, the breast-plate, hack'd by many a wound.

The young—the old, alike commingling tears,
  His country's heavy grief bedews the grave;
And all his race in verdant lustre wears
  Fame's richest wreath, transmitted from the brave.

Though mixt with earth the perishable clay,
  His name shall live, while glory loves to tell,
'True to his country how he won the day,
  How firm the hero stood, how calm he fell!'

But if he 'scape the doom of death (the doom
  To long—long dreary slumbers), he returns
While trophies flash, and victor-laurels bloom,
  And all the spendour of the triumph burns.

The old—the young—caress him, and adore;
  And with the city's love, through life, repay'd,
He sees each comfort, that endears, in store,
  Till, the last hour, he sinks to Pluto's shade.

Old as he droops, the citizens, o'eraw'd,
  (Ev'n veterans) to his mellow glories yield;
Nor would in thought dishonour or defraud
  The hoary soldier of the well-fought field.

Be your's to reach such eminence of fame;
  To gain such heights of virtue nobly dare,
My youths! and, mid the fervour of acclaim,
  Press, press to glory; nor remit the war!

ELEGY II

Rouse, rouse, my youths! the chain of torpor break!
Spurn idle rest, and couch the glittering lance!
What! does not shame with blushes stain your cheek
Quick-mantling, as ye catch the warrior's glance?

Ignoble youths! say, when shall valour's flame
Burn in each breast? here, here, while hosts invade,
And war's wild clangors all your courage claim,
Ye sit, as if still peace embower'd the shade.

But, sure, fair honour crowns the' auspicious deed,
When patriot love impels us to the field;
When, to defend a trembling wife, we bleed,
And when our shelter'd offspring bless the shield.

What time the Fates ordain, pale death appears:
Then with firm step and sword high drawn, depart;
And, marching through the first thick shower of spears,
Beneath thy buckler guard the' intrepid heart.

Each mortal, though he boast celestial sires,
Slave to the sovereign destiny of death,
Or mid the carnage of the plain expires,
Or yields unwept at home his coward breath.

Yet sympathy attends the brave man's bier;
Sees on each wound the balmy grief bestow'd;
And, as in death the universal tear,
Through life inspires the homage of a god.

For like a turret his proud glories rise,
And stand, above the rival's reach, alone;
While millions hail, with fond adoring eyes,
The deeds of many a hero meet in one!

ELEGY III

YET are ye Hercules' unconquer'd race—
Remand, heroic tribe, your spirit lost!
Not yet all-seeing Jove averts his face;
Then meet without a fear the thronging host.

Each to the foe his steady shield oppose,
Accoutred to resign his hateful breath:
The friendly sun a mild effulgence throws
On valour's grave, though dark the frown of death.

Yes! ye have known the ruthless work of war!
Yes! ye have known its tears—its heavy woe;
When, scattering in pale flight, ye rush'd afar,
Or chas'd the routed squadrons of the foe.

Of those who dare, a strong compacted band,
Firm for the fight their warrior-spirits link,
And grapple with the foeman, hand to hand,
How few, through deadly wounds expiring, sink.

They, foremost in the ranks of battle, guard
The' inglorious multitude that march behind;
While shrinking fears the coward's step retard,
And dies each virtue in the feeble mind.

But 'tis not in the force of words to paint
What varied ills attend the' ignoble troop,
Who trembling on the scene of glory faint,
Or wound the fugitives that breathless droop.

Basely the soldier stabs, with hurried thrust,
The unresisting wretch, that shieldless flies!
At his last gasp dishonour'd in the dust
(His back transfix'd with spears) the dastard lies!

Thus then, bold youth, the rules of valour learn:
Stand firm, and fix on earth thy rooted feet:
Bite with thy teeth thy eager lips; and stern
In conscious strength, the rushing onset meet:

And shelter with thy broad and bossy shield
Thy thighs and shins, thy shoulders and thy breast;
The long spear ponderous in thy right-hand wield,
And on thy head high nod the dreadful crest.

Mark well the lessons of the warlike art,
That teach thee, if the shield with ample round
Protect thy bosom, to approach the dart,
Nor choose with timid care the distant ground.

But, for close combat with the fronting foe,
Elate in valorous attitude draw near;
And aiming, hand to hand, the fateful blow,
Brandish thy temper'd blade or massy spear.

Yes! for the rage of stubborn grapple steel'd,
Grasp the sword's hilt, and couch the long-beat lance;
Foot to the foeman's foot, and shield to shield,
Crest ev'n to crest, and helm to helm, advance.

But ye, light arm'd who, trembling in the rear,
Bear smaller targets, at a distance, throw
The hissing stone, or hurl the polish'd spear,
(Plac'd nigh your panoply) to mar the foe.

ELEGY IV

If, fighting for his dear paternal soil,
The soldier in the front of battle fall;
'Tis not in fickle fortune to despoil
His store of fame, that shines the charge of all.

But, if, oppress'd by penury, he rove
Far from his native town and fertile plain;
And lead the sharer of his fondest love
In youth too tender, with her infant train;

And if his aged mother—his shrunk sire
Join the sad group; see many a bitter ill
Against the houseless family conspire,
And all the measure of the wretched fill.

Pale shivering want, companion of his way,
He meets the lustre of no pitying eye;
To hunger and dire infamy a prey—
Dark hatred scowls, and scorn quick passes by.

Alas! no traits of beauty or of birth—
No blush now lingers in his sunken face!
Dies every feeling (as he roams o'er earth)
Of shame transmitted to a wandering race.

But be it ours to guard this hallow'd spot,
To shield the tender offspring and the wife;
Here steadily await our destin'd lot,
And, for their sakes, resign the gift of life.

Ye valorous youths, in squadrons close combin'd,
Rush, with a noble impulse, to the fight!
Let not a thought of life glance o'er your mind,
And not a momentary dream of flight,

Watch your hoar seniors bent by feeble age,
Whose weak knees fail, though strong their ardour glows;
Nor leave such warriors to the battle's rage,
But round their awful spirits firmly close.

Base—base the sight, if, foremost on the plain,
In dust and carnage the fall'n veteran roll;
And, ah! while youths shrink back, unshielded, stain
His silver temples, and breathe out his soul!

MIMNERMUS

SHORTNESS OF LIFE

We, like the leaves of many-blossomed Spring,
When the sun's rays their sudden radiance fling
In growing strength, on earth, a little while,
Delighted, see youth's blooming flowerets smile.
Not with that wisdom of the Gods endued,
To judge aright of evil and of good.
Two Fates, dark-scowling, at our side attend;
Of youth, of life, each points the destined end,
Old age and death: the fruit of youth remains
Brief, as the sunshine scattered o'er the plains:
And when these fleeting hours have sped away,
To die were better than to breathe the day.
A load of grief the burdened spirit wears;
Domestic troubles rise; penurious cares;
One with an earnest love of children sighs;
The grave is opened and he childless dies:
Another drags in pain his lingering days,
While slow disease upon his vitals preys.
Nor lives there one, whom Jupiter on high
Exempts from years of mixt calamity.

— *Translated by* Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

THE FRAGMENTS OF
SAPPHO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY VARIOUS HANDS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON
THE LYRIC POETS OF GREECE

INTRODUCTION

THE LYRIC POETS OF GREECE

WHILE the lyre was the common instrument and symbol of all the Greek poets, save probably Hesiod, who, in his mythical duel of song with Homer is said to have contended with the bay in his hand while the epic poet held a lyre, it is supremely characteristic of a new order of singers arising after the elegiac and lyric poets. This order the German scholars more definitely style *melic* poets, from the Greek words *ta melē*, meaning strains or songs, or, more specifically, choral songs. The distinctive feature of this poetry was the combination necessarily of music, and frequently of rhythmical movement, with recitation.

Among the Æolians of the Asian coast with whom this kind of poetry arose, it was simple in structure, being sung by one person, and intended to express only personal feelings. Later, among the Dorians of Greece proper it became very complicated, requiring many performers, and expressing the emotions not of these alone but of the listeners, and also of the characters described in the song—in other words, it became the analogue of the modern opera. And, owing to uncertainty about the æsthetics of the art, it is impossible for the modern reader to get any idea of its nature and effects except by this analogy. Indeed, as early a writer as Cicero has told us that the poems of the Dorian lyrists such as Pindar appeared to him like prose, since the accompaniments of music and choric dancing were indispensable to explain the metrical plan of the poet.

TERPANDER, of Lesbos (B.C. 700-640), who has already been mentioned as the father of Greek music [in Greek Poetry Before Homer, Vol. I, page 9], was, by reason of this intimate connection between music and recitation, also the father of Greek lyric poetry. Of him we know little, save that he added three strings to the original four of the lyre, com-

posed *nomes* or hymns to the gods, and was called to Sparta, where he established the musical contests of the Carnea, or festival of Apollo, about 670 B.C., and was victor at these contests for four consecutive feasts, which were separated by intervals of eight years. Only a few fragments of his poetry have been preserved.

Nothing at all remains of the verse of his successors, CLONOS, of Tegea, SACADAS, of Argos, POLYMNESTUS, of Colophon, ECHEMBROTUS, of Arcadia, and THALETAS, of Crete. Of these Thaletas was the most distinguished. Like Tyrtæus he was summoned by the oracle (which means Lycurgus) to Sparta, where by his songs he attached the Lacedæmonians to the constitution of the great law-giver. He composed not only *nomes* like Terpander, but *pæans,* or choral songs with rhythmical movements.

It is ALCMAN (about B.C. 631) who heads the list of lyric poets made in the Alexandrian Canon by Aristophanes of Byzantium and his disciple Aristarchus. A Lydian, born in Sardis, he belonged also to the group of foreign poets and musicians at Sparta, having been brought thither as a slave boy and emancipated by his master when his genius disclosed itself. He was thought to have been the inventor of erotic poetry, to which class belong his Parthenia, which were songs sung by choruses of virgins, his bridal hymns, and verses in praise of love and wine. Only a few fragments of his poetry remain. The most important, a badly mutilated portion of his celebrated hymn to Castor and Pollux, was discovered in 1855 by M. Mariette on a papyrus in an Egyptian tomb. Another fragment affords conclusive refutation of the widely spread error that the early Greeks did not have the same appreciation of landscape that we have. It is called Night, and has been translated as follows by Colonel Mure:

> Now o'er the drowsy earth still night prevails.
> Calm sleep the mountain tops and shady vales,
> The rugged cliffs and hollow glens;
> The wild beasts slumber in their dens;
> The cattle on the hills. Deep in the sea
> The countless finny race and monster brood

Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
No more with noisy hum of insect rings;
And all the feather'd tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.

The translator adds this comment:

"A beautiful peculiarity of this description is the vivid manner in which it shadows forth the scenery of the vale of Lacedæmon, with which the inspirations of the poet were so intimately associated; from the snow-capped peaks of Taÿgetus down to the dark blue sea which washes the base of the mountain. The author would find it difficult to convey to the imagination of the reader the effect produced upon his own by the recurrence of the passage to his mind, during a walk among the ruins of Sparta, on a calm spring night, about an hour after a brilliant sunset."

Alcæus, the second of the lyric poets in the Alexandrian Canon, was of Mitylene in Lesbos during the latter half of the seventh and the first half of the sixth century before Christ. He fought against the Athenians in the contest for Sigeum (B.C. 606), but fled, throwing away his shield, which was hung up by the enemy as a trophy in the temple of Athene in the captured city. As a member of the aristocracy he joined with his brother Antimenidas and Pittacus in the overthrow of the tyrant Melanchros, but later, when the majority of citizens chose Pittacus as their dictator, he opposed him as a tyrant in disguise, and being unsuccessful, was sent into exile. He roamed through various countries, going as far as Egypt. Then, attempting to force his return home, he fell into the power of his opponent, who, though Alcæus had reviled him bitterly and furiously in poetry, generously forgave him and restored him to citizenship. Of his further life nothing is known.

These few facts, says Mahaffy, show us in Alcæus the perfect picture of an unprincipled, violent lawless Greek aristocrat, who sacrificed all and everything to the demands of pleasure and power. These are the men, and this the type of aristocrat, which gave the tyrants all their opportunities.

And yet it was Alcæus who wrote what is probably the

greatest classic of patriotic literature, What Constitutes a State? We here reproduce it in the free paraphrase of Sir William Jones:

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Nor cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned:
No! — Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude —
Men who their duties know,
Know too their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.

Political songs such as this formed the bulk of Alcæus's poetry. He also wrote hymns to the gods, and songs in praise of love and wine. The Alexandrian scholars compiled his works in ten volumes, and named a verse form which he originated, the alcaic strophe. The Romans were very fond of his martial lyrics in which he strove to animate the exiled nobles. Horace speaks of him as singing "the harsh evils of the sea, of flight, and of war." The Roman poet paraphrased in the alcaic strophe a number of Alcæus's poems, and it is to these that the modern reader must turn, for only a few fragments of the originals have been preserved. Of these, a description of winter is greatly admired. It is here presented in the translation of John Addington Symonds:

The rain of Zeus descends, and from high heaven
A storm is driven:
And on the running water-brook the cold
Lays icy hold;
Then up! beat down the Winter; make the fire
Blaze higher and higher;
Mix wine as sweet as honey of the bee
Abundantly;
Then drink, with comfortable wool around
Your temples bound.

We must not yield our hearts to woe or wear
With wasting care;
For grief will profit us no whit, my friend,
Nor nothing mend;
But this is our best medicine, with wine fraught
To cast out thought!

SAPPHO (in her own Æolic dialect Psappha), a younger contemporary of Alcæus, was the other great leader of the Æolian school of lyric poetry. She was a native of Mitylene in Lesbos. Her father Scamandronymus died when she was six years old; her mother Cleis lived to be celebrated in the poetess's verse (Fragment 90). Sappho had three brothers, one of whom, Charaxus, she upbraided in a poem because he had bought at a great price the freedom of a famous Egyptian courtesan, Rhodopis.

Sappho herself married a wealthy man and had by him a daughter to whom was given the name of Sappho's mother, Cleis (see Fragment 85). There were many tales of Sappho's lovers, among which were included persons of her own time, and those who really lived years afterwards (see the translations entitled Alcæus and Sappho, and Anacreon and Sappho). Alcæus addressed her by the epithets with which she is always associated: "Violet-weaving, pure, soft-smiling Sappho." HERMESIANAX, a poet of Colophon in the time of Alexander the Great, in his poem Leontium (named after his mistress), a fragment of which remains that tells the love stories of poets from Orpheus down, celebrates these amours in the following lines (translated by J. Bailey):

And well thou knowest how famed Alcaeus smote
Of his high harp the love-enlivened strings,
And raised to Sappho's praise the enamoured note,
'Midst noise of mirth and jocund revellings:

Aye, he did love that nightingale of song
With all a lover's fervour,—and, as he
Deftly attuned the lyre, to madness stung
The Teian bard with envious jealousy.

For her Anacreon, charming lyrist, wooed,
And fain would win, with sweet mellifluous chime,
Encircled by her Lesbian sisterhood;
Would often Samos leave, and many a time

From vanquished Teos' viny orchards hie
To viny Lesbos' isle,—and from the shore,
O'er the blue wave, on Lectum cast his eye,
And think on bygone days and times no more.

The most celebrated of Sappho's love affairs, however, was with Phaon. It is said that, finding her passion for this man unrequited, she leaped to her death in the sea from a crag in Leucadia. The place was known in later times as "Sappho's Leap," and criminals were cast down from it. Their friends used to tie birds to the limbs of the condemned and cover them with feathers to break the force of the fall, and then send boats to pick them up. If they survived they were pardoned. Ovid has told the story of Sappho and Phaon in his Heroic Epistle XV. This story is purely mythical, since various writers near her time speak of her burial in an Æolian grave.

Sappho was also accused of erotic passion for her young girl friends, and her poetry was therefore condemned as immoral. Indeed, her chief poem, the Hymn to Aphrodite, is a prayer to the goddess to punish a maiden who has not responded to her love. Misunderstanding this relation almost all the translators have represented the unresponding beloved as a man. The present translation by the editor is faithful to the original, and may be defended on the ground of ethics as well as scholarship, since modern classical research has shown that the so-called "Greek love" had its pure as well as impure side.

On this point Professor Mahaffy writes: "If I understand the aristocratic society of these times rightly, what we call purity and virtue, and what we call unchastity and vice, were as yet to a great extent fused in that larger and more human naturalism, which embraces impulses of both kinds in their turn, and which refuses to consider momentary passion a permanent stain upon honour or even purity. The

highest virtue of the Greek aristocrats did not exclude all manner of physical enjoyment."

This was especially true of the Æolian aristocrats. Monsieur E. Burnouf, in his Greek Literature, says: "At the period of Sappho and Alcæus, the Æolian and Ionic cities still had those aristocratic customs which made them resemble in many points the republic of Venice at the time when the noble Marcello composed for the high society of the Grand Canal those psalms which have made his name famous; social relations were free and easy, sometimes licentious, but always marked by elegance and that dignity of manners which belongs to aristocracies. Then, too, the climate of the Æolian isles and coasts has a geniality which tends to laxness, and which readily engenders desire; the "canal" of Lesbos is illumined at eve with a soft light, and is swept ceaselessly by breezes which are balmy but not enervating, and which bear the redolence of the fragrant mountain shrubs. The riches and luxuries of Asia abounded on these coasts, and gave the high-born Greeks there those langorous customs and that impassioned poetry of which we still find remnants in their Italian and Asiatic descendants."

For a certain space of time, says John Addington Symonds in his Studies of Greek Poets, the Æolians occupied the very foreground of Greek literature, and blazed out with a brilliance of lyrical splendour that has never been surpassed. There seems to have been something passionate and intense in their temperament, which made the emotions of the Dorian and the Ionian feeble by comparison. Lesbos, the centre of Aeolian culture, was the island of overmastering passions; the personality of the Greek race burned there with a fierce and steady flame of concentrated feeling. The energies which the Ionians divided between pleasure, politics, trade, legislation, science, and the arts, and which the Dorians turned to war and statecraft and social economy, were restrained by the Aeolians within the sphere of individual emotions, ready to burst forth volcanically. Nowhere in any age of Greek history, or in any part of Hellas, did the love of physical beauty, the

sensibility to radiant scenes of nature, the consuming fervour of personal feeling, assume such grand proportions and receive so illustrious an expression as they did in Lesbos. At first this passion blossomed into the most exquisite lyrical poetry that the world has known: this was the flower-time of the Aeolians, their brief and brilliant spring. But the fruit it bore was bitter and rotten. Lesbos became a byword for corruption. The passions which for a moment had flamed into the gorgeousness of Art, burnt their envelope of words and images, and remained a mere furnace of sensuality, from which no expression of the divine in human life could be expected. In this the Lesbian poets were not unlike the Provençal troubadours, who made a literature of Love; or the Venetian painters, who based their Art upon the beauty of colour, the voluptuous charms of the flesh. In each case the motive of enthusiastic passion sufficed to produce a dazzling result. But as soon as its freshness was exhausted there was nothing left for Art to live on, and mere decadence to sensuality ensued.

Several circumstances contributed to aid the development of lyric poetry in Lesbos. The customs of the Aeolians permitted more social and domestic freedom than was common in Greece. Aeolian women were not confined to the harem like Ionians, or subjected to the rigorous discipline of the Spartans. While mixing freely with male society, they were highly educated, and accustomed to express their sentiments to an extent unknown elsewhere in history—until, indeed, the present time. The Lesbian ladies applied themselves successfully to literature. They formed clubs for the cultivation of poetry and music. They studied the art of beauty, and sought to refine metrical forms and diction. Nor did they confine themselves to the scientific side of Art. Unrestrained by public opinion, and passionate for the beautiful, they cultivated their senses and emotions, and developed their wildest passions. All the luxuries and elegances of life which that climate and the rich valleys of Lesbos could afford, were at their disposal: exquisite gardens, in which the rose and hyacinth spread perfume; river-beds ablaze with the oleander and wild pomegranate; olive-groves and fountains, where the cyclamen and violet flowered with feathery maidenhair; pine-shadowed

coves, where they might bathe in the calm of a tideless sea; fruits such as only the southern sea and sea-wind can mature; marble cliffs, starred with jonquil and anemone in spring, aromatic with myrtle and lentisk and samphire and wild rosemary through all the months; nightingales that sang in May; temples dim with dusky gold and bright with ivory; statues and frescoes of heroic forms. In such scenes as these the Lesbian poets lived, and thought of Love. When we read their poems, we seem to have the perfumes, colours, sounds, and lights of that luxurious land distilled in verse. Nor was a brief but biting winter wanting to give tone to their nerves, and, by contrast with the summer, to prevent the palling of so much luxury on sated senses. The voluptuousness of Aeolian poetry is not like that of Persian or Arabian art. It is Greek in its self-restraint, proportion, tact. We find nothing burdensome in its sweetness. All is so rhythmically and sublimely ordered in the poems of Sappho that supreme art lends solemnity and grandeur to the expression of unmitigated passion.

Athenæus, a Greek scholar of the second and third centuries after Christ, quotes in defence of Sappho's purity and high ideals Fragment 79. To the pure, he argues, all things are pure. In this pure side of "Greek love," the culture in all that is refined and intellectual of younger members of the same sex, Sappho may be compared to Socrates, who gathered about him the flower of Athenian youth for their instruction. She was the founder and the center of what might be called a woman's academy, to which maidens from near and afar flocked to study poetry and music under her guidance. Of these disciples the most celebrated was ERINNA. She wrote a poem called the Distaff, which was greatly admired by the Greeks. But four lines of her poetry remain. Her death at the untimely age of nineteen is commemorated in an epigram which is thus translated by John Addington Symonds:

> These are Erinna's songs: how sweet, though slight!—
> For she was but a girl of nineteen years:—
> Yet stronger far than what most men can write:
> Had Death delayed, whose fame had equalled hers?

Erinna has been credited with the authorship of an ode to Rome, which was really by another Greek poetess, MELINNO by name, of whom almost nothing is known. DAMOPHILA was another poetess of Sappho's circle. She composed a hymn to Artemis, of which nothing survives.

Many and high were the tributes paid by the ancients to the genius of Sappho and to her personal charm, if not beauty. She was small and dark, with bright eyes that revealed the brilliancy of her mind, and a sweet voice that rightly belonged to the maker of the most mellifluous verse the world has ever heard.

The effect of her poems upon the Greeks was like enchantment. Plutarch says that when he read them he set aside the drinking-cup in very shame. Plato numbered her among the Wise, and wrote on her the famous epigram thus translated by Lord Neaves:

> Some thoughtlessly proclaim the Muses nine;
> A tenth is Lesbian's Sappho, maid divine.

Strabo in his Geography calls Sappho a marvel, saying that no other woman in the least degree could be compared to her for poetry. She was to the Greeks "The Poetess," as Homer was to them "The Poet." To know her poems was held to be so essential for feminine culture that Philodemus, a Greek epigrammatist of the first century before Christ, notes as a mark of an uncultivated woman that she could not even sing Sappho's songs.

Proud of their poetess, the citizens of Mitylene struck coins with her image, and many busts and portraits were made of her by sculptors and artists of other lands and times.

The poems of Sappho were preserved and cherished down to the time of Gregory Nazianzen, a Christian bishop who was the author of many sermons and religious poems, and who, the story runs, about 380 A.D. obtained an edict from the emperor that the erotic works of the old poets be burned, particularly Sappho's poems, and that Gregory's own works be circulated in their stead. Of this sad destruction, John Addington Symonds writes:

"The world has suffered no greater literary loss than the

loss of Sappho's poems. So perfect are the smallest fragments preserved that we muse in a sad rapture of astonishment to think what the complete poems must have been. Of all the poets of the world, of all the illustrious artists of all literatures, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and illimitable grace. In her art she was unerring."

The Latin poet, Horace, imitated both her rhetoric and her meter in his odes, some of which may be direct translations. The meter called *sapphic* in which she wrote was probably not invented by her. It can only be imitated in English translation, not reproduced, although many poets, even the facile metrical artist Swinburne have thought the contrary. The most successful of these imitations must still be read in one way to produce the proper English rhythmic (accentual) effect, and in another to reproduce the Greek rhythmic (quantitative) effect. The translations that follow are in various meters, the best being in native English rhythms.

SAPPHO

HYMN TO APHRODITE

Thronëd in splendor, immortal One and mighty,
Daughter of Zeus, wile-weaving Aphrodite,
Let not thy frown with careful fear affray me,
Nor weariness o'erweigh me.

Come to me now, if ever in the olden
Days thou didst hearken afar, and from the golden
Halls of thy Father come with all speeding
Unto my pleading.

Down through mid æther, from heaven's highest regions,
Yoking thy car, upborne by lovely legions
Of fluttering sparrows, clouding with their pinions
Earth's wide dominions,

Swiftly thou camest; and, Blessed One, with smiling
Countenance immortal my heavy heart beguiling,
Askedst the cause of my pitiful condition—
Why my petition;

What most I craved in brain-bewildered yearning;
Whom would I win, winsome in her spurning:
"Who is she, Sappho, evilly requiting
Fond love with slighting?

"She now who flees soon shall turn pursuing,
Cold now to love, weary thee with wooing,
Gifts that she spurned with greater gifts reclaiming
Unto her shaming."

Come thus again, from cruel cares deliver;
Of all that my heart wills graciously be giver—
Greatest of gifts, thy loving self and tender
To be my defender.

—*Translated by* M. M. M.

TO THE BELOVED

Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
Silverly speaking,

Laughing love's low laughter. Oh this, this only
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
Straight is my voice hushed;

Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring
Waves in my ear sounds;

Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
Lost in the love-trance.

—*Translated by* JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

ALCAEUS AND SAPPHO

ALCAEUS. I fain would speak, I fain would tell,
But shame and fear my utterance quell.
SAPPHO. If aught of good, if aught of fair
Thy tongue were labouring to declare,
Nor shame should dash thy glance, nor fear
Forbid thy suit to reach my ear.

—By an anonymous translator in the *Edinburgh Review.*

ANACREON AND SAPPHO

Although Sappho and Anacreon were not contemporaries, the following dialogue is extant:

ANACREON. Spirit of love, whose tresses shine
Along the breeze in golden twine,
Come, within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud,

And on those wings that sparkling play
Waft, oh waft me hence away!
Love, my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe,
Smiles at the hoar and silvery hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas, I fear she keeps her charms
In store for younger, happier arms.

SAPPHO. O Muse, who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told
He lately learned and sang for me.

—*Translated by* THOMAS MOORE.

EPITAPHS

Does any ask? I answer from the dead;
A voice that lives is graven o'er my head:
To dark-eyed Dian, ere my days begun,
Aristo vowed me, wife of Saon's son:
Then hear thy priestess, hear, O virgin Power,
And thy best gifts on Saon's lineage shower.

—*Translated by* R.

This is the dust of Timas, whom unwed
Persephone locked in her darksome bed:
For her the maids who were her fellows shore
Their curls, and to her tomb this tribute bore.

—*Translated by* JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

This oar and net and fisher's wickered snare
Meniscus placed above his buried son—
Memorials of the lot in life he bare,
The hard and needy life of Pelagon.

—*Translated by* SIR CHARLES A. ELTON.

Fragment 3

The stars about the lovely moon
Fade back and vanish very soon,
When, round and full, her silver face
Swims into sight, and lights all space.

—*Translated by* Edwin Arnold.

Fragment 4

Through orchard-plots with fragrance crowned
The clear cold fountain murmuring flows;
And forest leaves with rustling sound
Invite to soft repose.

—*Translated by* J. H. Merivale.

Fragment 5

Come, Venus, come
Hither with thy golden cup,
Where nectar-floated flowerets swim.
Fill, fill the goblet up;
These laughing lips shall kiss the brim,—
Come, Venus, come!

–By an anonymous translator in the *Edinburgh Review.*

Fragment 27

When through thy breast wild wrath doth spread
And work thy inmost being harm,
Leave thou the fiery word unsaid,
Guard thee; be calm.

—*Translated by* Michael Field.

Fragment 33

I loved thee,—hark, one tenderer not than all—
Atthis, of old time, once—one low, long fall,
Sighing—one long low lovely loveless call,
Dying—one pause in song so flamelike fast—
Atthis, long since in old time overpast.

— Algernon C. Swinburne.

Fragment 38

Like a child whose mother's lost,
I am fluttering, terror-tost.

— *Translated by* Moreton J. Walhouse.

Fragment 39

The dear good angel of the spring,
The nightingale.

— Ben Jonson.

Fragment 40

Lo, Love once more, the limb-dissolving King,
The bitter-sweet impracticable thing,
Wild-beast-like rends me with fierce quivering.

— *Translated by* John Addington Symonds.

Fragment 42

Love shook me like the mountain breeze
Rushing down on the forest trees.

— *Translated by* Frederick Tennyson.

Fragment 52

The silver moon is set;
  The Pleiades are gone;
Half the long night is spent, and yet
  I lie alone.

— *Translated by* J. H. Merivale.

Fragment 54

[Then, as the broad moon rose on high,]
The maidens stood the altar nigh;
  And some in graceful measure
    The well-loved spot danced round,
  With lightsome footsteps treading
    The soft and grassy ground.

— *Translated by* Moreton J. Walhouse.

Fragment 60

Come hither, fair-haired Muses, tender Graces,
Come hither to our home.

— *Translated by* Frederick Tennyson.

Fragment 62

"He's dying—fair Adon! O Cypris, what shall we do?—let us know."
"Beat your bosoms, my maidens, and rend your tunics in wo.[1]"

— *Translated by* M. M. M.

Fragment 64

From heaven he came,
And round him the red chlamys burned like flame.

— *Translated by* John Addington Symonds.

Fragment 68

Thou liest dead, and there will be no memory left behind
Of thee or thine in all the earth, for never didst thou bind
The roses of Pierian streams upon thy brow; thy doom
Is writ to flit with unknown ghosts in cold and nameless gloom.

— *Translated by* Edwin Arnold.

Fragment 70

What country maiden charms thee,
However fair her face,
Who knows not how to gather
Her dress with artless grace?

— *Translated by* Henry Thornton Walker.

Fragment 75

But I will never wed with thee,
So, youngster, take another
And younger mate to bed with thee—
A wife I'd be—not mother.

— *Translated by* M. M. M.

[1] See Bion's Lament for Adonis in the present volume.

Fragment 78

Here, fairest Rhodope, recline,
And 'mid thy bright locks intertwine,
With fingers soft as softest down,
The ever verdant parsley crown.
The Gods are pleased with flowers that bloom
And leaves that shed divine perfume,
But, if ungarlanded, despise
The richest offered sacrifice.

— *Translated by* J. H. Merivale.

Fragment 79

I love fair things and tender,
And never shall be won
If Love come not in splendor
And beauty of the sun.

— *Translated by* M. M. M.

Fragment 81

Wealth without virtue is a dangerous guest,
Who holds them mingled is supremely blest.

— *Translated by* J. H. Merivale.

Fragment 85

I have a child, a lovely one,
In beauty like the golden sun,
Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom;
And Claïs is her name, for whom
I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
Would glad resign.

— *Translated by* J. H. Merivale.

Fragment 90

[As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid
In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers strayed
She weeping turned away and said—]

"Oh, my sweet, mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love."

— *Translated by* THOMAS MOORE.

FRAGMENTS 91 AND 92

High lift the beams of the chamber,
Workmen, on high;
Like Arés in step comes the Bridegroom,
Like him of the song of Terpander,—
Like him in majesty.

— *Translated by* F. T. PALGRAVE.

FRAGMENT 93

Sweet as the apple that blushes
On high at the end of the bough—
At the very tip end of the bough,
And was missed in the harvest—nay, luscious
It tempted the pickers, but how
To reach it they knew not, [art thou—
So sweet and so tempting art thou.]

—*Translated by* M. M. M.

FRAGMENT 94

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.

— *Translated by* D. G. ROSSETTI.

FRAGMENT 95

Hesperus[1] brings all things back
Which the daylight made us lack,
Brings the sheep and goats to rest,
Brings the baby to the breast.

— *Translated by* EDWIN ARNOLD.

[1] The evening star.

Fragment 99

Happy bridegroom, thou art blest
With blisses far beyond the rest,
For thou hast won
The chosen one,
The girl thou lovest best.

— *Translated by* Frederick Tennyson.

Fragment 109

"Sweet Rose of May, sweet Rose of May,
Whither, ah whither fled away?"
"What's gone no time can e'er restore—
I come no more, I come no more."

— *Translated by* J. H. Merivale.

Fragment 133

Bride, in whose breast haunt rosy loves!
Bride, fairest of the Paphian groves!
Hence, to thy marriage rise, and go!
Hence, to thy bed, where thou shalt show
With honeyed play thy wedded charms,
Thy sweetness in the bridegroom's arms!
Let Hesper lead thee forth, a wife,
Willing and worshipping for life,
The silver-throned, the wedlock dame,
Queen Hera, wanton without shame!

— *Translated by* John Addington Symonds.

Fragment 136

In the home of the Muses 'tis bootless to mourn.

— *Translated by* Frederick Tennyson.

ANACREONTEA

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSES

BY THOMAS STANLEY

AND OTHERS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

ANACREON, THE POET OF PLEASURE

INTRODUCTION

ANACREON, THE POET OF PLEASURE

INTIMATELY associated with Sappho both in legendary story and in literary succession is ANACREON, the type not only to the ancient but to the modern world of the poet of pleasure. He was, says Mahaffy, an accomplished courtier, a votary of love and wine, a man who enjoyed every human pleasure to the full, and felt no trouble save the touch of silver in his hair, and the scorn of stately youth or fair maiden for his advancing years. He concerned himself with no politics; he gave no serious advice in morals; he stands aloof from all the higher aims and aspirations of his age; he was essentially "the idle singer of an empty day," the minion in poetry of a luxurious and sensual court.

Anacreon was born about B.C. 550, at Teos, an Ionian town in Asia Minor, whose inhabitants migrated to Abdera, in Thrace, ten years later to escape the advancing Persians under Harpagus. He became famous as a poet at an early age, and went to the court of Polycrates in Samos at the tyrant's invitation. Maximus Tyrius declared that his love poems were a public benefit, in that they softened Polycrates's heart and induced him to treat his subjects with lenity. However this may be, Polycrates met the usual end in those days for tyrants, being assassinated in 522 B.C. Anacreon then removed to Athens on the invitation of Hipparchus, where he lived until the killing of this tyrant by Harmonius and the subsequent expulsion of the Pisistratidæ. Then he returned to Abdera, where he is said to have died in his eighty-sixth year, by choking on a grapestone. Simonides of Ceos, who was his friend and fellow-poet in Athens, wrote two epitaphs upon him; in later years Antipater of Sidon, a Stoic philosopher who flourished B.C. 127, wrote another which has been greatly admired. Goethe translated it beautifully in German. The following English translation is by Merivale:

This tomb be thine, Anacreon! All around
Let ivy wreathe, let flow'rets deck the ground;
And from its earth, enrich'd by such a prize,
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise:
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below.

The works of Anacreon remained until at least the third century A.D., when Athenæus, who quoted largely from them in his Doctors at Dinner, declared they were in "everybody's mouth." Gradually, however, the later imitations of them, Anacreontea as they are called, supplanted them, and he shared the fate of Sappho. Only a few broken fragments remain.

Many English poets have tried their hands at translating or paraphrasing the Anacreontea, from Robert Greene (1589) to Thomas Moore, who received the appellation of "Anacreon Moore" thereby. Perhaps the best renditions on the whole are by Thomas Stanley, an English gentleman and scholar, who published his translations in 1651. They form the first fifty-five of the sixty translations that follow.

ANACREONTEA

I

The Lute

Of th' Atrides I would sing,
Or the wand'ring Theban king;
But when I my lute did prove,
Nothing it would sound but love;
I new strung it, and to play
Herc'les' labours did essay;
But my pains I fruitless found;
Nothing it but love would sound:
Heroes then farewell, my lute
To all strains but love is mute.

II

Beauty

Horns to bulls wise Nature lends;
Horses she with hoofs defends;
Hares with nimble feet relieves;
Dreadful teeth to lions gives;
Fishes learns through streams to slide;
Birds through yielding air to glide;
Men with courage she supplies;
But to women these denies.
What then gives she? Beauty, this
Both their arms and armour is:
She, that can this weapon use,
Fire and sword with ease subdues.

III

Love's Night Walk

Downward was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner:
Men by powerful sleep opprest,
Gave their busy troubles rest;

Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light;
Where, perceiving all fast lock'd,
At the door he boldly knock'd.
"Who's that," said I, "that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?"
"Ope," saith Love, "for pity hear;
'Tis a child, thou need'st not fear,
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray."
With compassion this I heard;
Light I struck, the door unbarr'd;
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;
Near the fire I made him stand,
With my own I chaf'd his hand,
And with kindly busy care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair.
When well warm'd he was, and dry,
"Now," saith he, " 'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet."
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart;
Leaping then, and laughing said,
"Come, my friend, with me be glad;
For my bow thou seest is sound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound."

IV

Carpe Diem

On this verdant lotus laid,
Underneath the myrtle's shade,
Let us drink our sorrows dead,
Whilst Love plays the Ganimed.
Life like to a wheel runs round,
And ere long, we underground

(Ta'en by death asunder) must
Moulder in forgotten dust.
Why then graves should we bedew?
Why the ground with odours strew?
Better whilst alive, prepare
Flowers and unguents for our hair.
Come, my fair one! come away;
All our cares behind us lay,
That these pleasures we may know,
Ere we come to those below.

V

Roses

Roses (Love's delight) let's join
To the red-cheek'd God of Wine;
Roses crown us, while we laugh,
And the juice of Autumn quaff!
Roses of all flowers the king,
Roses the fresh pride o' th' Spring,
Joy of every deity.
Love, when with the Graces he
For the ball himself disposes,
Crowns his golden hair with roses.
Circling then with these our brow,
We'll to Bacchus' temple go:
There some willing beauty lead,
And a youthful measure tread.

VI

Another

Now with roses we are crown'd,
Let our mirth and cups go round,
Whilst a lass, whose hand a spear
Branch'd with ivy twines doth bear,
With her white feet beats the ground
To the lute's harmonious sound,

Play'd on by some boy, whose choice
Skill is heighten'd by his voice;
Bright-hair'd Love, with his divine
Mother, and the God of Wine,
Will flock hither, glad to see
Old men of their company.

VII

The Chase

With a whip of lilies, Love
Swiftly me before him drove;
On we cours'd it, through deep floods,
Hollow valleys, and rough woods,
Till a snake that lurking lay,
Chanc'd to sting me by the way:
Now my soul was nigh to death,
Ebbing, flowing with my breath;
When Love, fanning with his wings,
Back my fleeting spirit brings;
"Learn," saith he, "another day
Love without constraint t' obey."

VIII

The Dream

As on purple carpets I
Charm'd by wine in slumber lie,
With a troop of maids (resorted
There to play) methought I sported;
Whose companions, lovely boys,
Interrupt me with rude noise;
Yet I offer made to kiss them,
But o' th' sudden wake and miss them.
Vext to see them thus forsake me,
I to sleep again betake me.

IX

The Dove

Whither flies my pretty dove?
Whither, nimble scout of Love?
From whose wings perfumes distil,
And the air with sweetness fill.
"Is't to thee which way I'm bent?
By Anacreon I am sent
To Rhodantha, she who all
Hearts commands, Love's general.
I to Venus did belong,
But she sold me for a song
To her poet; his I am,
And from him this letter came,
For which he hath promis'd me
That ere long he'll set me free.
But though freedom I should gain,
I with him would still remain;
For what profit were the change,
Fields from tree to tree to range,
And on hips and haws to feed,
When I may at home pick bread
From his hand, and freely sup
Purest wine from his own cup?
Hovering then with wings display'd,
I my master overshade;
And if night invite to rest,
In his harp I make my nest.

Now thou dost my errand know,
Friend, without more questions go;
For thy curiosity
Makes me to outchat a pie."

X

Love in Wax

As Love's image, to be sold,
Wrought in wax I did behold,
To the man I went: "What is,
Friend," said I, "the price of this?"
"Give me what you please," he said;
"This belongs not to my trade,
And so dangerous a guest,
In my house I'm loth should rest."
"Give m' him for this piece," said I,
"And the boy with me shall lie."
But, Love, see thou now melt me,
Or I'll do as much for thee.

XI

The Combat

Now will I a lover be;
Love himself commanded me.
Full at first of stubborn pride,
To submit my soul denied;
He his quiver takes and bow,
Bids defiance, forth I go,
Arm'd with spear and shield, we meet;
On he charges, I retreat:
Till perceiving in the fight
He had wasted every flight,
Into me, with fury hot,
Like a dart himself he shot,
And my cold heart melts; my shield
Useless, no defence could yield;
For what boots an outward screen
When, alas, the fight's within!

XII

The Swallow

Chattering swallow! what shall we,
Shall we do to punish thee?
Shall we clip thy wings, or cut
Tereus-like thy shrill tongue out?
Who Rhodantha driv'st away
From my dreams by break of day.

XIII

Wine and Love

Atis through deserted groves,
Cybele invoking roves;
And like madness them befell
Who were drunk at Phœbus' well;
But I willingly will prove
Both these furies, Wine and Love.

XIV

The Old Lover

By the women I am told
"'Las! Anacreon thou grow'st old,
Take thy glass and look else, there
Thou wilt see thy temples bare."
Whether I be bald or no,
That I know not, this I know,—
Pleasures, as less time to try
Old men have, they more should ply.

XV

Content

I not care for Gyges' sway,
Or the Lydian sceptre weigh;
Nor am covetous of gold,
Nor with envy kings behold;

All my care is to prepare
Fragrant unguents for my hair;
All my care is where to get
Roses for a coronet;
All my care is for to-day;
What's to-morrow who can say?
Come then, let us drink and dice,
And to Bacchus sacrifice,
Ere death come and take us off,
Crying, Hold! th' hast drunk enough.

XVI

The Captive

Thou of Thebes, of Troy sings he;
I my own captivity:
'Twas no army, horse, or foot,
Nor a navy brought me to't,
But a stranger enemy
Shot me from my mistress' eye.

XVII

The Wish

Niobe on Phrygian sands
Turn'd a weeping statue stands,
And the Pandionian Maid
In a swallow's wings array'd;
But a mirror I would be,
To be look'd on still by thee;
Or the gown wherein thou'rt drest,
That I might thy limbs invest;
Or a crystal spring, wherein
Thou might'st bathe thy purer skin;
Or sweet unguents, to anoint
And make supple every joint;
Or a knot, thy breast to deck;
Or a chain, to clasp thy neck;
Or thy shoe I wish to be,
That thou might'st but tread on me.

XVIII

The Cup

Vulcan come, thy hammer take,
And of burnish'd silver make
(Not a glittering armour, for
What have we to do with war?
But) a large deep bowl, and on it
I would have thee carve (no planet:
Pleiads, Wains, or Waggoners,
What have we to do with stars?
But to life exactly shape)
Clusters of the juicy grape;
Whilst brisk Love their bleeding heads
Hand in hand with Bacchus treads.

XIX

Another

All thy skill if thou collect,
Make a cup as I direct:
Roses climbing o'er the brim,
Yet must seem in wine to swim;
Faces too there should be there,
None that frowns or wrinkles wear;
But the sprightly Son of Jove,
With the beauteous Queen of Love;
There, beneath a pleasant shade,
By a vine's wide branches made,
Must the Loves, their arms laid by,
Keep the Graces company;
And the bright-hair'd god of day
With a youthful bevy play.

XX

The Need of Drinking

Fruitful earth drinks up the rain;
Trees from earth drink that again;

The sea drinks the air, the sun
Drinks the sea, and him the moon.
Is it reason then, d'ye think,
I should thirst when all else drink?

XXI

The Flame-Quencher

Reach me here that full crown'd cup,
And at once I'll drink it up;
For my overcharged breast
Pants for drouth, with care opprest;
Whilst a chaplet of cool roses
My distemper'd brow incloses;
Love I'll drench in wine; for these
Flames alone can his appease.

XXII

The Invitation

Come, my fair, the heat t' evade,
Let us sit beneath this shade;
See, the tree doth bow his head,
And his arms t' invite thee spread;
Hark, the kind persuasive spring
Murmurs at thy tarrying:
Who molested by the sun
Would so sweet a refuge shun?

XXIII

Gold

If I thought that gold had power
To prolong my life one hour,
I should lay it up, to fee
Death, when come to summon me;
But if life cannot be bought,
Why complain I then for nought?
Death not brib'd at any price,
To what end is avarice?

Fill me then some wine; but see
That it brisk and racy be,
Such as may cold bloods inflame,
For by Bacchus arm'd we'll aim
At Cythera's highest pleasure:
Wine and love's the only treasure.

XXIV

A Short Life and Merry

I am sprung of human seed,
For a life's short race decreed;
Though I know the way I've gone,
That which is to come's unknown.
Busy thoughts do not disturb me;
What have you to do to curb me?
Come, some wine and music give:
Ere we die, 'tis fit we live.

XXV

Care's Antidote

When with wine my soul is arm'd,
All my grief and tears are charm'd;
Life in toils why should we waste,
When we're sure to die at last?
Drink we then, nor Bacchus spare:
Wine's the antidote of Care.

XXVI

Another

When my sense in wine I steep,
All my cares are lull'd asleep:
Rich in thought, I then despise
Crœsus, and his royalties;
Whilst with ivy twines I wreathe me
And sing all the world beneath me.

Others run to martial fights
I to Bacchus's delights;
Fill the cup then, boy, for I
Drunk than dead had rather lie.

XXVII

To Dionysus

Jove-born Bacchus, when possest
(Care-exiling) of my breast,
In a sprightly saraband
Guides my foot and ready hand,
Which an even measure sets
'Twixt my voice and castanets;
Tir'd we sit and kiss, and then
To our dancing fall again.

XXVIII

The Picture

Painter, by unmatch'd desert
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, my absent mistress take,
As I shall describe her: make
First her hair, as black as bright,
And if colours so much right
Can but do her, let it too
Smell of aromatic dew;
Underneath this shade, must thou
Draw her alabaster brow;
Her dark eye-brows so dispose
That they neither part nor close,
But by a divorce so slight
Be disjoin'd, may cheat the sight:
From her kindly killing eye
Make a flash of lightning fly,
Sparkling like Minerva's, yet
Like Cythera's mildly sweet:
Roses in milk swimming seek
For the pattern of her cheek:

In her lip such moving blisses,
As from all may challenge kisses;
Round about her neck (outvying
Parian stone) the Graces flying;
And o'er all her limbs at last
A loose purple mantle cast;
But so ordered that the eye
Some part naked may descry,
An essay by which the rest
That lies hidden may be guess'd.
So, to life th' hast come so near,
All of her, but voice, is here.

XXIX

Another

Draw my fair as I command,
Whilst my fancy guides thy hand.
Black her hair must be, yet bright,
Tipt, as with a golden light,
In loose curls thrown o'er her dress
With a graceful carelessness;
On each side her forehead crown
With an arch of sable down;
In her black and sprightly eye
Sweetness mix with majesty,
That the soul of every lover
There 'twixt hope and fear may hover:
In her cheek a blushing red
Must by bashfulness be spread;
Such her lips, as if from thence
Stole a silent eloquence:
Round her face, her forehead high,
Neck surpassing ivory;
But why all this care to make
Her description need we take?
Draw her with exactest art
After Venus in each part;
Or to Samos go, and there
Venus thou mayst draw by her.

XXX

Love Imprisoned

Love, in rosy fetters caught,
To my fair the Muses brought;
Gifts his mother did prefer
To release the prisoner,
But he'd not be gone though free,
Pleas'd with his captivity.

XXXI

Europa

This the figure is of Jove,
To a bull transform'd by Love,
On whose back the Tyrian Maid
Through the surges was convey'd:
See how swiftly he the wide
Sea doth with strong hoofs divide;
He (and he alone) could swim,
None o' th' herd e'er follow'd him.

XXXII

The Accompt

If thou dost the number know
Of the leaves on every bough,
If thou can'st the reckoning keep
Of the sands within the deep;
Thee of all men will I take,
And my Love's accomptant make.
Of Athenians first to score
Set me down; then fifteen more;
Add a regiment to these
Of Corinthian mistresses,
For the most renown'd for fair
In Achæa sojourn there;
Next our Lesbian Beauties tell;
Those that in Ionia dwell;

Those of Rhodes and Caria count;
To two thousand they amount.
Wonder'st thou I love so many?
'Las of Syria we not any,
Egypt yet, nor Crete have told,
Where his orgies Love doth hold.
What to those then wilt thou say
Which in eastern Bactria,
Or the western Gades remain?
But give o'er, thou toil'st in vain;
For the sum which thou dost seek
Puzzles all arithmetic.

XXXIII
The Old Lover

Though my aged head be grey,
And thy youth more fresh than May,
Fly me not; oh! rather see
In this wreath how gracefully
Roses with pale lilies join:
Learn of them, so let us twine.

XXXIV
The Vain Advice

Prythee trouble me no more;
I will drink, be mad, and roar:
Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Mad, when they their mothers slew:
But I no man having kill'd
Am with hurtless fury fill'd.
Hercules with madness struck,
Bent his bow, his quiver shook;
Ajax mad, did fiercely wield
Hector's sword, and grasp'd his shield:
I nor spear nor target have,
But this cup (my weapon) wave:
Crown'd with roses, thus for more
Wine I call, drink, dance, and roar.

XXXV

The Swallow

Gentle swallow, thou we know
Every year dost come and go;
In the spring thy nest thou mak'st;
In the winter it forsak'st,
And divert'st thyself awhile
Near the Memphian towers, or Nile:
But Love in my suffering breast
Builds, and never quits his nest;
First one Love's hatch'd; when that flies,
In the shell another lies;
Then a third is half expos'd;
Then a whole brood is disclos'd,
Which for meat still peeping cry,
Whilst the others that can fly
Do their callow brethren feed,
And grown up, they young ones breed.
What then will become of me
Bound to pain incessantly,
Whilst so many Loves conspire
On my heart by turns to tire?

XXXVI

Cheerful Living

Vex no more thyself and me
With demure philosophy:
Hollow precepts, only fit
To amuse the busy wit;
Teach me brisk Lyæus' rites;
Teach me Venus' blithe delights;
Jove loves water, give me wine;
That my soul ere I resign
May this cure of sorrow have;
There's no drinking in the grave.

XXXVII

The Spring

See the Spring herself discloses,
And the Graces gather roses;
See how the becalmed seas
Now their swelling waves appease;
How the duck swims, how the crane
Comes from's winter home again;
See how Titan's cheerful ray
Chaseth the dark clouds away;
Now in their new robes of green
Are the ploughman's labours seen:
Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth;
Now the olive blooms: the vine
Now doth with plump pendants shine;
And with leaves and blossom now
Freshly bourgeons every bough.

XXXVIII

The Privilege of Age

Old I am, yet can (I think)
Those that younger are out-drink;
When I dance no staff I take,
But a well-fill'd bottle shake:
He that doth in war delight,
Come, and with these arms let's fight;
Fill the cup, let loose a flood
Of the rich grape's luscious blood;
Old I am, and therefore may,
Like Silenus, drink and play.

XXXIX

Frolic Wine

When I ply the cheering bowl,
Brisk Lyæus through my soul
Straight such lively joy diffuses
That I sing, and bless the Muses;

Full of wine I cast behind
All my sorrows to the wind;
Full of wine my head I crown,
Roving loosely up and down;
Full of wine I praise the life
Calmly ignorant of strife;
Full of wine I court some fair,
And Cythera's worth declare;
Full of wine my close thoughts I
To my jovial friends untie:
Wine makes age with new years sprout:
Wine denied, my life goes out.

XL

Love and the Bee[1]

Love, a Bee that lurk'd among
Roses saw not, and was stung:
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair mother hie,
And O help, cries he, I die;
A wing'd snake hath bitten me,
Call'd by countrymen a Bee:
At which Venus, If such smart
A Bee's little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain,
They, whom thou hast hurt, sustain?

XLI

Praise of Bacchus

Whilst our joys with wine we raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.
Bacchus dancing did invent;
Bacchus is on songs intent;
Bacchus teacheth Love to court,
And his mother how to sport;

[1] See Idyl XIX of Theocritus.

Graceful confidence he lends;
He oppressive trouble ends;
To the bowl when we repair,
Grief doth vanish into air;
Drink we then, and drown all sorrow;
All our care not knows the morrow;
Life is dark, let's dance and play,
They that will be troubled may;
We our joys with wine will raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.

XLII

Mirth

I DIVINE Lyæus prize,
Who with mirth and wit supplies:
Compass'd with a jovial quire,
I affect to touch the lyre:
But of all my greatest joy
Is with sprightly maids to toy:
My free heart no envy bears,
Nor another's envy fears;
Proof against invective wrongs,
Brittle shafts of poisonous tongues.
Wine with quarrels sour'd I hate,
Or feasts season'd with debate:
But I love a harmless measure;
Life to quiet hath no pleasure.

XLIII

The Grasshopper

GRASSHOPPER thrice-happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,
Queen-like chirpest all the day
Seated on some verdant spray;
Thine is all whate'er earth brings,
Or the hours with laden wings;
Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:

Thou by all art honour'd; all
Thee the spring's sweet prophet call;
By the Muses thou admir'd,
By Apollo art inspir'd,
Ageless, ever-singing, good,
Without passion, flesh or blood;
Oh how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate!

XLIV

The Dream

As I late in slumber lay
Wing'd methought I ran away,
But Love (his feet clogg'd with lead)
As thus up and down I fled,
Following caught me instantly:
What may this strange dream imply?
What but this? that in my heart
Though a thousand Loves had part,
I shall now (their snares declin'd)
To this only be confin'd.

XLV

Love's Arrows

In the Lemnian forge of late
Vulcan making arrows sate,
Whilst with honey their barb'd points
Venus, Love with gall anoints:
Armed Mars by chance comes there,
Brandishing a sturdy spear,
And in scorn the little shaft
Offering to take up, he laugh'd:
"This," saith Love, "which thou dost slight,
Is not (if thou try it) light;"
Up Mars takes it, Venus smil'd;
But he (sighing) to the Child,
"Take it," cries, "its weight I feel;"
"Nay," says Love, "e'en keep it still."

XLVI

Gold

Not to love a pain is deem'd,
And to love's the same esteem'd:
But of all the greatest pain
Is to love unlov'd again.
Birth in love is now rejected,
Parts and arts are disrespected,
Only gold is look'd upon.
A curse take him that was won
First to doat upon it; hence
Springs 'twixt brothers difference;
This makes parents slighted; this
War's dire cause and fuel is:
And what's worst, by this alone
Are we lovers overthrown.

XLVII

Youthful Eld.

Young men dancing, and the old
Sporting I with joy behold;
But an old man gay and free
Dancing most I love to see;
Age and youth alike he shares,
For his heart belies his hairs.

XLVIII

Wine the Healer

Who his cups can stoutly bear,
In his cups despiseth fear,
In his cups can nimbly dance,
Him Lyæus will advance:
Nectar of us mortals wine,
The glad offspring of the vine,
Screen'd with leaves, preserv'd within
The plump grape's transparent skin,
In the body all diseases,
In the soul all grief appeases.

XLIX

On a Basin wherein Venus was Engraved

What bold hand the sea engraves,
Whilst its undetermin'd waves
In a dish's narrow round
Art's more powerful rage doth bound?
See, by some Promethean mind
Cytherea there design'd,
Mother of the deities,
Expos'd naked to our eyes
In all parts, save those alone
Modesty will not have shown,
Which for covering only have
The thin mantle of a wave:
On the surface of the main,
Which a smiling calm lays plain,
She, like frothy sedges, swims,
And displays her snowy limbs:
Whilst the foaming billow swells,
As her breast its force repels,
And her form striving to hide
Her doth by her neck divide,
Like a lily round beset
By the purple violet.
Loves, who dolphins do bestride,
O'er the silver surges ride,
And with many a wanton smile
Lovers of their hearts beguile;
Whilst the people of the flood
To her side, like wantons, scud.

L

The Rose

With the flowery crowned spring
Now the vernal rose we sing;
Sons of mirth, your sprightly lays
Mix with ours, to sound its praise:

Rose, the gods' and men's sweet flower;
Rose, the Graces' paramour:
This of Muses the delight,
This is Venus' favorite;
Sweet, when guarded by sharp thorns;
Sweet, when it soft hands adorns;
How at mirthful boards admir'd!
How at Bacchus' feasts desir'd!
Fair without it what is born?
Rosy-finger'd is the Morn;
Rosy-arm'd the nymphs we name;
Rosy-cheek'd Love's queen proclaim:
This relief 'gainst sickness lends;
This the very dead befriends;
This Time's malice doth prevent,
Old retains its youthful scent.
When Cythera from the main,
Pallas sprung from Jove's crack'd brain,
Then the rose receiv'd its birth
From the youthful teeming earth;
Every god was its protector,
Wat'ring it by turns with nectar,
Till from thorns it grew, and prov'd
Of Lyæus the belov'd.

LI

The Vintage

Men and maids at time of year
The ripe clusters jointly bear
To the press, but in when thrown,
They by men are trod alone,
Who in Bacchus' praises join,
Squeeze the grape, let out the wine:
Oh with what delight they spy
The new must when tunned work high!
Which if old men freely take,
Their grey heads and heels they shake;
And a young man, if he find

Some fair maid to sleep resign'd
In the shade, he straight goes to her,
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to woo her;
Whilst Love slily stealing in
Tempts her to the pleasing sin:
Yet she long resists his offers,
Nor will hear whate'er he proffers,
Till perceiving that his prayer
Melts into regardless air,
Her, who seemingly refrains,
He by pleasing force constrains;
Wine doth boldness thus dispense,
Teaching young men insolence.

LII

Age and Youth

When I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they;
And my aged thoughts laid by,
To the dance with joy I fly:
Come, a flowery chaplet lend me;
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me:
Age be gone, we'll dance among
Those that young are, and be young:
Bring some wine, boy, fill about;
You shall see the old man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

LIII

Love's Mark

Horses plainly are descry'd
By the mark upon their side:
Parthians are distinguished
By the mitres on their head:
But from all men else a lover
I can easily discover,
For upon his easy breast
Love his brand-mark hath imprest.

LIV

Instructions to a Painter

Best of painters come, pursue
What our Muse invites thee to,
And Lyæus, whose shrill flute
Vies with her harmonious lute;
Draw me a full city, where
Several shapes of mirth appear;
And the laws of love, if cold
Wax so great a flame can hold.

LV

Wine and Song

Bring me hither Homer's lute,
Taught with mirth (not wars) to suit;
Reach a full cup, that I may
All the laws of wine obey,
Drink, and dance, and to the lyre
Sing what Bacchus shall inspire.

Note. The foregoing translations are by Thomas Stanley. The following are by other hands.

LVI

The Dream

In a dream unto me came
Anacreon, of Teian fame.
He accosted me, and I
Ran up to him lovingly,
And my arms about him threw.
Old he was, but fair to view,
Fair, a lover of the vine;
His stain'd lip yet breath'd of wine.
Falteringly he seem'd to tread;
(Love his trembling footsteps led;)
Crowned was his brow, and he
Held the garland out to me.

Of Anacreon it breath'd:
Straight my forehead (fool!) I wreath'd;
And from that time till to-day
I by love am plagued alway.

— *Translated by* A. H. Bullen.

LVII

Upon Cupid

As lately I a garland bound,
'Mongst roses I there Cupid found;
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with wine, I drank him up.
Hence then it is that my poor breast
Could never since find any rest.

— *Translated by* Robert Herrick.

LVIII

The Bowl of Song

Sweet the song Anacreon sings,
Sweet notes flow from Sappho's strings:
Pindar's strains, their sweets among,
Add, to crown the bowl of song.
Such a triple charm would sure
Dionysus' lips allure;
Paphos' sleek-skinn'd queen would deign,
Or Love's self, the cup to drain.

— *Translated by* A. H. Bullen.

LIX

Spring

Pleasant 'tis abroad to stray
Thro' the meadow deep in hay,
Where soft zephyrs, breathing low,
Odorous sweets around us throw;
Pleasant, where the gadding vine
Weaves a safe shade, to recline
With some dainty girl whose breast
Cypris wholly hath possest.

— *Translated by* A. H. Bullen.

LX

Runaway Gold

When with soft and viewless feet
Like the wind, and no less fleet,
Flies me, as he flies alway,
Gold, that arrant Runaway,
I pursue not: who is fain
To hunt home a hateful bane?
Free from Runaway Gold, my breast
Is of sorrow dispossest:
I, to all the winds that blow,
All my cares abroad may throw:
I may take my lyre and raise
Jocund songs in Cupid's praise.
When my wary sprite disdains
To be trapped by Runaway's trains,
Suddenly he hies unto me
And with trouble would undo me;
Hoping that himself I'll take
And my darling lyre forsake.
Faithless Gold, thy labour's naught;
By thy snares I'll not be caught.
More delight than Gold doth bring
I can gain from my lute-string.
Thou men's hearts didst sow with guile,
And with envy them defile;
But the lyre. . . . .

— *Translated by* A. H. Bullen.

PINDAR

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY ABRAHAM MOORE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION ON

THE CHORAL POETRY OF GREECE

INTRODUCTION

THE CHORAL POETRY OF GREECE

In the article The Lyric Poets of Greece (page 111) we have already mentioned the Doric development of the simple personal lyric of the Æolians into the complicated choral for public performance.

The first poet of the new order was Arion, who flourished about B. C. 625. He was a native of the island of Lesbos, the home of Sappho, and the center of Æolian poetry. Roving from here, he established himself in Corinth as the court poet of Periander, its tyrant. Here he organized choruses in honor of Dionysus. These were called *dithyrambic,* a word implying mimic combinations of music, poetry, and dancing. Arion arranged a chorus of fifty so as to produce antistrophic (antiphonal) effects, and modified the wild orgiastic dances that had previously characterized the festivals of Dionysus into solemn and stately movements, befitting the pure and mystic side of the god of the double name—Dionysus-Zagreus. To Arion is even ascribed the invention of the *tropos,* the tragic dance, and so is connected with the development of drama.

Through association with the worship of Dionysus, whose worship came over sea to Greece, and who is therefore identified with marine adventures, a beautiful legend sprang up, of which Arion was the hero. Returning to Corinth from Italy, the sailors resolved to kill him in mid-sea for the treasures he had amassed in what in modern parlance would be called his concert tour.

As a last favor, the privilege was accorded him of singing to the lyre before leaping into the sea. His strains drew a number of dolphins around the vessel, and, when he cast himself overboard, one of these cetaceans took him upon its back and bore him to the foreland of Tænarum, on the Grecian shore. Hastening to Corinth he found there the sailors, whose conviction he secured from Periander. A bronze statue of a

man on a dolphin, which stood on the headland where he was said to have landed, was supposed to be his thank-offering to Poseidon, god of the sea. The following hymn of praise to the god is ascribed to Arion; it is in the translation of Edwin Arnold:

> Mighty Master of the ocean!
> Neptune of the golden trident!
> Oh, Earth-shaker! Oh, Storm-maker!
> Gilled things, snorting, slimy, strident,
> Glide about thee in a ring,
> Winnowing fins with rapid motion;
> Fish with beaks and fish with backs
> Bristly, and the dog-fish packs;
> Silvery dolphin dear to song,
> With salt-sea maids that throng.
> Scale-tailed Nereids, one with other,
> Whereof Amphitrite was mother.

Epigenes, of Sicyon, about the time of Arion, in a similar way developed the worship of the local hero, Adrastus, in whose honor the Nemean games had been instituted, into a solemn choral performance, thus also leading up to the drama.

It was Stesichorus, of Himera (b. c. 632-552), however, that took the greatest stride forward in the art of choric poetry, and thus toward drama. He added to the *strophe* and *antistrophe* of Arion, which were processionals, the *epode*, or chorus while standing. One singer was brought before the rest, and addressed them. By this means Stesichorus was able to present the old epic stories in public recitation with most effective æsthetic adjuncts. One of his poems may be said to be the first sentimental novel. It tells of a love-sick maiden praying to Aphrodite that the object of her affections might propose, and, when this prayer was not granted, destroying herself.

Stesichorus was greatly admired by the Greeks. They fabled that, as a babe, a nightingale perched on his lips and sang a sweet strain. One of his poems, a Palinodia on Helen of Troy, gave rise to the fable that he had first attacked her, and been smitten blind for his blasphemy; then, recanting in the Palinodia, he was restored to sight.

Stesichorus was the author of what is probably the aptest of the ancient fables, that of the horse who called in a man to bestride him and help him in fight against a stag, after victory over whom the man refused to dismount. It was composed for the citizens of Agrigentum, to open their eyes to the danger of giving Phalaris the power which he afterwards acquired and grievously misused.

In Ibycus, a Greek lyric and erotic poet of Rhegium in Lower Italy (b. c. 530), we find conjoined the genius of Stesichorus and Anacreon. In the rich antistrophic strains of the former he sang, like the latter, of love and personal beauty. The few fragments of his verse that remain are very beautiful. His name, however, lives in literature because of a poem by Schiller entitled The Cranes of Ibycus. This tells the legend of the murder of the poet, and of the detection of the crime through the instrumentality of cranes. Before he was slain, the story runs, Ibycus invoked a flock of cranes flying above him to be his avengers. Later these flew above the open theater in Corinth, where the murderers were present. One of the assassins thoughtlessly exclaimed, "See the avengers of Ibycus!" and so gave a clue which led to the apprehension and conviction of the band.

Simonides of Ceos (born b. c. 556), though known to the moderns from the fragments of his poetry that remain as an epigrammatist, was chiefly esteemed by the ancients for his public chorals or odes, in which he was the predecessor of Pindar. He appears to have been brought up to music and poetry as a profession, and was the first who took money for his poems, hiring his talent to whomsoever would pay him. Hipparchus brought him to Athens and patronized him, a service which Simonides ungratefully requited by extolling the tyrant's assassins in an epigram. Then he went to Thessaly and lived under the patronage of its princes. Later he returned to Athens, and celebrated in polished verse the victories over the Persians. In 489 he conquered Æschylus in a contest for the prize which the Athenians offered for an elegy on the fallen heroes of Marathon. At the age of eighty he won the victory in a dithyrambic contest, the fifty-sixth triumph of his career. After this he went to Syracuse at the invitation

of Hiero, and lived there until his death in 467. For specimens of his poetry see The Greek Anthology in this volume.

Simonides was called Melicertes from the honeyed sweetness of his verse, which was further distinguished by careful finish. He was the most popular of the choral poets with the ancient Greeks, though later ages have given the palm to Pindar.

PINDAR was born at Thebes B. C. 522 of a noble and priestly family, and received a careful education designed to make him the poet he afterwards became. LASOS OF HERMIONE, a rival of Simonides, was his master, and he was taught also by the poetess MYRTIS. In his early youth he contested with CORINNA, known as the "Fly," a charming and generous rival, who, after conquering him five times in succession, gave him practical advice looking to his improvement in their art. Among other things, she advised him to ornament his poetry with mythological allusions, and, when with youthful ardor he introduced the entire Greek pantheon in his next poem, she smiled, and said: "We should sow with the hand, and not with the whole sack."

By the time Pindar was twenty years of age he had written at least ten odes for the Pythian games. During the wars of the Athenians with the Persians, he rose to the rank of national poet. He called Athens the "Stay of Greece," and thereby incurred the wrath of the jealous and narrow minded Thebans, who imposed a heavy fine upon him, which the Athenians reimbursed two-fold. They also erected a statue of him in their city. He travelled extensively, and was everywhere received with honors. And the high gods sent him at the last the boon of sudden and easy death, the poet breathing his life away in the lap of his favorite in the gymnasium at Argos. A century after, when Thebes was pillaged by Macedonian soldiers, Alexander the Great caused the house of Pindar to be unmolested by placing a tablet thereon inscribed:

OF PINDAR, THE POET, BURN NOT THE HOUSE.

Pindar composed choral songs of every description, the chief being his Songs of Victory for the winning contestants at the four great national games of Greece: the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. It is difficult for men of

the present day to imagine the supreme importance of these festivals to the Greeks. They formed the bond of racial affinity between the numberless governments of the Hellenes, and hence represented the higher patriotism. They revived the legends of the divine origin of Greek families, and so thrilled their souls with religion—the sense of the connection between the seen and the unseen world; they educated the people, not only in history and in mythology, but in morality, by showering honors on the men who by hard training had perfected either their physical powers in athletics, or their mental in art and song. Therefore the jeer of Voltaire at Pindar, that he was "laureate of the prize-ring and first violin to King Hiero" is a better commentary on the eighteenth-century-bounded wit than upon the poet who represented the chiefest aspiration of the entire world of civilization for almost a millenium.

As has been already stated (in The Lyric Poets of Greece, page 111), the Romans could not appreciate the text of Pindar's poems, coming down to them, as they did, without the interpretative adjuncts of music and choric movements. They looked on him as an intoxicated bard carried away by the frenzy of his rhapsody. So do they appear to all but a few Greek scholars[1] of the present day.

A prose translation gives the effect of a school exercise in mythological allusion and epithet making, and one in verse is still worse, in that the exercise is extended to include metrical forms as well. Therefore, in the present work, but one translation is given (that by Abraham Moore of the First Olympian Ode), rather as an illustration of the general metrical form and rhetorical character of the text alone of the Greek choral ode, than as an English poem that is in any measure equivalent to the original. As has been said already, the modern opera or oratorio is a truer modern representative of the Greek ode than any poem could be. For this reason the "Pindaric ode" has been in vogue only in the most artificial ages of modern poetry, such as that in English literature intervening between Milton and Burns.

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[1] See, in this connection, Professor Gildersleeve's introduction to the present volume.

PINDAR

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE[1]

STROPHE I

WATER[2] the first elements we hold;
And, as the flaming fire at night
Glows with its own conspicuous light,
Above proud treasure shines transcendant gold:
But if, my soul, 'tis thy desire
For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
Look not within the range of day
A star more genial to descry
Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
Dims all the spheres that gild the sky;
Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
Than famed Olympia's crowded plain:
From whence, by gifted minstrels richly wove,
Th' illustrious hymn, at glory's call,
Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall,
To hail his prosperous throne and sing Saturnian Jove.[3]

ANTISTROPHE I

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,
Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed
Unnumber'd flocks, and for his meed
Culls the sweet flowers that all the virtues yield.
Nor less renown'd his hand essays
To wake the Muse's choicest lays,

---

[1] To Hiero the Syracusian, victor in the Horse-race.

[2] It was held by Thales the Milesian, one of the seven wise men of Greece, that water was the parent of the other elements; and it is singular that Pindar should have opened his first Olympic ode with the tenet of a sage, who is said to have died at the age of ninety, while sitting as a spectator of the Olympic games.

[3] The Olympic Games were sacred to Jupiter, to whom a temple and many altars and statues were erected at Olympia.

Such as the social feast[1] around
Full oft our tuneful band inspire—
But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound?
Pluck from the peg thy Dorian lyre,
If Pisa's[2] palms have charms for thee,
If Pherenicus'[3] victory
Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares of song;
Tell us how swift the ungoaded steed
By Alpheus[4] urged his furious speed,

EPODE I

And bore the distant prize from all the panting throng.
Proud of his stud, the Syracusian king
Partook the courser's triumph. Through the plain
By Lydian Pelops[5] won his praises ring—
Pelops of Neptune loved (whose watery reign
Bounds the wide earth, that trembles at his might),
Pelops, whose form the plastic Fate[6] replaced,
And from the caldron bright
Drew forth with ivory shoulder graced.
Life teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's spite,
O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm
From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm
That more than Nature's self her painted dreams delight.

---

[1] It was a custom with the Greeks at their entertainments to carry a harp round the table and present it to the guests, and any one who refused to play upon it was considered as illiterate or ill-bred.

[2] A poetic name for Olympia, where the Olympic Games were celebrated.

[3] The name of Hiero's horse, signifying in Greek the bearer of the victory, and therefore probably given to him on the occasion.

[4] A river flowing by Olympia.

[5] Pelops, with his father Tantalus, king of Eipylus in Lydia, being worsted in battle by Ilus, king of Troy, planted a colony in Greece.

[6] Tantalus, at an entertainment which he gave the gods, served up his son Pelops, whose shoulder Ceres, coming in late from the pursuit of Proserpine, inadvertently devoured, and for which Clotho, one of the Fates, by whom the youth was reconstructed, supplied a substitute of ivory.

STROPHE II

For Taste, whose softening hand hath power to give
Sweetness and grace to rudest things,
And trifles to distinction brings,
Makes us full oft the enchanting tale receive
In Truth's disguise as Truth. The day
Yet comes, Time's test, that tears away
The veil each flattering falsehood wears.
Beseems us then (for less the blame)
Of those that heed us from the spheres
Becoming marvels to proclaim.
Great son of Tantalus, thy fate
Not as the fablers I relate.
Thee with the Gods thy Sire's Sipylian guest,
When they in turn beneath his bower
Purest repast partook, the Power
That wields the Trident seized, and ravish'd from the feast.

ANTISTROPHE II

Desire his breast had conquer'd. Up he drove
His trembling prize of mortal mould
In radiant car with steeds of gold
To th' highest mansion of all-honour'd Jove;
With whom the Boy,[1] from wondering Ide
Rapt long before, like place supplied.
Her Pelops lost, her vanish'd son
Soon roused the frantic mother's care;
No tidings came; the search begun
In mystery ended in despair.
Forthwith some envious foe was found
Whispering th' unseemly slander round,
"How all into the bubbling caldron cast
Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and shred
In fragments on the table spread,
While circling Gods looked on and shared th' abhorr'd repast."

[1] Ganymede was taken up into heaven by the eagle, and made cup-bearer to Jupiter.

EPODE II

Far be from me and mine the thought profane,
That in foul feast cœlestials could delight!
Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds its bane
E'en in the wrong it works—If mortal wight
Heaven e'er hath honour'd, 'twas this Tantalus;
But soon from ill-digested greatness sprung
Presumption and abuse:
Thence from his towering fortunes flung
(Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponderous rock
High o'er his head hung threatening (angry Jove
So judged him for his crimes above):
Where day and night he waits, dreading th' expected shock.[1]

STROPHE III

Thus doom'd is he life's hopeless load to bear,
Torment unceasing! Three beside,
Delinquents there, like pains abide.
He from th' Immortals their ambrosial fare.
The nectarous flood that crown'd their bowl,
To feast his earth-born comrades, stole;
Food, that, by their cœlestial grace,
Eternal youth to him had given.
Vain hope, that guilt by time or place
Can 'scape the searching glance of Heaven!
For this the blameless Son once more
Back to man's short-lived race they bore;
There, when fresh youth its blooming flower had blown,
And round his chin th' umbrageous beard
Mature its manlier growth had rear'd,
From Pisa's Prince he sought, his nuptial couch to crown.

[1] Tantalus was punished with eternal thirst and hunger, standing in a lake, whose water, as he stooped to drink, fled from his lips, and under branches hung with fruit that retired from his grasp.

ANTISTROPHE III

The famed Hippodamé;[1] whose charms to gain,
The fond and furious father's pride,
At night's dark hour alone he hied
To the rough shore of the loud-bellowing main,
And call'd the Trident-sceptred God,
Whose form forthwith beside him stood:
"Oh! if th' endearing gifts," said he,
"The Cyprian sea-born Queen bestows,
"Have still, great Neptune, grace with thee,
Propitiate now thy suppliant's vows."
Arrest Œnomaüs' brazen spear,
To Elis[2] guide my prompt career,
And bear me on thy swiftest chariot's wheel
Victorious to the goal; for he,
Slayer of suitors ten and three,
Still from his daughter's hope withholds the bridal seal.

EPODE III

"Majestic Danger calls but for the brave,
Trusts not the dastard's arm: then why should man,
By life's hard lot predestined to the grave,
Waste in the dark th' unprofitable span,
And crouch in Age's corner unrenown'd,
Heav'n's noblest gifts untasted? Power divine!
Grant thou th' event be crown'd,
This peril shall at least be mine."
Thus he, with zeal not unregarded, speeds
His ardent prayer. The God his prayer embraced,
Gave him his car with gold enchaced,
And roused th' unwearied plumes that wing'd[3] the immortal steeds.

---

[1] The daughter of Œnomaüs, king of Pisatis, the territory in which Pisa lay. He is said to have offered his daughter, of whom he was extremely fond, in marriage to any one who should beat him in the chariot-race; and to have slain with his own spear thirteen suitors, who had accepted the challenge.

[2] Capital of the territory of the same name, in which Pisa or Olympia lay.

[3] There was a sacred chest in the Temple of Juno, at Olympia, in

STROPHE IV

Œnomaüs' power th' exulting youth o'erthrows:
The virgin spouse his arms entwine;
From whose soft intercourse, a line
By all the virtues nursed, six warriors rose.
Now in rich pomp and solemn state
His dust heroic[1] honours wait.
Where Alpheus laves the hallow'd glade,
His tomb its ample range displays,
And gifts by many a stranger laid
High on his crowded altar blaze;
But most from proud Olympia's drome,[2]
On distant realms, on times to come,
Shines Pelops' fame. There Speed demands his crown,
Toil-mastering Strength the muscle strains,
And conquerors pass life's proud remains
On Virtue's tranquil couch, the slumber of renown.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Such is the Champion's meed: the constant good,
That lives beyond the transient hour,
Of all that Heaven on man can shower,
Most fires his hope, most wakes his gratitude:
But now 'tis mine, the strain to raise,
And swell th' Equestrian Hero's praise,

---

which Cypselus, king of Corinth, had, when an infant, been concealed by his mother to protect him from the Bacchidæ, who sought his death, on the front of which were sculptured in ivory and gold, Pelops flying with Hippodamè and Œnomaüs pressing after him, each in a chariot with two horses, but those of Pelops represented with wings.

[1] An area, called the Pelopion, within the Altis, or sacred inclosure, at Olympia, was set apart and dedicated by Hercules to Pelops, who was honoured there as much before all the heroes as Jupiter above all gods. It was near the temple of Jupiter Olympius, surrounded with a pile of stones, and the space within occupied by trees and statues, and other offerings.

[2] The stadium or place where the foot-race and other games were exhibited.

To crown with loud Æolian song
A Prince whose peer the spacious earth
Holds not its noblest chiefs among,
Boasts not in wisdom, power and worth,
A host more gifted, to display,
Through all the mazes of the lay.
Hiero, some guardian god thy fame sustains,
And makes thee his peculiar care;
If long thy deeds his smiles shall share,
A loftier flight I'll soar, and warble sweeter strains.

EPODE IV

Then high on Cronium's[1] peak my post shall be;
There, as a poet's glance informs my soul,
First in the burning race thy steeds to see,
Thy bounding chariot whirl thee to the goal.
Then shall the Muse her strongest javelin fling;
'Bove all the ranks of greatness at the top
Shines the consummate king—
Beyond that height lift not thy hope.
Be thine in that bright station long to bear
Thy upright course; mine, with the conquering band,
To take my honourable stand,
And 'mong the bards of Greece the palm of genius wear.

[1] A hill near Olympia, so named from the Greek god Cronos.

FRAGMENTS OF THE ODES

OF

BACCHYLIDES

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY

EDWARD POSTE, M.A.
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Bacchylides, nephew and pupil of Simonides, was born at Iulis, in the island of Ceos. He lived with his uncle at the court of Hiero of Syracuse between 478 and 467 B.C. Then he went to Athens, where he won many victories in the dithyrambic contests. Later he resided in the Peloponnesus. He wrote poems of all kinds, odes, hymns, love-songs, drinking songs, etc. His odes were by some considered superior to Pindar. Longinus called him faultless.

Only fragments of his poems were known to exist until 1897, when about fifteen to twenty odes of his, varying in length from fourteen to two hundred lines, were discovered on an Egyptian papyrus. These are presented in the following prose translations by Edward Poste. The two translations in verse are of fragments previously known.

BACCHYLIDES

FRAGMENTS OF ODES

ODE I

The following ode celebrates a victory in the horse races at Olympia won by Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, at some period between 500 and 450 B.C. *The same victory is the subject of one of Pindar's extant odes. What Hiero had to do with Hercules or Meleager is a question which must be left to the conjecture of the reader, as to which the translator can offer little or no assistance. There were doubtless tragic incidents in the career of Hiero; and Bacchylides, after remarking that no human prosperity is unalloyed, proceeds to relate that even the invincible son of Zeus had certain adventures far from joyous.*

High-destined lord of car-borne Syracusans, thou canst rightly judge, if any living mortal can, the violet-crowned Muses' dulcet strains: and now, resting a while from cares of state, turn hither thy attention, and pronounce whether the low-cinctured Graces helped to weave his lay the guest who comes to your famed city from Zea's sacred isle. A votary of gold-enfilleted Urania he fain with his own voice would sing the praises of Hiero. High aloft cleaving the deeps of ether with fleet tawny wings, the eagle, messenger of Zeus, wide-ruling thunderer, boldly travels, confident in matchless might, where lesser warblers fear to venture. Neither peaks of the vasty earth nor dangerous billows of the ever-restless main stay him, but onward through the abyss of heaven with fine-spun plumage he sweeps, his sole companion Zephyr, conspicuous to mortal gaze. I too have myriad paths, by the grace of dark-haired Victory and of brazen-mailed Ares, to celebrate your praises, Oh illustrious sons of Dinomenes; on whom may heaven never cease to smile.

Chestnut-hued Pherenicus, storm-footed steed, was witnessed victorious by golden-fingered dawn both by the fair stream of Alpheus and on the haunted meads of Pytho: and by

holy Earth I swear, never dust from rival hoof has foiled him when he neared the goal. Fleet as the north wind's blast, and docile to the rein, along shouting nations he speeds winning victory for hospitable Hiero. Call a mortal happy to whom heaven metes a share of triumph, an envied station, and a life of pomp: absolutely blessed there is none of earth's children.

Even he who levelled many a hostile tower, the unconquerable son of Zeus who hurls the flaming thunderbolt, descended, they say, to the infernal halls of fair Persephone, to drag from Hades to the light of day the iron-jawed monster, whelp of deadly-fanged Echidna. There he saw the souls of hapless mortals by the waters of Cocytus, like the leaves that the north-west wind drives up and down the sheep-browsed spurs of Ida. Among them gleamed conspicuous, wielding a spear, the life-like form of a dauntless warrior, grandchild of Porthaon. Him in refulgent armour noting, Alcmena's heroic son brought the shrill-twanging cord to his bow's curved tip, oped his quiver and took thereout a brazen-headed shaft; when forward stepped the shade of Meleager, and thus addressed him, knowing whom he saw: "Son of mighty Zeus, stay where thou art, and with serener mind forbear vainly to launch a hostile bolt at souls of the dead. No foe confronts thee." So spake he. Astonished stood Amphitryo's princely son, and cried: 'What mortal of immortal fire—what region—reared such a scion? and what hand slew him? Peradventure fair-cinctured Hera will send the same adversary against my life. But that is a concern of Pallas of the yellow hair.' Him answered Meleager, his cheek bedewed with tears: 'Hard it is for mortals to bend the resolution of the gods. Else had car-borne Œneus allayed the ire of high, flower-crowned, white-armed Artemis, supplicating, fond sire, with sacrifices of many goats and many tawny-hided oxen. But unappeasable was the wrath of the goddess. She sent, huntress maiden, a monster boar of undaunted fierceness into the lovely dales of Calydon; where resistless in its might, it felled orchards with its tusks, slaughtered fleecy flocks, and every mortal it encountered. With it we, picked band of Hellas, waged desperate battle for six days without a stay; and when high heaven gave Aetolia victory, we set ourselves to bury those whom the tusked monster had slain

in furious onset, Andaeus and Agelaus, best of my dear brothers born of Althaea in the far-famed halls of Oeneus. But still more warriors were doomed to fall, for the offended huntress daughter of Latona had not yet ceased her wrath, and we joined fierce battle with the valiant Curetes for the boar's tawny hide. There among many others I slew Iphiclus and good Aphareus my mother's gallant brethren. For fierce Ares makes no distinction of friend or foe, but shafts fly blindly at opposing ranks, carrying death wherever fortune wills. The sore-striken daughter of Thestius remembered not this and—ah, hapless mother—resolved my death—ah, passion-governed woman. She dragged from rich-carved casket and kindled the quickly burning brand that at my birth fate doomed to be coeval with my days. At the moment I was stripping of his arms Clymenus, valiant son of Deipylus, a youth of noble build, whom I had overtaken outside the walls, when the Curetes fled to the goodly towers of ancient Pleuron. A sudden faintness seized my soul; I felt my strength decline, alas; and with latest breath wept to feel life's youthful splendour flitting.' Men say the eye of Amphitryo's fearless son then and never else was moistened by pity for the ill-starred hero, and thus he answered: 'Mortals' best fate is never to be born nor ever to behold the sun's bright rays. But nought avails repining: so let my tongue frame words to mould the future. Remains there in the palace of Aeneus, dear to Ares, any virgin daughter of features like to thine? Her would I gladly make my honoured bride.' Him answered dauntless Meleager's sprite: 'In her father's house I left the sweet-voiced Deianira, unacquainted yet with mortal-charming, golden Aphrodite.'

White-armed Calliope, stay here thy shapely car. Be now thy theme Zeus, lord of Olympus, ruler of gods; the ever-rushing flood of Alpheus; royal Pelops; and Pisa, whence far-famed Pherenicus returned victor in the race to Syracusa's towers, bringing to Hiero a sure token of heaven's favour. Truth requires us to push envy from our bosom with both hands, and praise the mortal who succeeds. A Boeotian of old days, Hesiod, servant of the Muses, said: 'The man whom the immortals honour should be honoured by all mortals.' I readily greet Hiero with auspicious bodings of prosperous

career, for that has put forth vigorous stems; which may Zeus, most mighty sire, ever guard uninjured by the storm of war.

ODE II

This ode celebrates the victory of a native of Metopontum in a wrestling match in the Pythian games at Delphi. The connection of the victory with the story of the Proetides consists in the fact that the same Artemis who healed the daughters of Proetus was a deity worshipped at Metapontum and the victor's patron goddess. She derived, according to Callimachus, her title 'Healer of the mind' (Hamera) from curing the Proetides of their moon-struck madness. A few lines, apostrophizing Victory, are wanting.

And on the golden floor of Olympus, stationed by the throne of Zeus, thou adjudgest rank of merit to mortals and immortals. Hail fair-haired daughter of just-judging Zeus! By thy grace athletic youths with choral dance and revelry already proclaim Metapontum a heaven-favoured city; hymning the son of Phaïscus, mark of all eyes, victor in the Pythian games. Him the god whom flowing-robed Latona bore in Delos received with auspicious glance; and on the head of Alexidamus fell many a wreath of flowers telling of unchequered victory in the rude wrestling match. On that day the sun never saw him fallen on the lap of earth. No, and I will boast that in sacred Pelops' haunted vale by Alpheus' stream, had only Justice not been made to stray from her true path, a pale olive-wreath won in contest against the champions of all Hellas had encircled his brows when he returned to the nurse of famous steeds, his native land. No malice in that sacred vale assailed the youth with tortuous guile, but or some adverse god or erring human judgment wrested the glorious prize from his hands. And now he owes a splendid triumph to Artemis the golden-shafted huntress, the healer of the mind, the unerring archer; her to whom the son of Abas and his fair-robed daughters erst built an altar, goal of many worshippers.

Forth from the splendid halls of Proetus almighty Hera once drove the maidens under the resistless yoke of madness. They with still childless souls entering the sanctuary of the

purple-zoned goddess, said that their fire far outshone in wealth her who sits beside the throne of Zeus, majestic king. She in displeasure darted into their bosoms abhorred illusions and they fled into the mountain forest uttering wild bellowings, leaving the towers of Tiryns and its god-built streets. For 'twas there that, deserting heaven-favoured Argos, dauntless brazen-shielded demigods had dwelt full ten years with their all-envied king. For strife implacable from slightest cause had flashed into flame between the sons of Abas, the brothers Proetus and Acrisius. Through them the people whom they ruled were afflicted with civil broils, and partisan tribunals, and slaughterous strife. So they entreated the Abantian brothers to cast lots for the fertile plains, while the younger should found the city Tiryns, before irreparable ill ensued. And Zeus, imp of Cronos, in regard for the progeny of Danaus and chivalrous Lynceus, vouchsafed to heal the baleful disorder. Audacious Cyclopan builders coming from afar raised a wondrous wall for a goodly city, and there the god-like heroes dwelt in high renown, having quitted storied Argos, birth-place of fleet steeds. 'Twas thence the dark-tressed virgin daughters of Prœtus fled. Anguish seized the father's heart, crushed by the strange disaster; and he thought to cleave his breast with two-edged sword; but his spearman band with soothing words and strong hands hindered him. Full thirteen moons the maidens lurked in darksome forests and roved over Arcadia's sheep-browsed glens. But when their sire reached Lusus' fair stream, after laving in its waters he invoked crimson-scarfed Latona's ox-eyed child, with hands uplifted to the swift-charioteering sun, to heal his children of their dire false-weening lunacy—'and I will offer thee in sacrifice twenty tawny-hided oxen never yet subjected to the yoke.' The daughter of an almighty fire, the huntress maiden, heard his prayer and, persuading Hera, healed the flower-crowned virgins of their god-forsaken madness. They straightway enclosed for her a sacred grove and reared her an altar, and stained it with the blood of victims, and instituted yearly dances of maiden choirs. 'Twas thence that starting, oh, golden lady of subject cities, thou wentest with Achaeans dear to Ares to horse-pasturing plains of Italy, and,

auspicious fortune in thy train, dwellest in Metapontum; where they gave thee a lovely grove by the banks of deep Casuentus in compensation for thy lost sanctuary, after that by doom of the immortals, leagued with brazen-mailed Atridae, they laid in late ruin Priam's lofty towers. Whoso judges with just mind will find in every age myriad glorious exploits of Achaeans.

ODE III.

On the walls of the temple of Theseus at Athens, according to Pausanias, was to be seen a picture representing the last scene of the adventure narrated in the following ode. In prehistoric days, before Athens was tyrant of the Aegean, she owed to Crete an annual tribute of seven girls and seven boys to be sacrificed to Minotaur, the Cretan monster. In this ode Bacchylides assumes that Minos the Cretan king, has received the tribute; and Theseus, the Athenian hero, in some unexplained position, is on board the vessel which bears him to Crete. The mention of Athena in the opening lines is of good omen for the captives. Eribsa in after days was mother of the Aeginetan hero, Ajax. Minos had wedded Pasiphae, daughter of the Sun, as we shall be reminded in the ode.

A BLUE-PROWED ship, bearing valiant Theseus and twice seven noble children of Ionia, was swiftly cleaving Cretan waters. On its far-gleaming sails fell blasts of Boreas by the hest of high, aegis-swaying Athena. And magic gifts of the charm-cinctured goddess Aphrodite stung the heart of Minos. He no longer checked a rash hand, and touched the white cheeks of a maiden. But Eriboea shrieked to the brazen-mailed descendant of Pandion. Theseus beheld, and beneath frowning brows rolled an indignant eye, heart-struck with keen pain. And thus he spoke: 'Son of mighty Zeus, no longer law-revering wisdom rules thy will. Use not, oh hero, tyrranous violence. Whatever heaven's resistless doom hath decreed and the scale of justice hath imposed, the utmost of our predestined lot, we will suffer when it comes. But do thou curb oppressive purpose. If a high-born maiden, Phoenix' fair child, bride of Zeus beneath the peaks of Ida, made thee by thy birth most exalted of mortals; me too the daughter of rich Pittheus bore to sea-god Poseidon, and re-

ceived as wedding gift a golden veil from violet-garlanded Nereids. Wherefore, king of Cnossus, I bid thee abstain from deep-wounding outrage. For I would never willingly see again the charming light of immortal dawn after thou shouldst offer dishonour to any of the youths. Ere that happens we will show what strength is in our arms, and the issue heaven shall arbitrate.' Thus spoke the hero, armed with justice. Amazed were the crew to hear his overweening rashness; and he who wived the daughter of the Sun was stirred to anger. He formed an instant plan, and cried aloud, 'Mighty ruler, Zeus my sire, list to my prayer. If in sooth thou beest my sire by Phoenix' white armed daughter, now send thou down from heaven the swift, fiery-maned lightning, signal all may recognize. And if Troezenian Aethra bore thee also, Theseus, to the earth-shaking god Poseidon, boldly fling thy fair body into thy father's halls, and bring back the golden ring that now decks my finger from the waves' salt abyss. Thou shalt see whether my prayer is granted by the imp of Cronos, lord of the lightning, universal king.' Mighty Zeus granted the exorbitant desire, according Minos transcendent honour, to give a dear child clear attestation. He hurled the lightning. Minos, valiant hero, when he saw the welcome portent, pointed towards the vault of heaven and said: 'Thou seest, Theseus, the unambiguous response of Zeus, and now do thou leap into the bass-voiced waters, and thy sire, the imp of Cronos, lord Poseidon, shall give thee glory unparalleled on earth's verdant plains.' So spake he. The other's courage recoiled not, and stepping on to the vessel's shapely stern he leaped, and the deep received him into its liquid forest. Then the child of Zeus relented in his inmost soul, and bade them stay the shapely ship that hastened down the wind. But fate purposed another way. Onward rushed the rapid barque, sped by a gale of Boreas blowing from the stern. All the band of young Athenians trembled when the hero leapt into the waves, and gentle eyes dropped tears from hearts that boded dire disaster. But dolphin denizens of the brine fleetly bore strong Theseus to the palace of his steed-borne sire. He reached the divine abode, and beheld with awe the storied daughters of blessed Nereus; for their beauteous

limbs gleamed with fire-like radiance, and their heads were circled with fillets of woven gold, as with lightly bending feet they disported in joyous dance. He saw in lovely bower his sire's dear consort, majestic, ox-eyed Amphitrite; who flung upon him a purple mantle, and on his crisp locks set a wondrous diadem, erst wedding gift from wily Aphrodite, twined with roses. Nought willed by heaven is incredible to sober-thinking mortals. He arose at the ships's narrow stern before their eyes. Hah! from what tormenting thoughts he delivered the Cnossian king, when, undrenched by the wave, he climbed the ship's side, amazing spectacle, the divine adornments glittering on his limbs. The radiant bench of maidens with new-created courage raised a loud cry of gladness, the sea resounded with the peal, and the boys closing round them sang a paean with sweet voices. God of Delos, mayest thou charmed by the Zean chorus, grant it heaven-sent guerdon of applause.

ODE IV

The following song for two voices was probably written for the Athenian Ephebi, the youths who garrisoned the frontier fortresses in their second year of military service. One of the speakers is Aegeus, king of Athens: the other may be Medea, who fled to Athens after taking vengeance on Jason. Procoptes is another name for Procrustes, and Polypemon may be his father.

KING of sacred Athens, Lord of Ionians who live at ease, what tidings caused the brazen-throated trumpet to sound a warlike note? Is a hostile commander crossing the frontier of our land? Or are marauding brigands, defying shepherds, driving our flocks in lawless raid? Or what alarms thy soul? Tell me, for, methinks, if any mortal has valiant warriors to defend him, it is thou, oh offspring of Pandion and Creusa.

A herald came by land from the far end of the isthmus bringing tidings of wondrous deeds of some man of might. He slew proud Sinis, strongest of mortals, begotten by him of Cronos born, the earth-shaker god, Lytaeus; killed the homicidal boar of the groves of Crommyon, and the ruthless bandit Sciron: closed Cercyon's wrestling school: and

made Procoptes, overmatched, drop Polypemon's heavy hammer. What may be his crowning exploit is my fear.

Who said he the man was, and whence, and with what train equipped? Said he that he comes with warlike armament and numerous host; or unaccompanied, like merchant wandering in foreign lands, but with strength and prowess and daring singly to overcome such mighty ones? Or has he heaven's mission to bring vengeance on the wicked? Else it were not easy, ever battling, not to meet with a mishap. In long space of time every issue comes to pass.

He said that only two men follow him: that from his gleaming shoulders hangs a sword [. . .] two polished javelins are in his hands: a shapely Spartan helm presses his auburn locks: a purple tunic and a woollen mantle of Thessaly enfold his breast: his eyes flash red volcanic flame: he is in youth's earliest prime: his delight is in the games of Ares, war and battle's brazen clangour: and his feet are bound for splendour-loving Athens.

ODE V

This ode celebrates a victory at Nemea by a native of Phlius. The river Asopus on which Phlius stood was the mythical father of many daughters who gave their names to various cities and islands, e.g. Thebes, Aegina, Salamis, etc. After touching on the origin of the Nemean games and the victor's deeds, Bacchylides seems about to launch on some Theban mythology when the fragment ends abruptly.

When 'Adrastus, king of 'Argos, and the other 'Seven against Thebes' were at Nemea on their march to assist the exiled Polynices to recover his throne, the death of the child Archemorus was recognized by the son of Oecleus, the prophet Amphiaraus, one of the Seven, as an omen of disaster, and he vainly urged his companions to abandon the enterprise. Achilles traced his lineage, through Peleus, Aeacus, and Aegina, to the river-god Asopus. 'Amazons from the banks of the Thermodon were said to have fought against the Greeks on the side of the Trojans.

GRANT, oh golden-spindled Graces, persuasive splendour to the lay which the violet-crowned Muses' inspired priest prepares to sing of Phlius and the fertile plain of Nemeaean Zeus:

where white-armed Hera reared of old, first occasion for Heracles of glorious exploit, a flock-slaughterer, deep-voiced lion. There crimson-shielded demigods, picked band of Argives, held the first games over the tomb of young Archemorus, slain as he gathered flowers by felon snake with yellow-flashing eyes, an omen of impending overthrow. Oh resistless power of fate! Did not Oecleus' son urge them to march back to their warlike homes? Hope often gives ill counsel. She it was who then sent against Thebes Talaïonid Adrastus, leagued with fleet-borne Polynices, after those famed contests in the fields of Nemea. Illustrious are the mortals who bind their auburn locks with the triennial wreath. Fortune now hath granted that boon to victorious Automedes, preeminent among the athletes of the pentathlum as is among the stars, when the month is halved, the full-orbed moon: so goodly a form he showed to encircling hosts of Hellas when he threw the rounded discus; or when the dark-leaved ash's stem hurled by his hand through the sky called forth applauding shouts; or when, in the closing wrestle's lightning flashes, with the same transcendant strength he flung to earth his strong-limbed adversaries ere he returning sought the dark-whirling waters of Asopus. That river's name hath travelled to all regions and as far as the sources of the Nile. Even the dwellers of the fair stream of Thermodon, skilled javelin-hurler daughters of fleet-steeded Ares, rued, oh famous river, the prowess of a child of thy flood beneath the lofty towers of Troy. To every region on broad highways travel myriad tales of thy race of ample-vestured daughters whom the gods with happy destiny have seated on the thrones of unconquerable nations. Who hath not heard of Thebe of the hyacinthine locks and her well-built towers?

ODE VI

The ode, of which the following passage is a fragment, celebrated the victory of Pytheas, an Aeginetan, in the boys' pancratium at Nemea. This victory is also celebrated in an extant ode of Pindar. In the beginning of the ode Teiresias has a prophetic vision of the victory of Heracles over the Nemean lion, and the institution of the Nemean games.

He shall stay the tyrant's lofty insolence, and give justice to the world. How insupportable a hand the child of Perseus lays upon the neck of the devouring lion with exhaustless resource, when his glittering death-dealing steel cannot pierce the unyielding hide, and the blade bends backward! Truly I predict that spot shall one day witness much-sweated contests of Hellenic champions for the wreaths of the pancratium. . . .

[*After mentioning the Aeginetan hero, Ajax, grandson of Aeacus, the poet then proceeds:*]

Who, stationed on his vessel's stern, stayed bold Hector of the brazen helm fiercely bent, though he was, on destroying the ships with horrid fire; what time the son of Peleus, nursing wrath, left the field and released the Dardan host from its terrors. Till then, panic-stricken, they ventured not to leave Ilion's fair bulwarks, but crouched behind them, dreading the fierce shock of battle, so long as Achilles madly raged in the plain, shattering their ranks with brandished, host-slaughtering spear. But when the battle saw no more the violet-crowned Nereid's dauntless son: as on the darkling waters Boreas furiously assaults with whelming waves seafaring men whom he surprises resting from their toils by night, but ceases to storm when the light of morning breaks: a calm smooths the billows: and, the South wind bellying the sails with its breath, the gladdened sailors reach the despaired of harbour: so the Trojans, when they heard that the grim Achilles was staying in his tent because of lovely yellow-haired Briseis, lifted thankful hands to heaven, seeing war's storm-cloud fringed beneath with auspicious light. Then, leaving with all haste the walls of Laomedon, they rushed into the plain, bringing vast array of war, and struck terror into the Danai, urged on by javelin-hurler Ares and the lord of Lycia, Loxias Apollo. They reached the shore and fought by the ship's fair sterns, and blood of men slain by hands of Hector reddened the dark soil. . . .

. . . They weened that they would destroy the blue-prowed ships and all their crews, and that on the morrow the sound of joy and revelry would fill the god-built streets of Ilion. But fate ordained that, ere that hour arrived, the whirl-

ing waters of Scamander should be empurpled with their blood as they died by Acacid hands, overthrowers of their towers. . . .

ODE VII

This fragment begins with the story of Io.

THERE are myriad paths of deathless song for whoso has received gifts from the Pierian Muses, and whose hymns are clothed with splendour by the violet-eyed, wreath-dispensing Graces. Weave now, oh commended Phantasy of a Cean bard, some novelty concerning lovely, heaven-favoured Athens. Endowed by Calliope with her choicest gifts, it beseems thee of all others to soar a wondrous flight.

Once upon a time leaving Argos, land of fleet steeds, Inachus' rosy-fingered child was fleeing far, by the will of mighty Zeus, blest potentate, transformed into a cow with golden horns: and Argus, whose unwearied eyes looked every way, was bidden by majestic, golden-mantled Hera, uncouchingly, unsleepingly, to guard the heifer of the lovely horns. Not even Maia's son could elude his watchful gaze either by the bright-rayed day or the shades of holy night. But whether fate ordained that the swift messenger of Zeus should slay the monster-breeding Earth's fell offspring, Argus, or his never-resting watch outwearied him at last, or soothing strains of the Pierides closed his eyes in slumber, my surest way of shunning error is only to relate the end. After Io, bearing Epaphus in her womb, had reached the flowered banks of the Nile, Zeus made her child ruler of linen-stoled priests, lord of peerless wealth, and founder of a mighty clan. From Epaphus sprung Agenor's scion, Cadmus, sire of Semele in seven-gated Thebes. She gave birth to the inspirer of the frenzied Bacchæ, Dionysus, giver of the vine and inventor of the wreath-crowned dance. . . .

ODE VIII

This ode celebrates a chariot victory of Hiero at Olympia, 468 B.C. *won the year before his death.*

CHOOSE fertile Sicily's queen, Demeter, and her violet-crowned daughter for the theme of thy song, melodious Clio, and the fleet Olympic-racer steeds of Hiero. For with transcedent victory and grace they flew along the broadly-whirling Alpheus, winning wreaths for Dinomenes' heaven-favoured son. And Achaean ranks exclaimed: 'Thrice happy man who, by Zeus invested widest ruler of Hellenes, has the wisdom not to hide his high-piled wealth behind a dark obscuring shroud. The temples are astir with festive sacrifices of oxen, the streets with hospitality; and bright flash the coruscations from the gold of deep-chased tripods, set before the shrine where the holiest grove of Phoebus by Castalia's stream is ministered by Delphic priests.

Heaven, Heaven demands a tribute from every fortune-favoured mortal. For in bygone days horse-taming Lydia's monarch, when by Zeus' fatal ordinance Sardis fell before the Persian host, Croesus was protected by the golden-sworded god, Apollo. When the grievous day arrived, the king was not one to await the added woe of a slave's all-tearful doom, but reared a pyre before the brazen walls of his palace-court, and mounted thereon with his consort dear and fair-haired, wildly weeping daughters. And, raising his hands towards the o'er-canopying heaven, he cried reproachfully: 'Oh, overmastering supernal power, where is the gratitude of all the gods? Where is Latona's princely son? . . . Lydian blood stains the golden-sanded Pactolus. Lydian dames are ignominiously torn from well-built homes. The hated foe is henceforth to be their dear lord. No! death is a sweeter lot.' So saying he bade kindle the gorgeous-carpeted wooded structure. His daughters shrieked and flung their hands about their mother's neck: for horrid to mortals is the face of imminent death. But when the fierce fire's gleam began to penetrate the pile, Zeus brought overhead an abyss of darksome cloud, and quenched the yellow flame. Incredible is nought that the divine will works. Thereupon the Delian god Apollo bore the old king to the Hyper-

boreans, and enthroned him in their midst with his taper-ankled daughters in requital of his piety, because that of all mortals he had sent the richest offerings to god-haunted Pytho. . . .

King Apollo, the herdsman god, once told the son of Pheres: 'Mortal as thou art thou must nurse two expectations: that to-morrow's solar ray is the last which thou shalt see; and that thou shalt count another fifty years of happy life.' Live righteously and joyously; this is highest wisdom. The wise will understand these words: The depths of ether have no stain; the water of the sea no corruption; gold is cheerer of the heart; and to man it is not given to cast off hoary eld and recover youthful days. But virtue's radiance dims not with the mortal frame's decay. It is nurtured by the muse. Hiero, thou hast shown the world prosperous fortune's fairest flowers. A bright career receives not his due meed from silence; and one of those who aim aright will be he who shall sing the honeyed strains of the Cean nightingale.

ODE IX

This fragment relates to the demand addressed to the Trojans for the restoration of Helen. The Grecian embassy was introduced by Antenor, of whom we read in Virgil: 'Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis Illyricos penetrare sinus.' His sons were worshipped as heroes at Cyrene. They give the ode its title, Antenoridae.

Their sire, prudent hero, bore to royal Priam and his sons all the message of the Achaeans. Then heralds speeding through the wide-spread city summoned the Trojan tribes to the people's meeting-place. Everywhere ran the tidings loudly-voiced, and hands uplifted to the immortal gods prayed that their troubles soon might have an end. Say, Muse, whose tongue first urged the plea of right. Pleisthenid Menelaus uttered winning words counselled by the fair-robed Graces.

'Oh, warlike Trojans, it is not high-ruling and all-seeing Zeus that is the cause to men of their calamities; for all mankind are free to hold fast to straight-walking Justice, companion of chaste Order and wise Law. Happy they whose children choose to have this dweller in their streets! But she

who flourishes by treacherous falsehood and bold contempt of equal measure, nought-reverencing Arrogance, first lightly gives away another's wealth and havings, and after plunges into deep disaster. She it was that brought annihilation on the overweening race of Earth-born giants. . . .'

ODE X

The following fragment shows that the plot of the Trachiniae, a play which some attribute to Sophocles, others to Iophon, his less-gifted son, had been already outlined in the verses of Bacchylides.

Such was the strain that Delphic choirs sang before thy far-famed shrine, oh Pythian Apollo. Already Oechalia, said the lay, had been left a flaming ruin by Amphitryo's dauntless son, when he touched at the Euboean promontory, purposing to offer from his spoils nine deep-voiced bulls in sacrifice to cloudy-throned Kenaian Zeus, two to the god who lifts the sea and shakes the earth, and to Athena, stern-eyed virgin, a single heifer, unyoked, lofty-horned. Then an overmastering power inspired Deianira with a plan, that cost her many tears, to recover her consort's love, after she heard the cruel tidings that white-armed Iole was on her way, sent under escort to his palace as a lovely bride by Zeus' dreadless son. Ah, hapless wife! Ah, evil-starred! How direful was her deed! Malevolence of a mighty one wrought her ruin, and darkness shrouding future days, when on the rushing waters of Lycormas she took into her hands a fatal gift from Nessus. . . .

THE INSPIRATION OF WINE

The goblet's sweet compulsion moves
The softened mind to melting loves.
The home of Venus warms the soul,
Mingling in Bacchus's gifted bowl;
And bouyant lifts in lightest air
The soaring thoughts of human care.
Who sips the grape, with single blow
Lays the city's rampire low;
Flusht with the vision of his mind
He acts the monarch o'er mankind.

His brightening roofs now gleam on high,
All burnisht gold and ivory:
Corn-freighted ships from Ægypt's shore
Waft to his feet the golden ore.
Thus, while the frenzying draught he sips,
His heart is bounding to his lips.

— *Translated by* Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

PEACE

Peace upon men abundant showers
Riches of Plenty; honey-breathing flowers
Of song; on sculptured altars rise
The yellow fires of sacrifice
From woolly sheep and oxen's savoury thighs.
The youths in sports of naked strength rejoice,
Mingle in social feast and give the flute a voice.
Round the rings of iron mail
Their webs the blackening spiders trail;
And the red rust with eating canker wears
The two-edged swords and pointed spears.
The hollow brazen tubes no longer fill
The air with clanging echoes shrill:
Nor soul-embalming slumber flies
Despoiled from human eyes:
Slumber, that only can impart
Soft refreshing to the heart.
The streets are burdened with the pleasant noise,
The trampling feet and busy hum
Of those that to the banquet come,
And fervid hymns are sung by troops of blooming boys.

— *Translated by* Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

THE IDYLLIC POETS

THEOCRITUS
BION
MOSCHUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY ANDREW LANG

SAVE IDYLS I-XIII OF THEOCRITUS WHICH ARE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY MARION MILLS MILLER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

THE IDYLLIC POETRY OF GREECE

INTRODUCTION

THE IDYLLIC POETRY OF GREECE

Passing by a long succession of poets, chiefly lyrical, of whose verse we have but stray specimens and who are therefore treated together in a succeeding article, The Greek Anthology, we come to a new order of singers who may be denominated the Idyllists, since they called their poems *idyls,* or little pictures.

Of these the first and foremost was Theocritus, the most versatile of all the Greek poets, in that he was master of the epic, the elegiac, the lyric, and the epigrammatic styles, and, in addition, developed singly and at once from the crudest, most primitive order of song imaginable, the most purely artistic poetic form that had yet appeared in literature, for the idyl required no assistance from music or choric movements to give it effect. It is true that simple pastoral musical instruments might be used for the songs incorporated in the poems, but with no more necessity than is found in modern poetry. Indeed, Theocritus is far nearer akin to the poets of the present age than he was to many of his predecessors, such as Pindar, for example. Therefore he has been a favorite with French and English poets in whom the visualizing sense is strong. Edmund Clarence Stedman in a chapter on Tennyson in his Victorian Poets speaks of the remarkable sympathy of Tennyson for Theocritus, and traces the origin of some of the finest passages in the work of the English laureate to the idyls of the Sicilian. Tennyson himself proudly acknowledged his indebtedness, in spirit to Theocritus. Thus he called many of his poems *idyls,* and on one occasion spoke of Heracles and Hylas, the thirteenth idyl of Theocritus (which is also a little epic), as the one poem in literature that if he had his choice of but one, he would choose to have written.

Theocritus was born in Syracuse, Sicily about 315 B.C. The son of a man of social position, he was put to school to

the best writers of his day, and through life enjoyed the favor of the great in power and the friendship of the *élite* in taste and culture. Like all great poets, his best work was inspired by comradeship and nature. Thus he says to Lycidas, his poet friend,—

> Through me, too, driving herds the hills among,
> Dear Lycidas, the blessed nymphs have sung
> Full many a song,—bright songs by Fame made known
> Even, perchance, as far as Zeus's throne. (Idyl VII.)

And so, when the poet and his friends walked abroad over the hills and fields of what was then, as now, the sunniest and serenest country in the whole round world and thus one of the most fruitful, the joy that glowed in their own hearts and that which shone all about them were a reflex of each other. They looked with kindly eyes upon all their kind. With instinctive democracy, he and his friends clothed themselves in goatskins, and talked in the broad, melodious vocals of the country folk. Fresh from a course in verse construction,—would that such a school of poetry existed to-day!—they tried their art upon the things they saw, in the language they heard. The shepherd's pipe, the goatherd's bowl, were described by them, half-humorously it probably was, but all lovingly, with the same detail as their school-room models, the shield of Achilles or of Hercules, or Ulysses' bow. The rustic legends of Daphnis's defiance and Comatas's deliverance, slight and childish as they were, were elaborated and idealized in the fashion of the stock stories of the poetic répertoire,—Marsyas and Danaë, and the rest,—no less slight or childish than the folk-tales of the shepherds because told in propitiation of the gods or in laudation of the lineage of a king.

But the chief merit of these young "poets of vagabondia" was that they discovered in the prevalent practice of capping verses by the herdsmen, when their flocks and droves came together, an art-form capable of the highest lyric development.

Here in Syracuse it was, according to the Scholia upon Theocritus in the Codex Ambrosianus, that this form of song arose.

"One, when there had been a sedition among the Syracus-

ans, and many citizens had perished, upon the re-establishment of concord Artemis was considered to have been the cause of the reconciliation; and the rustics brought gifts and sang the praises of the goddess with joy, and so gave rise to rustic minstrelsy...And they say that they used to sing furnished each with a loaf ornamented with several figures of wild beasts, and a wallet filled with a mixture of seeds, and wine in a goatskin, dispensing a libation to those who met them; and that they wore crowns upon their heads, and stags' horns on their foreheads, and had crooks in their hands; and that the winner took the loser's loaf, and..the loser went about the neighborhood collecting food; and that they sang many jestful and laughable ditties."

This account of the origin of pastoral verse is, like almost all such explanations, mythical upon its face. The description is true, but relates to the secondary stage, when the mummers took to the city, and prostituted for profit the natural and beautiful custom of the fields. It could only be a stranger, prone, like so many of our travellers to-day, to judge the customs of a country by the debased practices of the capital city, that fixed the term "mime," or horse-play, upon such a pure form of composition as that presented by Theocritus.

He and his friends heard in the shepherd catches only the lyric note; and the poems which he wrote in imitation were the purest of songs:—

Songs of Nature:—

Spring, spring everywhere! pastures green,
Udders adrip with the spoils they bear! (Idyl VIII.)

Serenades of love-lorn yokels:—

Lo, apples ten I bring thee, that did cling
Upon the very bough thou showedst me;
And apples ten to-morrow will I bring. (Idyl III.)

Requiems of simple pathos:—

Ah, sweet Amaryllis, in death thou art sleeping,
Yet thine we forget not of souls that are fled.
Alas, what fell daemon hath me in his keeping!
Dear as my goats are, yea, dearer,—and dead! (Idyl IV.)

Songs of sweetheart conquest:—

> Me, as I milked my goats, a maiden spies
> (Now all my goats save two twin sucklings bore);
> "Ah me! and dost thou milk alone?" she cries.
> (Idyl V.)

Praises of shepherd luxury:—

> "Turn
> Hither thy feet, and they shall tread the softness of the fern
> And bruise the bloom of odorous mint; with goatskins softer still
> Than all thy fleeces will I strow thy resting place, and fill
> To Pan eight bowls with milk, and eight with honey in the comb.
> (Idyl V.)

Folk-songs and glees:—

> The frog, lads, leads a jolly life,
> His liquor lies around him rife;
> He needs no slave to skink his wine,—
> I would the frog's gay life were mine.
> (Idyl X.)

And last, and best of all, hymns to the Muses, deities whose worship was the oblation of the purest sentiments that hive in the human heart:—

> To ant is returning ant dear, to locust the locust replying,
> To hawk on the nest the hawk that nestward is flying,—
> To me the Muses undying.
>
> To me are they sweeter than sleep, than spring with the buds' sudden swelling,
> Than unto the bees that blooms with honey o'erwelling;—
> With song may they fill all my dwelling.
>
> Belovéd are they by me, for him who is loved by the Muses,
> Circe can never degrade to grovelling uses
> With the magical draught she infuses.
> (Idyl IX.)

That the poet, under the stress of his great popularity, was untrue to this ideal, only proves how irresistible were the aristocratic influences created by his predecessors,—and invited by himself, in that, while he wrote of shepherds, he did not write to shepherds, but to an exclusive circle of the cul-

tured and refined. He pleased the *beau monde* of his home city; his fame reached to Alexandria, the literary centre of the world at that time; and thither ambition took him to fawn for favor and pose for vanity, to repent, however, as his lovers would fain believe, and to return, as his later idyls indicate, to his native island, there to spend a long and happy life in the avocation of literature, but with a measure only of the frank simplicity and natural charm of his youthful idyllic days.

There have been many translations of Theocritus into English, chiefly in verse. The earlier idyls, containing as they do so many songs of shepherds, positively require rhythmic rendition. The first thirteen are therefore presented here by the editor in a variety of measures suited to the variable moods of the poet. The best form of rendition for the later idyls, stately in tone, and lacking for the most part the lyric quality, is artistic prose. They are therefore presented here in the translation of Andrew Lang whose style is a happy modification of the Biblical language of his Homeric translations by the elegant diction of the eighteenth century essayists, with light touches of modern journalism.

With Theocritus are always associated two other writers of idyls, Bion and Moschus. The former flourished in the second half of the second century, B.C. He lived mostly in Sicily, where he is said to have died of poison. His chief poem is a dirge for Adonis; its pure beauty has made it the classic lament of all literature. Moschus, of Syracuse, was a contemporary of Bion, who survived him, writing a lament for the dead poet that has become the model of a number of similar threnodies, the most notable one being Adonais, the lament of Shelley, the English poet, for Keats. The idyls of both poets are here presented in the prose translation of Andrew Lang.

THEOCRITUS

IDYL I

(Thyrsis and the Goatherd)

Thyrsis.

Sweet is the sough of the South in the singing
Top of yon pine,
Bright at whose base the clear waters are springing—
Yet sweeter and clearer, O goatherd, the pipings of thine!

The prize shalt thou bear after Pan: if his favor
Fall on the he for his meed,
The she-goat is thine; if between them he waver,
The kid is thy portion—and sweet is the savor
Of flesh of young goats ere they breed.

The Goatherd.

More musical, shepherd, thy song is than water outpourèd
Over yon cliff's high forehead,
And cosset or ewe to thee no singer refuses
After the choice of the Muses.

Thyrsis.

Come, herder of goats, in the name of the nymphs I request thee
Here on this hillside to rest thee.
Thy flocks will I watch, whilst thou, in the tamarisks' shadow,
Shalt pipe to me down in the meadow.

The Goatherd.

Nay, shepherd, we pipe not at noontide, for fear of offending
The dread god Pan,
Who rests from the chase at this hour, wrath ever distending
His nostrils toward man.

But thou, whose study has been to frame the pastoral verses,
Whose song so well *The Sorrow of Daphnis* rehearses,
Do thou come hither, my Thyrsis,

And yonder let us recline in the shade of the elm-tree that faces
The fays of the fountain and god of the secret places,
Where the mid-day rest of your race is.

Ah, if thou but sing as what time thou strovest with Libyan Chromis,
Thou shalt milk, ay, twice and again, the mother of twin kids, I promise
(And, e'en when the sucklings are done with their buntings and lippings,
Two buckets are brimmed with her strippings).

A deep bowl of ivy-wood, too, will I give to thee, fragrant and shining
From rubbing with beeswax sweet, twy-eared, of fairest designing
And wrought so newly that still the wood hath a savor
That tangs of the tool of the graver.

Round about the brim runs an ivy-spray vining,
Ivy with helichryse wreathed, the green and the golden combining;
And, belting its middle, a branch, entwined like its fellow,
Rejoices in fruitage yellow.

And, fair as a gift of the gods, snooded, divinely arrayed in
The sweeping robe of a princess, within is fashionèd a maiden.

Beside her, fair in their love-locks, two youthful suitors are vying,
Alternate in speech; but her heart is all unmoved by their sighing.

And now on the one she is glancing: anon, lightly smiling,
She lureth his neighbor;
While heavy with vigils of love are the eyes that meet her beguiling.
But all in vain is their labor.

Beyond is a fisherman old, and a rock whereon he is hauling
A mighty net for his cast; and one would say, from the rigor
And swell of his sinewy neck, that he, grown gray in his calling,
Was fishing in every limb with all of his youthful vigor.

Now parted by only a space from this sea-worn old body
Is a vineyard with clusters fire-ruddy;
And on the rough wall a lad is set for their keeping.
Round him two foxes are creeping:
One skulks along the vine-rows after the clusters;
The other against his scrip all of her craftiness musters,
And vows she never will leave the luckless young warder
Till she has eloped with his larder.

But the boy is busy at work, with stalks of asphodel plaiting
A toy like a cricket-cage (there are reeds set in for a grating);
And far more pride has he in his pretty "what-you-may-call-it"
Than care for the vines and his wallet.

And the soft acanthus goes spreading all around it and under,
A joy for a man to behold, a marvel of mazy wonder.
And truly I paid for the bowl to the man at Calydon ferry
A goat, and a great cream cheese, white and fresh from the dairy.

Never has lip of mine met it, maiden it is of my kisses;
Yet never more gladly has gift been offered than this is,
If only thou sing me the song of the sorrow-sweet burden,—
Nay, comrade, I grudge not the guerdon.

The song, then! for surely thou knowest thou canst not carry it with thee
To Hades, lethal of all things; therefore, begin it, I prithee.

The Song of Thyrsis

Daphnis, the type of the true lover, has incurred the wrath of Aphrodite by the sin[1] of boasting of his constancy. She tempts him with another love, to which he does not yield, but under the passion of which he dies, defiant to the last of the cruel goddess. The song tells how the deities to whom he was dear came to counsel him, and his comrades and the creatures of the wood and field to bewail him.

Begin the song, the neatherds' song, begin, O Muses dear!

The voice of Ætna's Thyrsis this, and Thyrsis I who sing.
Oh, and alas! and where were ye when Daphnis wandered drear?
Ye nymphs and naiads, where were ye when he lay languishing?
By Peneus' dells or valleys of Pindus? For where swell
Anapus' floods, or sallies the stream from Acis' well,
Or Ætna towers jealous, ye surely did not dwell!
Begin the strains, O Muses dear, that Daphnis' sorrow tell!

For him the jackals lifted voice, the wolves did howl and whine,
The lion, e'en, to mourn for him stole from his forest home;
Heifers and calves a plenty, and bulls and barren kine
About his feet in many a flock did all lamenting come.
Begin the song, the neatherds' song, begin, O Sisters Nine!

And first of all adown the hill came Hermes: "Daphnis, son,
Who is it that molesteth thee? What is the torment's name
Who moves thy heart so mightily?" To know the lovèd one,
Came neatherds, shepherds, goatherds. Priapus also came,—
Begin, O Muses dear, the song that tells the neatherd's flame!

And said: "Unhappy Daphnis, why dost thou languish here,
When she thou lovest seeketh thee through every grove and glade,
By every stream? Ah, laggard thou! for nought avails thy fear.
Keeper of bulls? Nay, rather a goatherd, meek, afraid,"—
Begin the song, the herdsman's song begin, O Muses dear!—
"For, when the goatherd marks the kids leap in their loving play,

[1] *Hybris,* insolence, was the theological sin of the Greeks.

He looks on them with longing eyes, and fain would be as they;
And thou, when thou beholdest the maiden's smiling glance,
With yearning eyes dost gaze and gaze, yet dost not join the dance!"
O Muses come, begin the song dear to the countryside!

Yet silent still the herdsman stood, and nothing them replied,
But to the end, the fated end, he bore his bitter woe.
Begin, O darling Muses, the song that neatherds know!

Ay, then she came, the goddess of craft and honeyed smiles;
Wreathing her heavy wrath in smiles, yea, crafty Cypris came,
And spake, and said: "My Daphnis, didst thou not boast awhiles
That thou wouldst have a fall with Love, and beat him at his game?
But is it not thyself is thrown by Love's most grievous wiles?"
Begin, O Muses dear, the song that tells the neatherd's flame!

But Daphnis answered her again, "O Cypris terrible,
Cypris hated of mortal men, who canst not wrath forget,
Already deemest thou my sun is down; but e'en in hell
Shall Daphnis unto Cypris prove a mighty sorrow yet."
Begin, O Muses dear, the strains that Daphnis' sorrow tell!

"Where is it told how Cypris, and how her hind—but go,
To Ida, to Anchises get thee gone!
The oaks may guard thy secrets there:[1] here alone doth blow
The galingale, where gossip bees do drone."
Begin, O Muses dear, begin the song to herdsmen known!
"Thine Adon, too, is in his bloom, the flower of shepherds fair;

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[1] In the original, "There oaks be,"—a proverbial expression, probably meaning, "Why do you, a great personage, leave your ancestral oaks to meddle with a poor rustic, as lowly and common as the simple plants of his meadow home?" In the translation a liberty has been taken to give a more apparent point.

Coursing of hares and chase of beasts he loveth lustily:
But thee? Seek Diomed again, confront him an thou dare:
'The herdsman Daphnis have I quelled, wilt thou not war with me?'"
Begin, O Muses dear, the song that tells the neatherd's care!

"Ye wolves and jackals of the wild, bears of the mountain den,
Farewell; for never shall ye see the herdsman Daphnis more,
No more in glade or forest, in woodlands ne'er again.
Farewell, O Arethusa! Good-night, ye streams that pour
Your waters bright and beautiful adown through Thymbris' glen!"
Begin, O Muses dear, the strains that Daphnis' woe deplore!

"I am that Daphnis: here I herd my kine upon the brink,
And down to thee I lead my bulls and little calves to drink."

"Pan, Pan, O Pan! Whether upon Lycæus' hills thou be,
Or Mænalus the mighty, haste here to Sicily;
Leave thou the tomb of Helicé, and of Lycaon's son,[1]
Whose wondrous cairn no one forgets when he has gazed thereon,—
Fair even to the blesséd eyes that see on earth no more."
Come, Muses dear, give o'er the song, the neatherds' song, give o'er!

"Come here, my prince, and take this pipe,—thy lip it fitteth well:
Its stops, all honey-breathed with wax, I ne'er shall finger more;
For I, yes, I, by ruthless Love am haléd now to hell."
O Muses, come, give o'er the song, the neatherds' song give o'er!

"Now bloom with violets, O thorns; ye brambles, heartsease bear,
And sombre boughs of juniper laugh with narcissus fair;
Let all with all confounded be,—the pine-tree yield the pear.

[1] Places in Arcadia celebrated in ancient legends.

Since Daphnis dies, let panting stags the hunted hounds assail,
The owl that hoots upon the hills vie with the nightingale."[1]
Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the dying neatherd's tale!

So Daphnis made an ending, though Aphrodite fain
Would give him back again to life; but it was all too late.
The thread of life allotted the Fates spin not again;
And down the stream swept Daphnis, whom neither nymphs did hate,
Nor Muses, only Cypris—while waters closed above.
Give o'er the song, O Muses dear, that tells the neatherd's love!

Thyrsis.
So give me the goat and the bowl that with milk I may fill it,
And in thanks to the Muses may spill it.
O Muses, a hundred farewells! and I in the future will bring you
A song that is sweeter by far than this that I sing you.

The Goatherd.
Filled be thy fair mouth with honey, filled with the honeycomb, Thyrsis!
Fed be thy lips with the finest of figs, thou sweet cicala of verses!
Take, then, the bowl, dear friend, and note thou its savor in sipping,
As though from the well of the Hours it came, with nectar a-dripping.
Hither, Cissætha! milk her, my friend; so, little nannies, be quiet;
Leap not so wildly, my wantons, lest the billy-goats join in your riot.

[1] Proverbial expressions, implying Nature's sympathy with human tragedy as shown by miraculous reversions of her laws.

IDYL II

THE INCANTATION

(Simætha)

WHERE are the bay-leaves, Thestylis? Come, bring them with the charms;
With flame-red wool[1] the cauldron wreathe, that in the magic weft
A witch's spell I may entwine, to draw him to my arms,
My cruel lover, faithless grown. Twelve days ago he left
My side, nor hath come nigh again, nor cares he aught or knows
Whether I be alive or dead; nor yet, oh most unkind!
Hath once he come to storm my doors with wonted welcome blows.
Oh, where hath Love and Cypris blown his passions, light as wind?
To Timagetus' wrestling school to-morrow will I fare,
To see him, and denounce the deeds that he hath wrought on me.
Meantime I shall charm back his love by magic rite and prayer.
Shine soft, Selene; soft and low my song shall be to thee.

THE SONG OF SIMÆTHA

To thee, O Goddess, do I sing, and Hecaté of hell,
Whose dread approach, through blood and death, dogs by their trembling tell.[2]
Hail, awful Hecaté, be thou amongst us to the end!
And to these medicines of mine do thou such magic lend
That potent as Perimede's or Circe's shall they prove.
Turn, magic wheel,[3] and homeward draw to me the man I love!

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[1] In the original, the "flower" of the sheep, indicating choiceness of the product.

[2] The wide-spread superstition that animals could see spirits invisible to men.

[3] It is supposed that a bird, the wryneck, was fastened to the wheel, in order that its screams might exercise some mystic power over the object of the charm.

Upon the flame the shrivelling corn must first of all be strown.
Come, Thestylis, the barley grain! Where are thy senses flown?
Have I, then, wretched, sunk so low to be the mock and smile
Even of thee, thou timorous slave? Come, strow, and say the while,—
"It is the bones of Delphis that I do scatter here."
Turn, magic wheel, draw home to me the man I hold so dear!

Delphis it is who wrought me wo. Against him, then, in turn,
I cast these laurels in the flame. Lo, as they crackling burn,
And, *whiff!* are gone, may Delphis' flesh waste into powder fine!
Turn, magic wheel, draw home to me the man for whom I pine!

E'en as, inspired, I melt this wax, so may he molten be
By fires of love, the Myndian one, this Delphis; restlessly
As whirls the wheel, may he be driven by Cypris evermore!
Turn, magic wheel, and homeward draw my Delphis to my door!

Next do I burn the husks. No more, O mighty Artemis,
May adamantine bars of hell, or aught—if aught there is
More stubborn still—withhold thee now. She comes! Thestylis, hark!
Hear how through all the village streets the dogs do bay and bark!
She stands i' the cross-ways.[1] Quick, the cymbals! clash them, blow on blow!
Turn, magic wheel, draw home to me him who hath wrought my wo!

Lo, hushed are sea and winds, but not the grief within my breast!
Nay, I am all on fire for him that made me, wretched one,
Nor wife nor maiden, but a thing for shameful taunt and jest.
Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him who thus hath me undone!

[1] The place where three roads met was especially sacred to the three-formed goddess "Diana of the Cross-ways." The beating of gongs or cymbals was a charm against the evil power of spirits.

Thrice do I pour libation; thrice, O Moon, I speak this spell:
Dallies he with a darling friend, or in a leman's snare,
May he forget them utterly, as, so the legends tell,
Theseus in Dia clean forgot his Ariadne fair.
Turn, magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love so well!

There grows upon Arcadian hills a blood-inflaming weed[1]
That maddens mountain mare and stud. As fleet, before the wind,
So may I see my Delphis, in maniac fashion, speed
Straight to my doors, the lure of the palæstra left behind.
Turn, magic wheel, home to my hearth my errant lover lead!

He lost this tassel from his robe. I shred it thus, and fling
The fragments in the raging fire. O love! O passionate pain!
Why dost thou like a foul fen leech to my white body cling,
And draw the deep-hued tide of life from every throbbing vein?
Turn, magic wheel, and home to me my cruel lover bring!

Crushing a newt therein, shall I a draught of evil send
At dawn to Delphis. But to-night, Thestylis, do thou wend
Thy way unto his dwelling (still to my lorn heart dear),
And with these herbs unholy the sill in secret smear,
And spit, and softly whisper, "Thus Delphis' bones I knead."
Turn, magic wheel, and Delphis dear home to my threshold lead! [*Exit Thestylis.*

Alone at last, whence shall I start the story of my love?
From what or whom bewail it? It was Eubulus' maid,
Anaxo, "Basket-bearer," who passed to Dian's grove
By beasts attended, midst of whom a tame she-lion played.
Bethink thee whence my love arose, queen of the realms above.

And Thrassa, dear old nurse of mine of blesséd memory,
Our next-door neighbor then, came o'er and begged of me and prayed

[1] Coltsfoot.

That I—O hapless girl!—should go the wondrous sight to see.
So off I hurried, in my stole of linen fine arrayed,
With Cleärista's sweeping robe across my shoulders thrown.
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, from what my mighty love hath grown!

And midway on the journey, where the road by Lycon's lies,
Delphis and Eudamippus passed us by with equal stride.
Their beards were far more golden than the golden helichryse,
Their breasts (from wrestling fresh they came) with thee in lustre vied.
O Moon, bethink thee of my love, and whence it doth arise!

I looked, and loved—loved madly. Smitten to the core,
(Ah, woful me!) in beauty I withered from that day.
Of all that pomp and pleasure, my spirit knew no more.
Home came I, how I know not, took to my bed, and lay
Ten racking days and restless nights, stricken with fever sore.
O Lady Moon, bethink thee how that love hath crossed my way!

My skin became as yellow as though in boxwood dyed,
My hairs fell out, and all my frame wasted to skin and bone.
Was there a wizard in the town whose arts I had not tried?
A magic haunt unvisited, or hut of mumbling crone?
For not a lightsome thing it was, and swift the days did glide.
Bethink thee of my love, O Moon, and whence its heat hath grown!

At last to Thestylis I laid the shameful story bare,
And said: "Go, girl, discover a solace for my pain.
The Myndian holds my wretched soul in utter bondage. Fare
Thou forth to Timagetus' school, where all the wrestlers train,
And watch for Myndian Delphis, who loves to linger there."
Bethink thee of my lose, O Moon, and him who was its bane!

"And, when thou findest him alone, nod lightly, say, '*She waits—*
Simætha.' Bring him hither." I spoke. Away she sped;
And back she brought the bright-limbed one, my Delphis, to my gates.
And I, when I beheld him o'er the threshold lightly tread,—
O Moon, bethink thee of my love, born under cruel Fates!—

Grew colder all than snow; the sweat bedewed my brow in streams.
I could not speak—nay, not so much as little children call,
Whimpering, to the mother dear from out their troubled dreams;
And, like a waxen image's, my limbs grew stiffened all.
Bethink thee whence my love arose, queen of the silver beams!

Then, when that he (who knows not love) had looked on me awhile,
His coward gaze he downward dropped, and, sitting on my bed,
"Simætha, dear," he said to me, in words of honeyed guile,
"In that thou bad'st me to thy roof, thou hast my love outsped
As little as, of late, I beat Philinus in the mile."
Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whereon my famished love was fed!

"For I had come unbidden. Yea, by sweet Love, I swear
With comrades twain I would have come as soon as it was night,
Apples of Bacchus in my breast, entwined within my hair
The silvery boughs of Heracles,[1] all bound with purple bright."
Bethink thee whence my love arose, O queenly Moon, and fair!

"And, if thou hadst received me, well; for midst the youths unwed
No one is more beloved than I for swiftness and for grace.

[1] Leaves of the poplar. The apples signified Desire; the poplar boughs, Strength.

One kiss from off thy lovely mouth, and I away had sped.
But had ye thrust me forth, and barred the portal in my face,
With torch and ax, then, truly, had we broken in by blows."
O Lady Moon, bethink thee of my love, and whence it rose!

"Grace, first of all, to thee is due, my Lady of Desire;[1]
And, then, to thee, Simætha, who saved me from the flame
Wherein I half consuméd was. Yea, love enkindles fire
Fiercer by far than Lipara's,[2] lit by Hephæstus lame."
O queenly Moon, bethink thee of my love, and whence it came!

"'For from her bower the maiden flees; the bride deserts her bed
Warm with the body of her lord, by Love's wild terror led,'"[3]

He spake; and I, poor, easy prey, down to my side then drew
My lover. Limb from limb caught flame; our faces knew strange fire;
Sweetly we murmured. So, dear Moon, to haste the story through,
The great rite was accomplished, and we came to our desire.
True was I, and till yesterday to me I thought him true.

But when to-day the Sun clomb up from out the ocean wave
Bearing the rosy-armèd Dawn, to me a prying dame—
The mother of Philista, my fair flute-playing slave,
And of Melixo—with a tale of Delphis' falseness came.

And many things she told me; but, chief, that Delphis loves!
But who it is she is not sure; though e'er, in purest wine,
His love unto "his dearest" he by his pledging proves;
Then, boasting, hastes away her doors with garlands to entwine.

---

[1] Aphrodite Cypris, the Goddess of Passion.
[2] The volcanic outlet of the flames from Vulcan's smithy.
[3] Seemingly a quotation.

This news my gossip told me; and truth it is she says.
Thrice, four times, in the day, he came within the time gone by,
Leaving his Dorian oil-flask,[1] too; but now for twelve long days
I have not even looked on him. Can it be so,—that I
Am clean forgot, and yet no new delight his coming stays?

And so with charméd rites I strive to fetter his desire;
But if he still doth thwart me, then, by the Fates, I vow
At gates of hell he soon shall knock: such magic potions dire
(Whose use a Syrian gypsy girl once taught me) even now
I store against him in a chest, shouldst thou deny my prayer.
Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, Selene fair!

And so farewell, O Lady Moon! thy steeds to ocean turn.
My bitter pain I still will bear, as e'en till now I've borne.
Farewell, Selene, fair and bright; farewell, ye stars above
That round about the wheels of Night in solemn silence move!

IDYL III

THE SERENADE

(The Shepherd)

I go Amaryllis with singing to woo.
My flock on the hill is, with Tityrus, too.
So, Tityrus, feed them, and see that you lead them
(Lest for water they lack)
Down to the well. Oh, but mind you, dear fellow,
Or butting old Yellow will drive at your back!

No more, sweet Amaryllis, ah, no more
Thy presence lights my cavern, passing by
To summon me, thy sweetheart, as of yore.
Thou dost not hate me? It is not that I
Look satyr-like to thee from out this shade?
Thou'lt drive me to the noose, oh, heartless maid!

[1]The athlete's inseparable companion, from which he anointed himself after exercise. The phrase is probably a euphemism.

Lo, apples ten I bring thee, that did cling
Upon the very bough thou showedst me;
And apples ten to-morrow will I bring.
Pity my heart's deep sorrow! Yonder bee,
Dipping beneath thy cavern's curtaining
Of fern and ivy,—would that I were he!

Now know I Love: *Sans Pitie* is his name,
Suckled of lions, and a wilding grown;
And bone-deep am I bitten of his flame.
Maiden of darkling eyes and heart of stone,
Still would thy goatherd true thy kisses claim,
For kisses cold are sweeter far than none.

Soon wilt thou make me shred this wreath away,
This ivy wreath that I have wrought for thee,
Of rosebuds twined with fragrant parsley spray.
Thou carest not? Ah, whither shall I flee?

Off, shaggy coat! To yonder rocks I'll run,
Where for the tunny shoals old Olpis waits.
Into the waves! Thy pleasure will be done,
E'en though my death denied is by the Fates.

Of old I learned the truth, when thoughts of thee
Unto the poppy petal made me go,
Divining thence, by its "She loveth me,
She loveth not," what I with fear would know.
It crackled not with happy augury,
But on my smooth arm withered 'neath the blow.

Truth, too, it was that, lately, Agrœo,
Who sifteth fortunes as the grain doth fall,
Binding behind the reapers, whispered low:
I loved thee wholly; thou me, not at all.

For thee I keep the dam and sucklings twain,
The she-goat white which Erithacis brown,
That lass of Mermnon's, begs from me in vain.
Yet she shall have her an thou still dost frown.

My eyelid throbs—the right one; ah, the sign
Of "sweetheart's peeking"! 'Gainst this pine tree lone
I'll lean and sing. Mayhap she will incline
To look on me; she is not all of stone.

The Song of the Shepherd[1]

Took apples in his hand Hippomenes,
Whom love for Atalanta did inspire,
And so he gained his goal. The maiden sees,
Longs, leaps into the floods of deep desire.

From distant Orthrys came the wearied drove
Of seer Melampus unto Pylos' shore;
And, folded in the arms of Bias' love,
She rests who wise Alphesibœa bore.

And Adon, too, the shepherd, as he fed
His flocks upon the upland pastures, there
Fond Cytherea to such frenzy led
That e'en in death she clasps his body fair.

Blesséd, dear maid, Endymion I call,
Who sleeps, nor turns nor tosses to and fro;
And Jason, too, to whom that did befall
Which ye that be profane shall never know.

My head aches, but thou carest not at all.
I'll sing no more: lifeless, where stand my feet,
I fall. May wolves devour me where I fall,
And be my death to thee as honey sweet!

---

[1] In praise of the shepherds of old-time legends, whose love was not disregarded.

IDYL IV

ÆGON, THE ATHLETE

(*Battus and Corydon*)

Battus.
Corydon, whose be the cattle here roaming?
Philondas'?

Corydon.
Nay, Ægon's: he left them with me.

Battus.
Say, don't you contrive, on the sly, just at gloaming
To milk 'em?

Corydon.
No chance; for the old 'un,[1] you see,
Himself puts the calves to the udders, and watches.

Battus.
But where has the herdsman departed, I pray?

Corydon.
What! haven't you heard? Why, off to the matches.
Milo, the trainer, has borne him away.

Battus.
Pray, when did *he* ever see wrestlers' oil glisten?

Corydon.
They say he has Heracles' muscle and "sand."

Battus.
And I, mother says, could box Pollux.

Corydon.
But listen:
Off he has gone with his shovel in hand,
And driving a score of his sheep, for the training.[2]

---

[1]The master.

[2]The shovel was to be used in the trenching contest; the sheep were to supply him food.

Battus.
Milo, you'll see, will soon make the wolves rave.[1]

Corydon.
But the heifers of Ægon are lowing and plaining
After their master.

Battus.
If master they have:
So false to his charges, poor brutes!

Corydon.
Poor and lonely,
Careless of pasture they wander.

Battus.
Yes, true,
Yon heifer is nothing but skin and bones only.
Does she live like a grasshopper, dining on dew?

Corydon.
By Earth, no, for whiles in rich Æsarus' meadows
Grass by the handfuls I feed her; again
She wantons where gather Latymnus' deep shadows.

Battus.
And the red bull, how lean! To those ill-minded men,
Lampriades' spawn,[2] such another be given
To offer to Hera and bring down her scorn!

Corydon.
And yet to the mouth of the mere he is driven,
Neæthus, and Physcus' fair meadows, each morn,
Where dittany, goat-wort and succory flower.

---

[1]This line, evidently a slang phrase, seems to imply that Ægon's appetite, by its great inroads on the flocks, will deprive the wolves of their natural prey.

[2]Churlish burghers, on whom he wishes that a curse from the jealous goddess be sent where they expect a blessing.

Battus.
Ah, wretched Ægon, thy cattle will go
To Hades with pining, while thou at this hour
Art hugging a victory luckless!—and lo!
E'en the pipe which thou madest with mildew is rusted.

Corydon.
Nay, by the nymphs, not the pipe, for the same,
On parting for Pisa, to me he intrusted
(Who have as a player, a country-side fame;
Pyrrhus I pipe, and *Sweet Glaucé* and *Dowered*
With Beauty Zacynthus and *Croton* and *Dawn*
Gildeth Lacinium). Ægon devoured
Eighty odd cakes there, and then, by sheer brawn,
Down brought the bull by the hoof, and then bore him
To sweet Amaryllis from off the high hill.
And oh, how the women ran shrieking before him!
But as for the neatherd, he laughed fit to kill!

Battus.
Ah, sweet Amaryllis, in death thou art sleeping,
Yet thine we forget not of souls that are fled.
Alas, what fell dæmon hath me in his keeping!
Dear as my goats are, yea, dearer,—and dead!

Corydon.
Dear Battus, be comforted. Haply the morrow
May bring better fortune; so why take we pains
(Since hopeless alone are the dead) thus to sorrow?
Zeus shines clear to-day, 'tis to-morrow he rains.

Battus.
Enough of such comfort! Thy heifers, 'od rot 'em,
Are eating the olive sprouts. Drive 'em away.
Hey, there, old White-face!

Corydon.
Get out of the bottom,
Cymætha! You hear me? By Pan, if you stay,
I'll come and I'll kill you! Were only my crook here,
The one I kill hares with, I'd teach you to steal
Back again to the sprouts!

Battus.

Jee-upiter! look here,
A thorn has run into my foot, near my heel!
How deeply it grows here, the arrow-head, rot it!
It pierced me while gaping, bad luck to yon beast!
Say friend, do you see it?

Corydon.

Yes, yes, I have got it,
Close pinched in my nails; here it is.

Battus.

How the least
Little wound so completely a tall man may humble!

Corydon.

When you climb the hill, Battus, don't go with bare feet,
For there on such brambles and thorns will you stumble.

Battus.

Come tell me,—your master, is he still as swee.
On the dear little Black-brows he used to be wooing?

Corydon.

Sweeter than ever, lad. Woman and man,
Last night, by the cow-shed I caught them a-cooing.

Battus.

Good eye, my old buck![1] sure in sighing and suing
You're a regular Goat-shanks and rival of Pan!

[1] The master.

IDYL V

THE RUSTIC QUARREL

(Comatas and Lacon)

Comatas.
Sibyrtas' shepherd's coming—my little she-goats, flee;
That fellow Lacon; yesterday he stole a skin from me.

Lacon.
Will you never quit the well-head? Off, my lambs, I say.
Don't you see Comatas who stole my pipe away?

Comatas.
Where gottest thou a pipe, thou slave? When did it cease to suit
For thee to squeak with Corydon upon an oaten flute?

Lacon.
From Lacon did it come, my man who art so mighty free,
And what's the sort of skin, my lord, that Lacon stole from thee
When Eumares,[1] thy master, hasn't one to slumber in?

Comatas.
I got it from Crocylus when the goat of dappled skin
He offered to the nymphs, but thou, O wretch, wert spent with spleen,
Till now at last to nakedness thy spite hath stripped me clean!

Lacon.
By Pan who haunts the sea-shore, Lacon, Calaithis' son,
Ne'er stripped thee of thy skin-coat, or may I with madness run
And leap into the Crathis from off this foreland sheer!

Comatas.
I swear, good fellow, by these nymphs, the maidens of the mere
(And may they ever be to me as gracious as to-day),
It never was Comatas who stole thy pipe away.

[1] Eumares = "Easyman," a Sybarite.

Lacon.

If I believe thee, may I know the pangs of Daphnis! Yet
If thou wilt stake a kid—but, pshaw, the game's too sure to bet!—
Still will I sing against thee, till thou "Enough!" dost cry.

Comatas.

The sow defied Athene![1]—See, there the kid doth lie;
And now, my fellow, for thy part a good fat lambkin stake.

Lacon.

How is the betting even then, thou fox? For who would take
Goat-hair to shear in place of wool? And who would e'er prefer,
Against a yearling mother-goat, to milk a mangy cur?

Comatas.

A cock-sure winner like thyself, a wasp that buzzeth bold
'Gainst the cicala.[1] Still, if thou my pledge unequal hold,
Here is this he-goat. Now begin.

Lacon.

No need to hurry so,
Thou'rt not afire; here, come with me; to yonder groves we'll go,
And, seated in the olive-shade, thou shalt the sweeter sing.
Cool waters there lapse slow adown, and rich the grass doth spring,
And bedded leaves are thickl strown, and locusts chatter there.

Comatas.

Hot am I not with haste, but scorn, to think that thou shouldst dare
To look me in the eyes—me! me! who taught thee when a child.
See what becomes of gratitude! Rear dogs, yea, wolf-cubs wild,
That, grown, they may devour thee!

[1] Proverbs expressive of presumption.

Lacon.

What have I learned from thee
Worthy recall? thou thing of spite, thou human mockery!

. . . . . .

But hither come, and sing thy last of country minstrelsy.

Comatas.

I shall not go a step to thee. Here oaks be,[1] here doth thrive
The galingale, and sweetly hum the bees about the hive;
Here are two wells of water cool, and in the spreading tree
The birds are warbling, and the shade is thicker than with thee;
While *pelt!* the pine is casting cones on us from over-head.

Lacon.

But here on lamb's-wool shalt thou walk, thy foot shall fleeces tread
Softer than slumber; but with thee are goat-skins, ranker yet
Than is their owner. And a bowl of white milk will I set
And one of sweetest olive oil before the nymphs.

Comatas.

But turn
Hither thy feet, and they shall tread the softness of the fern
And bruise the bloom of odorous mint; with goat-skins softer still
Than all thy fleeces will I strow thy resting place, and fill
To Pan eight bowls with milk, and eight with honey in the comb.

Lacon.

Begin the match with thy country catch, then, where thou art, at home.
Walk thine own grounds, stay by thine oaks. But who's to judge, I pray?
Would chance might bring the cattle-herd Lycopas' steps this way!

Comatas.

Nothing of him for me! But call yon man who moves about
Among the heather after sticks. It's Morson.

[1] Proverbial expression. See note in Idyl I.

Lacon.

Let us shout!

Comatas.

Call thou to him.

Lacon.

Come here, my friend, you needn't listen long,
But we two have a match to prove who's best in country song.
Favor me not, good Morson, just treat us both the same.

Comatas.

Yes, Morson dear, I pray thee, too, all in the nymphs' dear name,
Swerve neither to Comatas' side, nor Lacon's. Yonder sheep
Sibyrtas of Thurii owns; the goats that I do keep
Are Eumares the Sybarite's.

Lacon.

Now in the name of Zeus
Whether Sibyrtas' flock or mine, who asked thee, Tongue-a-loose?

Comatas.

O man most wise, my simple tongue must blurt the whole truth out.
It cannot boast with thine that knows (belike, too well) to flout.

Lacon.

Say out, then, what thou hast to say, and let the man get back
Unto the village still alive. Did ever tongue so clack?

The Singing Match

Comatas.

The Muses hold me dearer far, I know,
Than singer Daphnis; to the Muses dear
Two she-goats gave I not so long ago.

Lacon.

Greatly Apollo loves me, and I rear
A noble he-goat to Apollo. Lo,
Apollo's feast, the Carnea, draws near.

Comatas.
Me, as I milked my goats, a maiden spies
(Now all my goats save two twin sucklings bore);
"Ah me! and dost thou milk alone?" she cries.

Lacon.
Aha! but Lacon here hath nigh a score
Of crates crammed full of cheese, and Lacon lies
With Love on flowers, by flowers covered o'er.

Comatas.
And as the goatherd passes with his herd,
Apples at him sweet Cleärista throws,
And murmurs low a soft inviting word.

Lacon.
Love mad am I for the fair girl that goes
Unto the shepherd's tryst, whose bright hair, stirred
By breezes, round her neck in ripples flows.

Comatas.
Name not dog-roses with the roses red;
Nay, nor hedge-roses with the roses rare;
On garden walls the fairer blooms are spread.

Lacon.
Nay, nor to acorns apples wild compare.
Bitter the nut is in the oak-cup bred,
And honey-sweet the fruit that wildings bear.

Comatas.
Soon will I to my maiden give a dove
That now is brooding in the juniper-tree.

Lacon.
At shearing time, to make a cloak, my love
Shall have my black ewe's fleece, a present free.

Comatas.
Come feed ye here, my little goats, estrayed
Among the olives, on this pleasant hill,
Within the shadow by the tamarisks made.

Lacon.
Conarus[1] and Cynætha,[1] leave the shade
Of yonder oaks! Hither, and graze your fill
With Phalarus[1] upon this dawn-kissed glade.

Comatas.
A vessel hewn of cypress wood have I
And a great bowl carved by Praxiteles.
At home in hoarding for my love they lie.

Lacon.
My dog, dear to my sheep and strong to seize
And strangle wolves, to make the wild beasts fly,
I give my dear, that she may roam at ease.

Comatas.
Harm not our vines that are so tender yet,
Ye locusts that our fences overleap!

Lacon.
E'en as I make the goatherd fume and fret,
So ye, cicalas, chafe the men that reap.

Comatas.
Those bushy tails, the foxes, do I hate,
That after Micon's grapes at even come.

Lacon.
And I do hate the beetles, that of late
Feed on Philondas' figs and off do hum.

Comatas.
Dost thou remember, when I cudgelled thee,
How nimbly thou didst twist and writhe and mow,
And catch, to save thyself, at yonder tree?

Lacon.
Do I remember? Not a whack!—but how
Thy master bound thee there and royally
Did cudgel thee, is plain as though 'twere now.

---

[1] Names of sheep, well rendered by Calverley as "Ball," "Dogstar," and "Blaze."

Comatas.
Some one is growing very wroth, I know.
Dost thou, my Morson, not behold the sign?
Off to the witch's grave for squills[1] then go.

Lacon.
Is it not easy, Morson, to divine
Some one is chafed? To Hales, where doth blow
The cyclamen,[1] betake that heat of thine!

Comatas.
With milk for water let Himera flow,
And thou, O Crathis, ruddy run with wine,
And on thy sedges all let apples grow!

Lacon.
Would Sybaris ran honey, maiden mine;
On thee, then, in its sweetness, dipping low
Thy water-pitcher, every morn should shine.

Comatas.
On clover are my little she-goats fed;
The mastic shoots they trample to the ground,
And on the soft ground-laurel make their bed.

Lacon.
The honey-flower sweet my lambs have found
And everywhere the creeping vines are spread,
And, rich as roses, flourish all around.

Comatas.
No more, no more do I Alcippe love,
For unto me she gave no fond caress
When yesterday I brought to her the dove.

Lacon.
But evermore my darling will I bless
For the kind kiss she gave me once, to prove,
For present of a pipe, her thankfulness.

---

[1] Specifics against anger.

Comatas.
Against the nightingale sings not the pye,
Nor is the hoopoe rival of the swan;
But, upstart, thou must every one defy.

Morson.
I bid the shepherd cease. The prize doth lie
With thee, Comatas. To the nymphs begone!
Offer the lamb in pledge of victory,—
But see that Morson hath a haunch anon.

Comatas.
By Pan I will. Now snort, my herd! my he-goats, leap and play!
For see how I do laugh to take the shepherd's lamb away.
Up to the sky I spring with joy. My hornéd goats, be bold!
To-morrow I shall dip you all in Sybaris the cold.

IDYL VI

THE FRIENDLY CONTEST

(Daphnis and Damœtas)

ONCE on a time, (for so the story runs,
Aratus,[1]) Daphnis and Damœtas met
Leading their flocks. A golden beard was one's,
And one's was ruddy and half-grown as yet.
Down by a bubbling well-head sat the twain,
And in the summer noon-tide thus they sang:
(Daphnis it was who first took up the strain,
Since from his challenges the contest sprang.)

THE SONG OF THE CYCLOPS

Daphnis.
To Galatea, Polyphemus, see;
Pelting thy sheep with apples, doth she mock
And for a dullard lover, rail at thee.

[1] The astronomical poet, who was a friend of Theocritus.

Nor wilt thou turn, oh hard, hard as the rock
Whereon thou sittest piping tunefully!
Lo, now she pelts the dog that guards thy flock!

Bowgh, wowgh! he answers to the waves before,
That, as they break with softly plashing sound,
Reveal him leaping wildly on the shore.

See to the girl, lest on her limbs he bound
When from the wave she rises, and with score
Of careless claws, her fair white body wound.

But light as thistle-down when summer burns
The weadows brown, see, thence she flits away
And flees the lover, luring him who spurns,

Bringing to win him e'en her king in play.[1]
Ah, Polyphemus, Love full often learns
The bitterness of sweets of yesterday!

Then with sweet preluding,
Thus did Damœtas sing:

Damœtas.

By Pan, yes, I saw her a-pelting my sheep;
She 'scaped neither me nor my one darling eye,
Wherewith I shall see (for let Telemus[2] keep
His hateful forebodings at home) till I die.

But only to chafe her I glance not again,
Pretending the love of another is mine,—
Whereat she is jealous; and, goaded by pain,
By Pæan! how madly she leaps from the brine

To gaze in my caverns and glare at my sheep.
But I hiss on my collie to bark her away—
For when I still loved her, with joy would he leap
And whine that his nose in her lap he might lay.

[1]Proverbial expression derived from some such game as draughts.
[2]The prophet who, according to the Odyssey, foretold the blinding of the Cyclops by Odysseus.

Mayhap, when my temper at last she shall know,
Messengers many she'll send me. Awhile
My doors shall be shut—till she promise to strow
The fairest of bridal beds here on my isle.

For truly I'm not such a monster! The gleam
Of teeth that are whiter than Parian stone,
And beauty of beard and one eye (as I deem
Beauty to be) but late on me shone

From the sea's calm depths. On my breast, as a spell
'Gainst the evil eye, thrice then I spat,[1] for this charm
To me did old Mother Cotyttaris tell
As she piped to the hands on Hippocoön's farm.

Damœtas spoke, and, kissing Daphnis dear,
A pipe and fair flute passed as gifts between.
So Daphnis piped, Damœtas fluted clear,
And soon the calves were dancing on the green;
And, still unconquered, each in triumph left the scene.

IDYL VII

WAYSIDE SONGS

(*Simichidas and Lycidas*[2])

Befell the thing when Eucritus[2] and I,
Amyntas[2] being third in company,
Out from the town to Hales' banks did roam,
What time to Deo gave their harvest home
Antigenes and young Phrasidamus,
The scions twain of old Lycopeus,
Who counts his lineage (if aught there be
Of truth in tales of ancient pedigree)

---

[1] Polyphemus is afraid of the fate of Narcissus!

[2] Fictitious names which Theocritus gives to his companions. Simichidas is the name he himself assumes, and Lycidas that under which he describes the friend met on the way.

From Clytia and Chalcon great, the same
Beneath whose foot the fountain sprang, by name
Burinna, when against the rock he strove
With sturdy hip-lock—whereupon, a grove
Of arching elms and poplars graced the glade,
To shrine the deed for aye in grateful shade.

Ere one the journey's mid-way point might pass,
Or yet descry the tomb of Brasilas,
We, by the favor of the Muses, came
Upon a traveller, Lycidas by name,
From Cydon, and a goatherd good and true,
Whom none could e'er mistake, for, through and through,
All things about him "goatherd" did bespeak.
His coarse cloak was a tawny goat-skin, reek
Of rennet still upon it, and he wore
A blouse broad-belted. In his hand he bore,
Cut from an olive copse, a crooked staff.
With twinkling eyes and lips that held the laugh,
"Simichidas," said he, "whither through heat
Of noon-tide dost thou urge thy eager feet?
Asleep the lizard on the wall doth lie;
Afield the crested larks no longer fly.
Is it a feast that makes thee hasten so?
To tread a townsman's wine-press dost thou go?
Such is the haste thy booted feet are in,
That ringing from thy toe the pebbles spin."
And I replied, "Dear Lycidas, they say
Thou pipest best of all the herdsmen, yea,
Of all the reapers! Well, this warms my heart,
And yet I think with thee to hold my part.
Our journey toward a harvest banquet lies
Given by friends of ours in sacrifice
Of first fruits to fair-robed Demeter, she
Whose grace hath spread their floors so bounteously
With barley grain. Come on then—for the way
Is thine and mine alike, alike the day—
And let us sing an answering country catch;
We both may find some pleasure in the match.

The 'Muses' mouth' I'm called from my clear strain,
And 'best of minstrels'; but I'm not so vain,
By Earth, no, for myself I do not set
'Gainst Samian Sicelidas,[1] nor yet
With great Philetas[2] do I dare compete—
A croaking frog 'gainst the cicala sweet!"
And so I spoke to tempt him.[3] Sweet his laugh,
"O guileless stock of Zeus, take thou this staff!
For as one hates the builders who do try
To overtop Oromedon,[4] so I
Those fledgelings of the Muses all despise
Who tire themselves for naught with cackling cries
Against the Chian. Let us lose no time,
Simichidas, but start our rustic rhyme.
And I will sing,—see if it pleaseth thee,—
A song late fashioned 'mid the hills by me."

The Song of Lycidas

When the wind of the south the wet wave harries
  And the storm brewing *Kids* are westering,
And with foot o'er the ocean Orion tarries,
  Fair sailing betide Ageänax[5] king
To far Mitylene, if so he assuages
The fire of Love that in Lycidas rages.

Lulled by halcyons be the surges,
  The ocean depths and the south wind's roar,
And the eastern gale that still higher urges
  The sea-weed wrack on the farthest shore—
Halcyons, sea-preying birds most blesséd,
Dearest of all to the naiads green-tresséd.

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[1] The name under which allusion is made to Asclepiades, an epigrammatist of Samos.

[2] An elegiac poet, teacher of Theocritus.

[3] *i.e.*, by undue self-depreciation. Lycidas is not to be caught, and answers in gentle irony.

[4] To out-Herod Herod. Oromedon was a mountain in the island of Cos beneath which one of the Titans was confined.

[5] Fictitious name of a friend of Lycidas and Theocritus.

Now fair be the sailing and peaceful the riding
To ship of Ageänax haven-ward gliding.

Then, crownéd with wreaths of the rose and white iris,
Where leaves of the sweet-scented anise entwine,
Down will I lay me where cosy the fire is,
And dip from the mixer before me the wine
Of the clambering grape that the elm-tree is propping,—
While *poof!* in the ashes the chestnuts are popping.

Couchéd on flowers—my forearm sinking
Elbow-deep in the sweet flea-bane,
Curléd parsley and asphodel—drinking
Healths to Ageänax, shall I remain,
My soft lips close to the cup brim straining,
The mixer down to the last lees draining.

From Acharnæ and Lycope will I be bringing
Two shepherds to pipe unto Tityrus, singing

How Daphnis,[1] the herdsman, the Cyprian scorning,
Wandering wild on the mountains did go,
For love of a stranger; how oaks made him mourning—
The oaks of Himeras. He wasted like snow
Under high Hæmus or Rhodope drifting,
Or Athos or Caucasus, heaven uplifting.

And how in the coffee the goatherd[2] was placéd
By the king's blind folly and wicked will;
And how from the meadow the bees, blunt-facéd,
With food that the delicate flowers distil,
Came to the sweet cedar chest for the sipping
Of nectar the Muse on his fair mouth was dripping.

O blessed Comatas! Not beyond reason
Thy tale is, in durance delighted to dwell,
And, fed upon sweetness, to serve out thy season.
Would that, as thy herdsman, to me it befell

[1] See Idyl I.

[2] Comatas. A devotee of the Muses, he was wont to offer to them his master's goats. Discovered in the act, he was placed in a chest to see if the Muses would succor him.

To list to thy singing, the while thou reclinest
Under the oak-tree, O singer divinest!

So much he sang, and ceased his melodies.
I followed him with some such strains as these:

"Through me, too, driving herds the hills among,
Dear Lycidas, the blesséd nymphs have sung
Full many a song—bright songs, by Fame made known
Even, perchance, as far as Zeus's throne.
The best, sung in thine honor, shalt thou hear;
Listen, as thou art to the Muses dear."

The Song of Simichidas

"Atchoo!" At you, Simichidas,
"Good luck!" the Loves are sneezing;
For as to goats the springing grass,
To you is Myrto pleasing.
Aratus, too, in his bosom deep,
For such a youth such love doth keep.

And good Aristis[1] knows the thing,
A man who needs not falter
To strike Apollo's lyre, and sing
Before him on his altar.
To him Aratus' love is known,
How deep it burns him to the bone.

Ah Pan, thou prince of Homolé,
Roving its wide plain over,
If thou Aratus' darling see,
Bring home the truant lover!
So may thy sides unlashéd be
By hungry lads of Arcady.

But otherwise, then may thy hide
Be torn with nail and thistle,
And thou by Hebrus' icy glide
Hear winds of winter whistle;

[1] An acquaintance of Theocritus and Aratus.

Or in the summer wander o'er
Hot sands, where Nile is seen no more.

Ye apple-rosy Loves who dwell
Where reigns Dioné golden,
Leave ye the sweets of Byblis' well,
Strike him from love withholden.
"O'er-ripe the pear is," maidens say,
"Alas! thy fair bloom fades away."

From this thy love's unyielding gate,
Aratus, let's be going;
To chilling dawn let Molon[1] wait
And hear the cock's shrill crowing.
Be ours the calm of a peaceful heart
From Love's disquietude apart.

I sang. He gave me with his old, sweet laugh,
Pledge of the Muses' brotherhood, his staff.
Towards Pyxa on the left his way he bent.
Onward to old Lycopeus' farm we went—
Amyntas fair, and Eucritus and I—
And there, couched on sweet mastic did we lie,
And new-stript vine-leaves. Arching overhead,
Thick boughs of elms and poplar-trees were spread.
Hard by, from out the nymphs' own cave, did fall
The sacred stream with murmur musical.
On shadowed boughs the burnt cicalas plied
Their noisy task; deep in the thorn-brake cried
A little owl; doves moaned, and larks did sing,
And banded bees were buzzing round the spring.
All breathed the scent the harvest season bears;
Beneath us, round us, apples rolled, and pears;
And wild plums weighed the slender branches low;
And wine-jars lost their seals of years ago.

Ye nymphs of Castaly,
Parnassus' heights who hold,

[1] An acquaintance of Theocritus and Aratus.

Pray did you ever see
A bowl like this, since old
Chiron in Pholus' rocky cave
To Hercules its fellow gave?[1]

Did wine like this entrance
Strong Polyphemus, who
About his folds did dance
As crags at ships he threw?
When did ye, nymphs, draughts better pour
Than this at Ceres' threshing-floor?

Ah, once again upon the corn-heap high
The great fan may I plant, while she,[2] near by,
With smiles divine upon her lips, doth stand,
Holding the sheaves and poppies in her hand!

IDYL VIII

THE FIRST TRIUMPH

(Daphnis and Menalcas)

WHERE yonder long hill ranges stretch away,
Met once upon a time, so people say,
Menalcas, shepherding his flock, and fair
Young Daphnis, as he drove his cattle there.
The golden bloom of earliest manhood downed
The cheeks of both, both were in song renowned,
Skilled in pipe-playing both. Eying his man,
Menalcas 'twas who thus the strife began:
"Daphnis, thou keeper of the lowing kine,
Hast thou a mind to strive in song with me?
For as I please, methinks, the match is mine,
When I shall sing in turn."

[1] Theocritus compares the great punch-bowl of his host to the mighty vessel which the centaur Chiron gave to his giant pupil, Heracles.
[2] Demeter, unseen, except by the poet's eye. Perhaps, however, Theocritus refers to a charming mortal who represented her.

Undauntedly
Did Daphnis answer: "To thy fleecy throng
Pipe thou, Menalcas, nor with me contend;
Never wilt thou discomfit me in song,
Though singing till thou meet an evil end."

Menalcas.
Carest thou to try, and wilt thou risk a stake?

Daphnis.
I care to try, and will a wager make.

Menalcas.
What pledgéd prizes shall the victor take?

Daphnis.
I'll pledge a calf, and do thou stake a lamb,
One that hath grown to overtop his dam.

Menalcas.
No lamb for me! Stern is my father, stern
My mother, and each night the flock they tell.

Daphnis.
Where is the gain, then? What will serve thy turn?

Menalcas.
My pipe, nine-stopped, and smoothed and fitted well
With clean white wax in every joint and edge.
Naught will I wager of my father's things.

Daphnis.
And such a pipe, so fashioned, will I pledge;
But late I made it—still my finger stings
Where the reed split and gashed me to the bone.

Menalcas.
And where shall one to judge our songs be found?

Daphnis.

There is the fellow—yonder goatherd lone,
The man for whom that dog, the white-patched hound,
Is barking 'mongst the kids.
Hallooing rang
Over the hills. The goatherd caught the call
And came a willing umpire. First there sang
Sweet-voiced Menalcas (so the lot did fall),
Daphnis in pastoral fashion answering.
Menalcas thus his challenge sweet did sing:

The Duel of Song

Menalcas.

Ye glades and meads,
Rivers and streams, issue divine,
If ever Menalcas, piper on reeds,
Sang sweet to your ears, then sweetly incline;
Answer, to please him, the prayer that he pleads:
"Feed ye these lambs of mine";
And grant unto Daphnis no less, when he leads
Hither his calves and his kine.

Daphnis.

Fountains and dales,
Green new growth of the earth, and sweet,
If Daphnis sings like the nightingales,
This herd that loweth about his feet
Fatten ye well; and if hither trails
Flock of Menalcas, may it meet
The same free pasture to brim his pails.

Menalcas.

There
The ewe and the she-goat twins do bear;
Alive
With bustle and hum is the storéd hive;
And oaks rise loftier by the way
Where beautiful Milon's feet do stray.
Ah, withered and lean doth the shepherd show,
And barren the pastures, if he go!

Daphnis.
Spring, spring everywhere! pastures green,
Udders a-drip with the spoil they bear,
And younglings everywhere suckled are seen,
When roameth Nais the fair.
Ah, parchéd and dry are the kine and the grass,
And pining the herdsman, if on she pass!

Menalcas.
Goat, guard of my flock, and bearded grim,
Ye flat-faced kids, to the forest hie;
'Mid its countless coverts, dark and dim,
Gleameth a pool, and hard thereby
Lieth my Milon. Say ye to him:
"A god is old Proteus, yet he reveals
Himself as a herdsman,—and that of seals."[1]

Daphnis.

. . . . . .

Menalcas.
Not mine be land of Pelops, nor greed
Of golden talents be mine;
Not mine be it given the winds to outspeed;
With thee would I, singing, recline
I' the shade of this rock while we watch our flocks feed
And the sea of Sicily shine.

Daphnis.

. . . . . .

Menalcas.

. . . . . .

Daphnis.
Storm,—and trembles the tree;
Drought,—and drieth the spring;
Nets,—and the wild beasts flee;

[1] And, therefore, do not despise me, who am a shepherd of nobler flocks.

Snares,—and the birds take wing;
But the love of a delicate maid to man is the perilous thing.
O Zeus, among lovers I am not alone,
Love for a mortal thou, too, hast known!

And so the song in strains alternate ran;
Menalcas then the crowning lay began:

Menalcas.
Wolf, spare the suckling kid and fostering dam,
And harm not me, for I so youthful am
To tend so great a flock. Ah, Lampurus,[1]
Why sleep so soundly? Not so soundly thus
Should sleep the dog that helps a shepherd young.
O ewes of mine, the tender grass among,
Feed and spare not! for, ere ye weary, will
The cropped spears grow again. Feed on, and fill
Dugs to the full, so when the lambs give o'er,
Still may I something in my cheese-crates store.

Again in answering strains young Daphnis sang,
And sweet the prelude of his singing rang:

Daphnis.
Fair, oh so fair! the girl with wedded brows[2]
Railed on me from her cavern. Ne'er a look
Nor word I gave her. On I drove my cows.

Sweet, oh so sweet! the breath of kine, the nook
Where one may lie at large and dream and drowse
Lulled by their lowing and the babbling brook.

Dear, oh so dear! as calf to mother young,
Apples to orchard, acorns to the oak,
Are kine to neatherd.[3]

---

[1] "Firefly,"—Calverley.

[2] To the Greeks, meeting eyebrows were a mark of beauty.

[3] Note. Original variation for music:
"Dear, oh so dear! as to the welcoming boughs
The doves returning unto nests forsook,
Are heart-born hopes none other heart will house."

Then when they had sung,
The goatherd in this wise the boys bespoke:

The Goatherd.
Sweet is thy mouth, O Daphnis! ravishing
The song of thine! Better to hear thee sing
Than honey taste. The pipe to thee belongs,
For thou hast conquered in the strife of songs.
Ah, if from thee some ditty I might learn
The while I herd beside thee, thou shouldst earn,
As thy reward, this she-goat, short of horn,
That brims the milking pail each night and morn!

As fawn about its mother, leaped full high
The glad boy, clapping hands in victory.
But ah, the other's heart was all forlorn
And grieved he as a new-wed maid doth mourn.[1]
Thenceforth with Daphnis could no swain compare,
And in his earliest youth he wedded Nais fair.

IDYL IX

THE IDEAL LIFE

(Daphnis, Menalcas, Theocritus)

Sing for me, Daphnis, a song, a pastoral song of thy rhyming;
Begin it, O Daphnis, Menalcas shall counter it, timing
His strain in an answering chiming.

Then let the calves with their mothers, the bulls with the barren kine, wander
Feeding together, down to the coppice yonder;
Yet see that they stray not asunder.

[1]The greif of a bride was a common theme in the literature of ruder ages. It is greatly elaborated, for example, in the Finnish epic, the Kalevala.

Here while we watch them, low in the beech-tree's shadow a-lying,
Chant me a song, O Daphnis, Menalcas replying,
His strains with thy challenges vying.

Daphnis.

Sweet lows the cow for the calf, and the steer for the stall after labor;
Sweet are the notes that the neatherd drums on his tabor—
Sweet are my songs, too, O neighbor!

With leaves and the white skins of calves which, browsing on arbutus growing
High on the cliff, were dashed me when Auster was blowing,
My bed by the cool brook I'm strowing.

And so in the covert I mind me summer's scorching and smother
Less than a lover the chiding of father and mother.

So Daphnis sang; thus sang the other:

Menalcas.

I lodge in a beautiful cavern that Ætna, mother mine, leases;
And my wealth is all the spoil that the dream-god increases—
Fair flocks and the finest of fleeces,

Whereon I lie couched before a fire of oak-faggots napping;
Careless, while puddings are hissing and beech-nuts are snapping,
Of winter without and his rapping.

For truly 'tis little old winter can vex me since I deride him
With the scorn of a toothless old gaffer for walnuts denied him
When porridge is steaming beside him.

Then a staff from my father's wood to Daphnis I gave as its earner,
Self-shapen, so straight that even a crafty discerner
Might think it the work of the turner;

To the other a shell from th' Icarian rocks, full rounded and
wreathéd
(Five portions for five I had made of the whelk that it
sheathéd);
Menalcas a blast on it breathéd.

Flout not this song, O ye Muses, rustic and roguish of dimple!
For truly I sang it that day to these countrymen simple—
My tongue bears no tattle-tale pimple.[1]

Theocritus.
To ant is returning ant dear, to locust the locust replying,
To hawk on the nest the hawk that nestward is flying—
To me the Muses undying.

To me are they sweeter than sleep, than spring with the buds'
sudden swelling,
Than unto the bees the blooms with honey o'erwelling—
With song may they fill all my dwelling.

Belovéd are they by me, for him who is loved by the Muses
Circe can never degrade to grovelling uses
With the magical draught she infuses.

IDYL X

THE REAPER IN LOVE

(*Battus and Milon*)

Milon.
Unhappy boor who toilest on so slow and painfully,
Why doth thy swath not lie as straight as in the days gone by?
Why dost thou lag behind thy mate in levelling the corn,
Like to the straggler from the flock, foot-stricken by a thorn?
What sort of worker wilt thou prove at noon and set of sun
Who scarce can nibble off thy swath when day has just begun?

[1] An allusion to the wide-spread superstition that liars were punished by pimples and blotches on tongue and lips.

Battus.
Milon, thou chip of senseless stone, whom toil doth never tire,
Hast never known what pain it is the absent to desire?

Milon.
Never; 'mid present things alone the workingman should move.

Battus.
Then hath it never happened thee to lie awake for love?

Milon.
Forbid it! Taste of crackling leads the dog to steal the roast![1]

Battus.
But, Milon, I have been in love eleven days, a'-most!

Milon.
(When even cider's scarce with me, the wine-jar doth he drain!)

Battus.
And so, since seed-time, to my doors my fields untilled have lain.

Milon.
Whose lass is it that moveth thee?

Battus.
Polybotas'. The one
That fluted to the harvest hands of old Hippocoön.

Milon.
God hath found out the guilty man! Thou hast what thou dost will;
That grig of a girl, that hoppergrass, will let thee love thy fill!

Battus.
Thou thinkest now to mock me. Boast not, for thou shalt find
Not Plutus only of the gods, but blundering Love, is blind.

---

[1]Milon speaks in homely proverbs.

Milon.
I boast not; only see that thou dost level lay the grain
And in thy maiden's praise strike up a lover's soft refrain.
More pleasant, then, thy toil will seem within the harvest heat,
For I have heard, in former days thou wert a singer sweet.

The Song of Battus

Pierian Muses, sing with me my slender maid; whate'er
Ye do but touch, O goddesses, becometh wholly fair.

Bombyca, dear and gracious, on thee the others rail
As "gypsy," "lean," "burnt i' the sun,"—I call thee "honey-pale."[1]

Dark is the lettered hyacinth and dark the violet,
And yet in garlands first of all their deep-hued blooms are set.

The goat hunts hidden clover; the wolf, the goats that flee;
After the plowman stalks the crane,—and I am wild for thee.

Would all the wealth that people say King Crœsus had, were mine!
Then would I set our images in Aphrodite's shrine

Of purest gold; thou with thy flute, a rose or apple sweet,
And, posed in dancing fashion, I, new shoon upon my feet.

Ah dear Bombyca, white as bone that one hath carven well
Thy feet are; drowsy sweet thy voice; thy ways,—I cannot tell.

Milon.
We never knew our plowman could sing so sweet a song!
How well in measured melody his verses ran along!
A beardless boy! Ah, woe is me, my beard hath grown in vain!
Come, mark me, too, and I will sing in Lityerses' strain.

[1] Lang's exquisite rendering.

THE LITYERSES SONG

Demeter of the bounteous horn,
Rich in fruit and rife in corn,
May these sheaves come easy in;
Fill with plenty barn and bin.

Bind, ye bandsters, bind away,
Lest the passer-by should say:
Wooden men were they who wrought—
Men whose wages went for nought.

Face the butts unto the North,
Then the heads have greater worth;
Face the butts unto the West,
Thus the grain doth fill the best.

Threshers of the golden wheat,
Shun the nap at noon-tide heat;
When the sun shines hot and dry,
From the straw the chaff will fly.

Reapers, rise and sickles take,
When the crested lark doth wake,
Ceasing when he seeks his nest—
Only take the noon-tide rest.

The frog, lads, leads a jolly life,[1]
His liquor lies around him rife;
He needs no slave to skink his wine—
I would the frog's gay life were mine.

Better to the lentils look:[1]
Boil them longer, stingy cook!
And to thy finger-tips take heed
When thou art splitting mustard seed!

And thus should sing the workingman to mid-day labors gone. As for the love, O country clod, thy famished soul feeds on, Best tell it to thy mother when she stirs in bed at dawn!

[1] Snatches of folk-songs, here rendered in the measure of the college air,

"The Pope, he leads a jolly life."

IDYL XI[1]

THE MEDICINE OF SONG

(*Polyphemus*)

Against Desire, my Nicias,[2] other balm
Lotion or ointment given for men's healing,
May not avail, than that which, sweet and calm,
From the Pierian source is softly stealing.
And no one better knows its subtle uses,
Than thou, the son of Medicine and Muses.

'Twas surely thus the days did lightly slip
By Polyphemus in the ages olden,
Who loved his Galatea, while on the lip
And chin scarce bloomed the beard of manhood golden.

And not with apples, nor with garlands gay,
Nor lover's ringlets, did he press his wooing—
All these he held as trifles by the way—
But with a madness that was his undoing.

Full often fold-ward his untended flocks
Out of the pastures green themselves were bringing,
Leaving their master on the sea-worn rocks
To pine alone, of Galatea singing.

And there from early dawn might he be found,
Nursing the fatal gift of Aphrodite;
Yea, deep beneath his heart the direful wound
Made by the cruel dart of Cypris mighty!

Yet even he in song found remedy,
Gazing, from his high cliff, upon the sea:

The Song of Polyphemus

O Galatea, light and fair, why cast my love away?
Sleeker than is the grape unripe, and whiter than the whey,
And gentle as a lamb thou art, yet, calf-like, full of play.

---

[1] Cf. Idyl VI.

[2] A physician and a poet; the friend of Theocritus.

And hither dost thou come when I am held in slumber sweet;
Yet when from slumber sweet I rise, thou boundest home, more fleet
Than flies the ewe what time her eyes the grisly wolf doth greet.

Dear maid, I loved thee from the very hour
Thou camest with my mother to the hill,
And I did show thee hyacinths in flower;
And I have never ceased to love thee still,
And ne'er shall cease, e'en though I had the power—
But this concerns thee not, and never will.

I know, O gracious maiden, why thou dost shun my sight:
It is because one shaggy brow o'erspans my forehead quite;
From this unto the other ear in one long line it goes,
And but one eye is set beneath, and flatly droops my nose.
Yet even I, such as I am, a thousand cattle herd,
And from these do I drink and drain the best of milk and curd.
In summer or in harvest for cheese I never lack,
And 'gainst the dead of winter-time my crates I overpack.

A better piper am I, too, than any Cyclops here;
And far into the night I sing of thee, sweet-apple dear!
For thee I rear eleven fawns adorned with collars fair,
And keep four sprawling cubs for thee, whelps of the clumsy bear.

Come thou with me, and thou shalt find thy pleasures all the more;
Leave thou the billows bright to die a-quiver on the shore!
Come with thy love within my cave and cheer its loneliness;
Thy curtains shall be laurel and slender cypresses
Festooned with ivy dark and vines with clusters richly hung;
There is cool water, down the slope of wooded Ætna flung,
Poured from the beaker of her snows, a drink divine for me!
Ah, who would choose in place of these the billows of the sea?

But if my shagginess offends, an oak-wood fire I keep
Within whose ashes smoldering glow embers that never sleep.
Come, burn unto my very heart within my hairy breast,
Yea, burn my single eye away, dearer than all the rest!

Ah me, that mother bore me not a finny thing, to glide
Down unto thee to kiss thy hand, if thou thy lips denied.
To thy white hand white lilies would I bring, or, soft and red
As are thy dainty lips, the petalled charms the poppies shed—
Nay, these are of the harvest and those of early spring,
And e'en impetuous love could not their blooms a-blended bring!

Yea, maiden, if some mariner hither his prow should turn,
Now, here and now, by help of him, right gladly would I learn
To swim within the ocean depths, that I myself might see
Thy dwelling place, and know how dear its pleasures are to thee.

Come forth, dear Galatea, and forget as thou dost come—
As I who sit here have forgot—home and the way toward home,
Come, choose with me a shepherd's life, to tend and milk the herd,
And set the cheeses, pouring in sharp rennet with the curd.

'Tis she alone I blame, that mother mine,
Who ne'er a kindly word will say for me,
Though day by day she sees me waste and pine.
Strange throbbings, head and foot, I'll feign, that she
May somewhat grieve, as I do grieve for thee.

O Cyclops, Cyclops! where upon the wind
Have flown thy senses? Go, thy baskets weave
Boughs for thy lambkins cut, and so receive
Swift and sweet solace in a soul resigned.
In milking ewes, who doth the willing leave
To chase the wild? Perchance thou mayest find
A fairer Galatea to thy mind.

Me, too, at even, many maidens gay
To join their night-long pastimes softly call,
And, if I answer, gladly giggle all.
On land, at least, I'm some one, anyway!

And so with song he shepherded his love
And gained relief the reach of gold above.

IDYL XII

THE DARLING FRIEND

The third long weary night hath worn itself away,
And hast thou come, dear youth, but with the dawning gray?
Ah, how men spent with longing grow old within a day!

As the whisper, soft and low,
Of spring, to the winter's storm;
As the apple unto the sloe;
As the ewe's fleece, thick and warm,
To the coat of the lamb by her side;
As a lass ere she is wed
To a matron thrice a bride;
As the fawn is more featly sped
Than the calf with its gangling stride;
Yea, as midst birds that sing
The nightingale's voice rings clear,
To me above everything,
Thy coming is gladsome and dear.

And unto thee do I hasten, as out of the burning sun
Unto the ilex shadow a way-faring man doth run.

Would that the Loves might breathe on us an equal grace that we
Within the ears of men unborn a deathless song may be:

"Lo, friends indeed were they, the pair known in the former age
One, in Amyclæan speech, as 'knight';[1] one, in Thessalian, 'page';[1]

"An equal yoke of love they bore. Truly, in days of old,
When friend to friend gave love for love, the men were men of gold!"

Grant, Father Time, in twice one hundred ages I may hear
By Acheron, the oarless stream, these tidings sweet and dear:

[1]The terms in the original indicate an even closer relation than that of the age of chivalry.

"The love 'twixt thee and thy dear friend is found on every tongue,
But lingers still most lovingly on lips that yet are young."

Yea, truly, though the heavenly gods do rule in mysteries,
Yet when I praise thee, on my lip no liar's blotch shall rise.[1]

And if by chance thy words gave wounds, thy swift remorse would fill
My hurts with balm, till double joy my cup would over-spill.

Nisæan men of Megara, stout champions of the oars,
Full peaceful may your dwelling be upon your pleasant shores

Where roamed the stranger Diocles, the Athenian lover true—
Because above all other men ye gave him honor due.

And ever in the early spring the bands of children gay
Flocking about his flowery tomb, join in the Kissing Play;

And whoso toucheth lip to lip with grace most debonair,
Home to his mother doth return wreathéd in garlands fair.

Blesséd is he who judgeth the children in this play;
To fair-faced Ganymede he doth with added fervor pray,

That like the Lydian touchstone wherewith the changers try
Good gold from bad, his lips may be, that they may know the lie.

IDYL XIII

HERACLES AND HYLAS

Not unto us, dear Nicias,[2] not to us
Came Love the first, of whatso god engendered
(Though in our young desire we deemed it thus);
Not first to us seemed beauty beauteous—
Poor morrow-reckless men, today-ensplendored!

[1] See note upon Idyl IX.

[2] The friend to whom Idyl XI is also dedicated.

Nay, but Amphytrion's son, mighty to dare
The lion's leap, so bold and brazen-hearted,
Once loved young Hylas of the yellow hair,
And to the lad with all a father's care
His lore of might and minstrelsy imparted.

Together always! In the mid-noon high;
When dawn's white chargers flash through Zeus's azure;
At dusk, when timid fledglings, twittering, eye
The smoky beams whereon their mothers fly;—
All that the lad might reach a man's true measure.

And so, when Jason sought the fleece of gold
With all the Grecian cities' strength and flower
Of manhood, with the heroes was enrolled
Noble Alcmene's god-born son, the bold
Untiring Heracles, of matchless power.

With him went Hylas in the benchéd boat,
That, as an eagle o'er the abysm sailing,
Swooped into Phasis' port, and there did float
Safe from the clashing crags. Vainly they smote,
And stand for aye in menace unavailing.

Now at the rising of the Pleiades,
When into summer spring is quickly wearing,
And lambs are feeding on the upland leas,
Came to the band a breath from over seas
That sent the heroes to their distant faring.

The oars of hollow Argo well they plied
To Hellespont, three days the south wind blowing,
And in Propontis' haven safe did ride,
Where now Cianian bulls in furrows wide
Wear bright the plowshare by their constant going.

At dusk, by pairs the messmates went ashore
To sup and sleep on what the land afforded.
And, many as they were, they covered o'er
One bed for all, with leaves the meadows bore—
The deep-set galingale and iris sworded.

To seek a spring was fair young Hylas gone,
A brazen jar set on his tresses yellow,
With drink for supper to return anon
To Heracles and faithful Telamon,
Who was the hero's constant table-fellow.

And soon a spring within a hollow dell,
O'ergrown with rushes rank, he did discover;
And deep-hued celandine did fringe the well,
Green maidenhair, and deathless asphodel,
And deer-grass spreading all the marshes over.

And deep within the fountain cool and clear
Were water-nymphs, arraying choral dances—
The sleepless nymphs, who hold in holy fear
The country-folk, Eunicé, Malis dear,
And fair Nycheia of the May-morn glances.

Now when, with broad-mouthed pitcher o'er the spring,
Intent on dipping, leaned the Argive slender,
Unto his hand the water-nymphs did cling;
Love of the lad had set a-fluttering
Their bosoms all with passion strange and tender.

Then sank the frightened Hylas headlong all,
Within the well's dark waters disappearing,
As from the sky a flaming star doth fall,
While to the sailors rings the captain's call:
"The wind is fair, lads; ready with the gearing!"

To soothe the sobbing boy upon their knees,
With gentle words the nymphs made vain endeavor,
But troubled for the lad was Heracles,
And, setting forth to seek him, did he seize
The Scythian bow and club he carries ever.

"Hylas!" he shouted; "Hylas! Hylas dear!"
From his deep throat in loud and long insistence;
And thrice the lad replied, but thin and clear
His voice came from the water; very near
He was, and yet he seeméd in the distance.

As when the bleating of a fawn afar
Brings from his lair the hungry lion bounding,
So Heracles, reckless as lovers are,
Roamed wildly o'er the land, till cliff and scar
And pathless brake were with his calls resounding.

The tackling set for Argo forth to fare
The men at midnight were again unbending,
Awaiting Heracles; but wheresoe'er
His feet might lead, he roamed in wild despair,
Cypris with cruel love his bosom rending.

So numbered with the blest is Hylas fair,
But with the renegades the hero's place is—
So gibe the comrades he abandoned there
Upon the Argo; but to Colchis bare,
Afoot he came, and to unfriendly Phasis.

NOTE. The foregoing idyls were translated by Marion Mills Miller; the following by Andrew Lang.

IDYL XIV

This Idyl, like the next, is dramatic in form. One Aeschines tells Thyonichus the story of his quarrel with his mistress Cynisca. He speaks of taking foreign service, and Thyonichus recommends that of Ptolemy. The idyl was probably written at Alexandria, as a compliment to Ptolemy, and an inducement to Greeks to join his forces. There is nothing, however, to fix the date.

Aeschines. All hail to the stout Thyonichus!

Thyonichus. As much to you, Aeschines.

Aeschines. How long it is since we met!

Thyonichus. Is it so long? But why, pray, this melancholy?

Aeschines. I am not in the best of luck, Thyonichus.

Thyonichus. 'Tis for that then, you are so lean, and hence comes this long moustache, and these love-locks all adust. Just such a figure was a Pythagorean that came here of late, barefoot and wan,—and said he was an Athenian. Marry, he too was in love, methinks, with a plate of pancakes.

Aeschines. Friend, you will always have your jest,—but beautiful Cynisca,—she flouts me! I shall go mad some day, when no man looks for it; I am but a hair's-breadth on the hither side, even now.

Thyonichus. You are ever like this, dear Aeschines, now mad, now sad, and crying for all things at your whim. Yet, tell me, what is your new trouble?

Aeschines. The Argive, and I, and the Thessalian rough rider, Apis, and Cleunichus the free lance, were drinking together, at my farm. I had killed two chickens, and a sucking pig, and had opened the Bibline wine for them,—nearly four years old,—but fragrant as when it left the wine-press. Truffles and shellfish had been brought out, it was a jolly drinking match. And when things were now getting forwarder, we determined that each of us should toast whom he pleased, in unmixed wine, only he must name his toast. So we all drank, and called our toasts as had been agreed. Yet She said nothing, though I was there; how think you I liked that? 'Won't you call a toast? You have seen the wolf!' some one said in jest, 'as the proverb goes,'[1] then she kindled; yes, you could easily have lighted a lamp at her face. There is one Wolf, one Wolf there is, the son of Labes our neighbour,—he is tall, smooth-skinned, many think him handsome. His was that illustrious love in which she was pining, yes, and a breath about the business once came secretly to my ears, but I never looked into it, beshrew my beard!

Already, mark you, we four men were deep in our cups, when the Larissa man out of mere mischief, struck up, 'My Wolf,' some Thessalian catch, from the very beginning. Then Cynisca suddenly broke out weeping more bitterly than a six-year-old maid, that longs for her mother's lap. Then I,—you know me, Thyonichus,—struck her on the cheek with clenched fist,—one two! She caught up her robes, and forth she rushed, quicker than she came. 'Ah, my undoing' (cried I), 'I am not good enough for you, then—you have a dearer playfellow?

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[1] The allusion of a guest to the superstition that the wolf struck people dumb is taken by Cynisca for a reference to young Wolf, her secret lover.

well, be off and cherish your other lover, 'tis for him your tears run big as apples!'

And as the swallow flies swiftly back to gather a morsel, fresh food, for her young ones under the eaves, still swifter sped she from her soft chair, straight through the vestibule and folding-doors, wherever her feet carried her. So, sure, the old proverb says, 'the bull has sought the wild wood.'

Since then there are twenty days, and eight to these, and nine again, then ten others, to-day is the eleventh, add two more, and it is two months since we parted, and I have not shaved, not even in Thracian fashion.[1]

And now Wolf is everything with her. Wolf finds the door open o' nights, and I am of no account, not in the reckoning, like the wretched men of Megara, in the place dishonourable.[2]

And if I could cease to love, the world would wag as well as may be. But now,—now,—as they say, Thyonichus, I am like the mouse that has tasted pitch. And what remedy there may be for a bootless love, I know not; except that Simus, he who was in love with the daughter of Epicalchus, went over seas, and came back heart-whole,—a man of my own age. And I too will cross the water, and prove not the first, maybe, nor the last, perhaps, but a fair soldier as times go.

Thyonichus. Would that things had gone to your mind, Aeschines. But if, in good earnest, you are thus set on going into exile, PTOLEMY is the free man's best paymaster!

Aeschines. And in other respects, what kind of man?

Thyonichus. The free man's best paymaster! Indulgent too, the Muses' darling, a true lover, the top of good company, knows his friends, and still better knows his enemies. A great giver to many, refuses nothing that he is asked which to give may beseem a king, but, Aeschines, we should not always be

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[1] Shaving in the bronze, and still more, of course, in the stone age, was an uncomfortable and difficult process. The backward and barbarous Thracians were therefore trimmed in the roughest way, like Aeschines, with his long gnawed moustache.

[2] The Megarians having inquired of the Delphic oracle as to their rank among Greek cities, were told that they were absolute last, and not in the reckoning at all.

asking. Thus, if you are minded to pin up the top corner of your cloak over the right shoulder, and if you have the heart to stand steady on both feet, and bide the brunt of a hardy targeteer, off instantly to Egypt! From the temples downward we all wax grey, and on to the chin creeps the rime of age, men must do somewhat while their knees are yet nimble.

IDYL XV

This famous idyl should rather, perhaps, be called a mimus. *It describes the visit paid by two Syracusan women residing in Alexandria, to the festival of the resurrection of Adonis. The festival is given by Arsinoë, wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the poem cannot have been written earlier than his marriage, in 266* B.C. [*?*] *Nothing can be more gay and natural than the chatter of the women, which has changed no more in two thousand years than the song of birds. Theocritus is believed to have had a model for this idyl in the* Isthmiazusae *of Sophron, an older poet. In the* Isthmiazusae *two ladies described the spectacle of the Isthmian games.*

Gorgo. Is Praxinoë at home?

Praxinoë. Dear Gorgo, how long it is since you have been here! She is at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last! Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it too.

Gorgo. It does most charmingly at it is.

Praxinoë. Do sit down.

Gorgo. Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live too far away!

Praxinoë. It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took—a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbours. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

Gorgo. Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear girl, before the little boy,—look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

Praxinoë. Our Lady![1] the child takes notice.

Gorgo. Nice papa!

Praxinoë. That papa of his the other day—we call every day 'the other day'—went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt—the great big endless fellow!

Gorgo. Mine has the same trick, too, a perfect spendthrift —Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings a piece for—what do you suppose?—dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash—trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy, the King, to see the Adonis; I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

Praxinoë. Fine folks do everything finely.

Gorgo. What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

Praxinoë. Idlers have always holiday. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first, and how she carries it! give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! Why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

Gorgo. Praxinoë, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

Praxinoë. Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money,—and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

Gorgo. Well, it is most successful; all you could wish.

Praxinoë. Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head, the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have

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[1] Our Lady, here, is Persephone. The ejaculation served for the old as well as for the new religion of Sicily.

you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia take the child, and keep him amused, call in the dog, and shut the street door.

[*They go into the street.*]

Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can measure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion—oh! the tricks those perfect rascals used to play. Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear Gorgo, what will become of us? Here come the King's war-horses! My dear man, don't trample on me. Look, the bay's rearing, see, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing it is for me that my brat stays safe at home.

Gorgo. Courage, Praxinoë. We are safe behind them, now, and they have gone to their station.

Praxinoë. There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along, the huge mob is overflowing us.

Gorgo (to an old Woman). Are you from the Court, mother?

Old Woman. I am, my child.

Praxinoë. Is it easy to get there?

Old Woman. The Achaeans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

Gorgo. The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

Praxinoë. Women know everything, yes, and how Zeus married Hera!

Gorgo. See Praxinoë, what a crowd there is about the doors.

Praxinoë. Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand, and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutychis; never lose hold of her, for fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome, Gorgo, my muslin veil is torn in two already! For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate, take care of my shawl!

Stranger. I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

Praxinoë. How close-packed the mob is, they hustle like a herd of swine.

Stranger. Courage, lady, all is well with us now.

Praxinoë. Both this year and for ever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed—come, wretched girl, push your way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he had shut himself in with his bride.

Gorgo. Do come here, Praxinoë. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

Praxinoë. Lady Athene what spinning women wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself—Adonis—how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis,—Adonis beloved even among the dead.

A Stranger. You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing talk! They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

Gorgo. Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we are chatterboxes! Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

Praxinoë. Lady Persephone, never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of your putting me on short commons.

Gorgo. Hush, hush, Praxinoë—the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the *Adonis*; she that won the prize last year for dirge-singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is preluding with her airs and graces.

The Psalm of Adonis

O Queen that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx, O Aphrodite, that playest with gold, lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis—even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed Hours. Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved Hours, but dear and desired they come, for always, to all mortals, they bring some gift with them. O Cypris, daughter of Diônê, from mortal to immortal, so men tell, thou hast changed Berenice, dropping softly in the woman's breast the stuff of immortality.

Therefore, for thy delight, O thou of many names and many temples, doth the daughter of Berenice, even Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, cherish Adonis with all things beautiful.

Before him lie all ripe fruits that the tall trees' branches bear, and the delicate gardens, arrayed in baskets of silver, and the golden vessels are full of incense of Syria. And all the dainty cakes that women fashion in the kneading-tray, mingling blossoms manifold with the white wheaten flour, all that is wrought of honey sweet, and in soft olive oil, all cakes fashioned in the semblance of things that fly, and of things that creep, lo, here they are set before him.

Here are built for him shadowy bowers of green, all laden with tender anise, and children flit overhead—the little Loves—as the young nightingales perched upon the trees fly forth and try their wings from bough to bough.

O the ebony, O the gold, O the twin eagles of white ivory that carry to Zeus the son of Cronos his darling, his cup-bearer! O the purple coverlet strewn above, more soft than sleep! So Miletus will say, and whoso feeds sheep in Samos.

Another bed is strewn for beautiful Adonis, one bed Cypris keeps, and one the rosy-armed Adonis. A bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years is he, his kisses are not rough, the golden down being yet upon his lips! And now, good-night to Cypris, in the arms of her lover! But lo, in the morning we will all of us gather with the dew, and carry him forth among the waves that break upon the beach, and with locks

unloosed, and ungirt raiment falling to the ankles, and bosoms bare will we begin our shrill sweet song.

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell, thou only of the demigods dost visit both this world and the stream of Acheron. For Agamemnon had no such lot, nor Aias, that mighty lord of the terrible anger, nor Hector, the eldest born of the twenty sons of Hecabe, nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus, that returned out of Troyland, nor the heroes of yet more ancient days, the Lapithae and Deucalion's sons, nor the sons of Pelops, and the chiefs of Pelasgian Argos. Be gracious now, dear Adonis, and propitious even in the coming year. Dear to us has thine advent been, Adonis, and dear shall it be when thou comest again.

Gorgo. Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman to know so much, thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocleides has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar,—don't venture near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, beloved Adonis, may you find us glad at your next coming!

IDYL XVI

In 265 B.C. *Sicily was devastated by the Carthaginians, and by the companies of disciplined free-lances who called themselves* Mamertines, *or* Mars's men. *The hopes of the Greek inhabitants of the island were centered in Hiero, son of Hierocles, who was about to besiege Messana (then held by the Carthaginians) and who had revived the courage of the Syracusans. To him Theocritus addressed this idyl, in which he complains of the sordid indifference of the rich, rehearses the merits of song, dilates on the true nature of wealth, and of the happy life, and finally expresses his hope that Hiero will rid the isle of the foreign foe, and will restore peace and pastoral joys. The idyl contains some allusions to Simonides, the old lyric poet, and to his relations with the famous Hiero tyrant of Syracuse.*

EVER is this the care of the maidens of Zeus, ever the care of minstrels, to sing the Immortals, to sing the praises of noble men. The Muses, lo, are Goddesses, of Gods the Goddesses

sing, but we on earth are mortal men; let us mortals sing of mortals. Ah, who of all them that dwell beneath the grey morning, will open his door and gladly receive our Graces within his house? who is there that will not send them back again without a gift? And they with looks askance, and naked feet come homewards, and sorely they upbraid me when they have gone on a vain journey, and listless again in the bottom of their empty coffer, they dwell with heads bowed over their chilly knees, where is their drear abode, when gainless they return.

Where is there such an one, among men to-day? Where is he that will befriend him that speaks his praises? I know not, for now no longer, as of old, are men eager to win the renown of noble deeds, nay, they are the slaves of gain! Each man clasps his hands below the purse-fold of his gown, and looks about to spy whence he may get him money: the very rust is too precious to be rubbed off for a gift. Nay, each has his ready saw; *the shin is further than the knee; first let me get my own! 'Tis the Gods' affair to honour minstrels! Homer is enough for every one, who wants to hear any other? He is the best of bards who takes nothing that is mine.*

O foolish men, in the store of gold uncounted, what gain have ye? Not in this do the wise find the true enjoyment of wealth, but in that they can indulge their own desires, and something bestow on one of the minstrels, and do good deeds to many of their kin, and to many another man; and always give altar-rites to the Gods, nor ever play the churlish host, but kindly entreat the guest at table, and speed him when he would be gone. And this, above all, to honour the holy interpreters of the Muses, that so thou mayest have a goodly fame, even when hidden in Hades, nor ever moan without renown by the chill water of Acheron, like one whose palms the spade has hardened, some landless man bewailing the poverty that is all his heritage.

Many were the thralls that in the palace of Antiochus, and of king Aleuas drew out their monthly dole, many the calves that were driven to the pens of the Scopiadae, and lowed with the horned kine: countless on the Crannonian plain did shepherds pasture beneath the sky the choicest sheep of the hospitable

Creondae, yet from all this they had no joy, when once into the wide raft of hateful Acheron they had breathed sweet life away! Yea, unremembered (though they had left all that rich store), for ages long would they have lain among the dead forlorn, if a name among later men the skilled Ceian minstrel had spared to bestow, singing his bright songs to a harp of many strings. Honour too was won by the swift steeds that came home to them crowned from the sacred contests.

And who would ever have known the Lycian champions of time past, who Priam's long-haired sons, and Cycnus, white of skin as a maiden, if minstrels had not chanted of the war cries of the old heroes? Nor would Odysseus have won his lasting glory, for all his ten years' wandering among all folks; and despite the visit he paid, he a living man, to inmost Hades, and for all his escape from the murderous Cyclops's cave,—unheard too were the names of the swineherd Eumaeus, and of Philoetius, busy with the kine of the herds; yea, and even of Laertes, high of heart; if the songs of the Ionian man had not kept them in renown.

From the Muses comes a goodly report to men, but the living heirs devour the possessions of the dead. But, lo, it is as light labour to count the waves upon the beach, as many as wind and grey sea-tide roll upon the shore, or in violet-hued water to cleanse away the stain from a potsherd, as to win favour from a man that is smitten with the greed of gain. Good-day to such an one, and countless be his coin, and ever may he be possessed by a longing desire for more! But I for my part would choose honour and the loving-kindness of men, far before wealth in mules and horses.

I am seeking to what mortal I may come, a welcome guest, with the help of the Muses, for hard indeed do minstrels find the ways, who go uncompanioned by the daughters of deep-counselling Zeus. Not yet is the heaven aweary of rolling the months onwards, and the years, and many a horse shall yet whirl the chariot wheels, and the man shall yet be found, who will take me for his minstrel; a man of deeds like those that great Achilles wrought, or puissant Aias, in the plain of Simois, where is the tomb of Phrygian Ilus.

Even now the Phoenicians that dwell beneath the setting

sun on the spur of Libya, shudder for dread, even now the Syracusans poise lances in rest, and their arms are burdened by the linden shields. Among them Hiero, like the mighty men of old, girds himself for fight, and the horse-hair crest is shadowing his helmet. Ah, Zeus, our father renowned, and ah, lady Athene, and O thou Maiden that with the Mother dost possess the great burg of the rich Ephyreans, by the water of Lusimeleia,[1] would that dire necessity may drive our foemen from the isle, along the Sardinian wave, to tell the doom of their friends to children and to wives—messengers easy to number out of so many warriors! But as for our cities may they again be held by their ancient masters,—all the cities that hostile hands have utterly spoiled. May our people till the flowering fields, and may thousands of sheep unnumbered fatten 'mid the herbage, and bleat along the plain, while the kine as they come in droves to the stalls warn the belated traveller to hasten on his way. May the fallows be broken for the seed-time, while the cicala, watching the shepherds as they toil in the sun, in the shade of the trees doth sing on the top-most sprays. May spiders weave their delicate webs over martial gear, may none any more so much as name the cry of onset!

But the fame of Hiero may minstrels bear aloft, across the Scythian sea, and where Semiramis reigned, that built the mighty wall, and made it fast with slime for mortar. I am but one of many that are loved by the daughters of Zeus, and they all are fain to sing of Sicilian Arethusa, with the people of the isle, and the warrior, Hiero. O Graces, ye Goddesses, adored of Eteocles, ye that love Orchomenos of the Minyae, the ancient enemy of Thebes, when no man bids me, let me abide at home, but to the houses of such as bid me, boldly let me come with my Muses. Nay, neither the Muses nor you Graces will I leave behind, for without the Graces what have men that is desirable? with the Graces of song may I dwell for ever!

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[1] *I.e.* Syracuse, a colony of the Ephyraeans or Corinthians. The Maiden is Persephone, the Mother Demeter.

IDYL XVII

The poet praises Ptolemy Philadelphus in a strain of almost religious adoration. Hauler, in his Life of Theocritus, dates the poem about 259 B.C., *but it may have been many years earlier.*

From Zeus let us begin, and with Zeus make end, ye Muses, whensoever we chant in songs the chiefest of immortals! But of men, again, let Ptolemy be named, among the foremost, and last, and in the midmost place, for of men he hath the pre-eminence. The heroes that in old days were begotten of the demigods, wrought noble deeds, and chanced on minstrels skilled, but I, with what skill I have in song, would fain make my hymn of Ptolemy, and hymns are the glorious meed, yea, of the very immortals.

When the feller hath come up to wooded Ida, he glances around, so many are the trees, to see whence he should begin his labour. Where first shall I begin the tale, for there are countless things ready for the telling, wherewith the Gods have graced the most excellent of kings?

Even by virtue of his sires, how mighty was he to accomplish some great work,—Ptolemy son of Lagus,—when he had stored in his mind such a design, as no other man was able even to devise! Him hath the Father stablished in the same honour as the blessed immortals, and for him a golden mansion in the house of Zeus is builded; beside him is throned Alexander, that dearly loves him, Alexander, a grievous god to the white-turbaned Persians.

And over against them is set the throne of Heracles, the slayer of the Bull, wrought of stubborn adamant. There holds he festival with the rest of the heavenly host, rejoicing exceedingly in his far-off children's children, for that the son of Cronos hath taken old age clean away from their limbs, and they are called immortals, being his offspring. For the strong son of Heracles is ancestor of the twain, and both are reckoned to Heracles, on the utmost of the lineage.

Therefore when he hath now had his fill of fragrant nectar, and is going from the feast to the bower of his bed-

fellow dear, to one of his children he gives his bow, and the quiver that swings beneath his elbow, to the other his knotted mace of iron. Then they to the ambrosial bower of white-ankled Hera, convey the weapons and the bearded son of Zeus.

Again, how shone renowned Berenice among the wise of womankind, how great a boon was she to them that begat her! Yea, in her fragrant breast did the Lady of Cyprus, the queenly daughter of Dione, lay her slender hands, wherefore they say that never any woman brought man such delight as came from the love borne to his wife by Ptolemy. And verily he was loved again with far greater love, and in such a wedlock a man may well trust all his house to his children, whensoever he goes to the bed of one that loves him as he loves her. But the mind of a woman that loves not is set ever on a stranger, and she hath children at her desire, but they are never like the father.

O thou that amongst the Goddesses hast the prize of beauty, O Lady Aphrodite, thy care was she, and by thy favour the lovely Berenice crossed not Acheron, the river of mourning, but thou didst catch her away, ere she came to the dark water, and to the still-detested ferryman of souls outworn, and in thy temple didst thou instal her, and gavest her a share of thy worship. Kindly is she to all mortals, and she breathes into them soft desires, and she lightens the cares of him that is in longing.

O dark-browed lady of Argos,[1] in wedlock with Tydeus didst thou bear slaying Diomede, a hero of Calydon, and, again, deep-bosomed Thetis to Peleus, son of Aeacus, bare the spearman Achilles. But thee, O warrior Ptolemy, to Ptolemy the warrior bare the glorious Berenice! And Cos did foster thee, when thou wert still a child new-born, and received thee at thy mother's hand, when thou saw'st thy first dawning. For there she called aloud on Eilithyia, loosener of the girdle; she called, the daughter of Antigone, when heavy on her came the pangs of childbirth. And Eilithyia was present to help her, and so poured over all her limbs release from pain. Then the beloved child was born, his father's very

[1] Deipyle, daughter of Adrastus.

counterpart. And Cos brake forth into a cry, when she beheld it, and touching the child with kind hands, she said:

'Blessed, O child, mayst thou be, and me mayst thou honour even as Phoebus Apollo honours Delos of the azure crown, yea, stablish in the same renown the Triopean hill, and allot such glory to the Dorians dwelling nigh, as that wherewithal Prince Apollo favours Rhenaea.'

Lo, thus spake the Isle, but far aloft under the clouds a great eagle screamed thrice aloud, the ominous bird of Zeus. This sign, methinks, was of Zeus; Zeus, the son of Cronos, in his care hath awful kings, but he is above all, whom Zeus loved from the first, even from his birth. Great fortune goes with him, and much land he rules, and wide sea.

Countless are the lands, and tribes of men innumerable win increase of the soil that waxeth under the rain of Zeus, but no land brings forth so much as low-lying Egypt, when Nile wells up and breaks the sodden soil. Nor is there any land that hath so many towns of men skilled in handiwork; therein are three centuries of cities builded, and thousands three, and to these three myriads, the cities twice three, and beside these, three times nine, and over them all high-hearted Ptolemy is king.

Yea, and he taketh him a portion of Phoenicia, and of Arabia, and of Syria, and of Libya, and the black Aethiopians. And he is lord of all the Pamphylians, and the Cilician warriors, and the Lycians, and the Carians, that joy in battle, and lord of the isles of the Cyclades,—since his are the best of ships that sail over the deep,—yea, all the sea, and land and the sounding rivers are ruled by Ptolemy. Many are his horsemen, and many his targeteers that go clanging in harness of shining bronze. And in weight of wealth he surpasses all kings; such treasure comes day by day from every side to his rich palace, while the people are busy about their labours in peace. For never hath a foeman marched up the bank of teaming Nile, and raised the cry of war in villages not his own, nor hath any cuirassed enemy leaped ashore from his swift ship, to harry the kine of Egypt. So mighty a hero hath his throne established in the broad plains, even Ptolemy of the fair hair, a spearman skilled, whose care is above all,

as a good king, should be, to keep all the heritage of his fathers, and yet more he himeslf doth win. Nay, nor useless in *his* wealthy house, is the gold, like piled stores of the still toilsome ants, but the glorious temples of the gods have their rich share, for constant first-fruits he renders, with many another due, and much is lavished on mighty kings, much on cities, much on faithful friends. And never to the sacred contests of Dionysus comes any man that is skilled to raise the shrill sweet song, but Ptolemy gives him a guerdon worthy of his art. And the interpreters of the Muses sing of Ptolemy, in return for his favours. Nay, what fairer thing might befall a wealthy man, than to win a goodly renown among mortals?

This abides even by the sons of Atreus, but all those countless treasures that they won, when they took the mighty house of Priam, are hidden away in the midst, whence there is no returning.

Ptolemy alone presses his own feet in the footmarks, yet glowing in the dust, of his fathers that were before him. To his mother dear, and his father he hath stablished fragrant temples; therein has he set their images, splendid with gold and ivory, to succour all earthly men. And many fat thighs of kine doth he burn on the empurpled altars, as the months roll by, he and his stately wife; no nobler lady did ever embrace a bridegroom in the halls, who loves, with her whole heart, her brother, her lord. On this wise was the holy bridal of the Immortals, too, accomplished, even of the pair that great Rhea bore, the rulers of Olympus; and one bed for the slumber of Zeus and of Hera doth Iris strew, with myrrh-anointed hands, the virgin Iris.

Prince Ptolemy, farewell, and of thee will I make mention, even as of the other demi-gods; and a word methinks I will utter not to be rejected of men yet unborn,—excellence, howbeit, thou shalt gain from Zeus.

IDYL XVIII

This epithalamium may have been written for the wedding of a friend of the poet's. The idea is said to have been borrowed from an old poem by Stesichorus. The epithalamium was chanted at night by a chorus of girls, outside the bridal chamber. Compare the conclusion of the hymn of Adonis, in the fifteenth Idyl.

In Sparta, once, to the house of fair-haired Menelaus, came maidens with the blooming hyacinth in their hair, and before the new painted chamber arrayed their dance,—twelve maidens, the first in the city, the glory of Laconian girls,—what time the younger Atrides had wooed and won Helen, and closed the door of the bridal-bower on the beloved daughter of Tyndarus. Then sang they all in harmony, beating time with woven paces, and the house rang round with the bridal song.

The Chorus

Thus early art thou sleeping, dear bridegroom, say are thy limbs heavy with slumber, or art thou all too fond of sleep, or hadst thou perchance drunken over well, ere thou didst fling thee to thy rest? Thou shouldst have slept betimes, and alone, if thou wert so fain of sleep; thou shouldst have left the maiden with maidens beside her mother dear, to play till deep in the dawn, for to-morrow, and next day, and for all the years, Menelaus, she is thy bride.

O happy bridegroom, some good spirit sneezed out on thee a blessing, as thou wert approaching Sparta whither went the other princes, that so thou mightst win thy desire! Alone among the demigods shalt thou have Zeus for father! Yea, and the daughter of Zeus has come beneath one coverlet with thee, so fair a lady, peerless among all Achaean women that walk the earth. Surely a wondrous child would she bear thee, if she bore one like the mother!

For lo, we maidens are all of like age with her, and one course we were wont to run, anointed in manly fashion, by the baths of Eurotas. Four times sixty girls were we, the

maiden flower of the land, but of us all not one was faultless, when matched with Helen.

As the rising Dawn shows forth her fairer face than thine, O Night, or as the bright Spring, when Winter relaxes his hold, even so amongst us still she shone, the golden Helen. Even as the crops spring up, the glory of the rich plough land; or, as is the cypress in the garden; or, in a chariot, a horse of Thessalian breed, even so is rose-red Helen the glory of Lacedaemon. No other in her basket of wool winds forth such goodly work, and none cuts out, from between the mighty beams, a closer warp than that her shuttle weaves in the carven loom. Yea, and of a truth none other smites the lyre, hymning Artemis and broad-breasted Athene, with such skill as Helen, within whose eyes dwell all the Loves.

O fair, O gracious damsel, even now art thou a wedded wife; but we will go forth right early to the course we ran, and to the grassy meadows to gather sweet-breathing coronals of flowers, thinking often upon thee, Helen, even as youngling lambs that miss the teats of the mother-ewe. For thee first will we twine a wreath of lotus flowers that lowly grow, and hang it on a shadowy plane tree, for thee first will we take soft oil from the silver phial, and drop it beneath a shadowy plane tree, and letters will we grave on the bark, in Dorian wise, so that the wayfarer may read:

WORSHIP ME, I AM THE TREE OF HELEN.

Good night, thou bride, good night, thou groom that hast won a mighty sire! May Leto, Leto, the nurse of noble offspring, give you the blessing of children: and may Cypris, divine Cypris, grant you equal love, to cherish each the other; and may Zeus, even Zeus the son of Cronos, give you wealth imperishable, to be handed down from generation to generation of the princes.

Sleep ye, breathing love and desire each in the other's breast, but forget not to wake in the dawning, and at dawn we too will come, when the earliest cock shrills from his perch, and raises his feathered neck.

Hymen, O Hymenae, rejoice thou in this bridal.

IDYL XIX

This little piece is but doubtfully ascribed to Theocritus. The motif *is that of a well-known Anacreontic Ode* [xl.] *The idyl has been translated by Ronsard.*[1]

THE thievish Love,—a cruel bee once stung him, as he was rifling honey from the hives, and pricked his finger-tips all; then he was in pain, and blew upon his hand, and leaped, and stamped the ground. And then he showed his hurt to Aphrodite, and made much complaint, how that the bee is a tiny creature, and yet what wounds it deals! And his mother laughed out, and said, 'Art thou not even such a creature as the bees, for tiny art thou, but what wounds thou dealest!'

[1] In one of the fixed forms of verse. Following his example, the editor here presents a translation in a rondeau.

LOVE AND THE BEE

The little Love with thievish glee
Was pilfering honey, when a bee,
  Molested by his plundering,
  Stabbed all his fingers with her sting,—
And, oh, it hurt him cruelly!

He leaped, stamped, blew his fingers, *whee!*
And ran in tearful agony
  To get his mother's comforting,—
    The little Love:

"O mother, how it twinges me!
And yet the beastie was so wee!"
  Then Cypris smiled in solacing:
  "Art thou not such a tiny thing?
And yet thy wounds, how sore to see,
    My little Love!"

IDYL XX

A herdsman, who had been contemptuously rejected by Eunica, a girl of the town, protests that he is beautiful, and that Eunica is prouder than Cybele, Selene, and Aphrodite, all of whom loved mortal herdsmen. For grammatical and other reasons, some critics consider this idyl apochryphal.

EUNICA laughed out at me when sweetly I would have kissed her, and taunting me, thus she spoke: 'Get thee gone from me! Wouldst thou kiss me, wretch; thou—a neat-herd? I never learned to kiss in country fashion, but to press lips with city gentlefolks. Never hope to kiss my lovely mouth, nay, not even in a dream. How thou dost look, what chatter is thine, how countrified thy tricks are, how delicate thy talk, how easy thy tattle! And then thy beard—so soft! thy elegant hair! Why, thy lips are like some sick man's thy hands are black, and thou art of evil savour. Away with thee, lest thy presence soil me!' These taunts she mouthed, and thrice spat in the breast of her gown, and stared at me all over from head to feet; shooting out her lips, and glancing with half-shut eyes, writhing her beautiful body, and so sneered, and laughed me to scorn. And instantly my blood boiled, and I grew red under the sting, as a rose with dew. And she went off and left me, but I bear angry pride deep in my heart, that I, the handsome shepherd, should have been mocked by a wretched light-o'-love.

Shepherds, tell me the very truth; am I not beautiful? Has some God changed me suddenly to another man? Surely a sweet grace ever blossomed round me, till this hour, like ivy round a tree, and covered my chin, and about my temples fell my locks, like curling parsley-leaves, and white shone my forehead above my dark eyebrows. Mine eyes were brighter far than the glance of the grey-eyed Athene, my mouth than even pressed milk was sweeter, and from my lips my voice flowed sweeter than honey from the honeycomb. Sweet too, is my music, whether I make melody on pipe, or discourse on the flute, or reed, or flageolet. And all the

mountain-maidens call me beautiful, and they would kiss me, all of them. But the city girl did not kiss me, but ran past me, because I am a neatherd, and she never heard how fair Dionysus in the dells doth drive the calves, and knows not that Cypris was wild with love for a herdsman, and drove afield in the mountains of Phrygia; ay, and Adonis himself,—in the oakwood she kissed, in the oakwood she bewailed him. And what was Endymion? was he not a neatherd? whom nevertheless as he watched his herds Selene saw and loved, and from Olympus descending she came to the Latmian glade, and lay in one couch with the boy; and thou, Rhea, dost weep for thy herdsman.

And didst not thou, too, Son of Cronos, take the shape of a wandering bird, and all for a cowherd boy?

But Eunica alone would not kiss the herdsman; Eunica, she that is greater than Cybele, and Cypris, and Selene!

Well, Cypris, never mayst thou, in city or on hillside, kiss thy darling, and lonely all the long night mayst thou sleep!

IDYL XXI

After some verses addressed to Diophantus, a friend about whom nothing is known, the poet describes the toilsome life of two old fishermen. One of them has dreamed of catching a golden fish, and has sworn, in his dream, never again to tempt the sea. The other reminds him that his oath is as empty as his vision, and that he must angle for common fish, if he would not starve among his golden dreams. The idyl is, unfortunately, corrupt beyond hope of certain correction.

'Tis Poverty alone, Diophantus, that awakens the arts; Poverty, the very teacher of labour. Nay, not even sleep is permitted, by weary cares, to men that live by toil, and if, for a little while, one close his eyes in the night, cares throng about him, and suddenly disquiet his slumber.

Two fishers, on a time, two old men, together lay and slept; they had strown the dry sea-moss for a bed in their wattled cabin, and there they lay against the leafy wall. Beside them were strewn the instruments of their toilsome hands,

the fishing-creels, the rods of reed, the hooks, the sails bedraggled with sea spoil, the lines, the weels, the lobster pots woven of rushes, the seines, two oars, and an old coble upon props. Beneath their heads was a scanty matting, their clothes, their sailor's caps. Here was all their toil, here all their wealth. The threshold had never a door, nor a watch-dog; all things, all, to them seemed superfluity, for Poverty was their sentinel. They had no neighbour by them, but ever against their narrow cabin gently floated up the sea.

The chariot of the moon had not yet reached the mid-point of her course, but their familiar toil awakened the fishermen; from their eyelids they cast out slumber, and roused their souls with speech.

Asphalion. They lie all, my friend, who say that the nights wane short in summer, when Zeus brings the long days. Already have I seen ten thousand dreams, and the dawn is not yet. Am I wrong, what ails them, the nights are surely long?

The Friend. Asphalion, thou blamest the beautiful summer! It is not that the season hath wilfully passed his natural course, but care, breaking thy sleep, makes night seem long to thee.

Asphalion. Didst ever learn to interpret dreams? for good dreams have I beheld. I would not have thee to go without thy share in my vision; even as we go shares in the fish we catch, so share all my dreams! Sure, thou art not to be surpassed in wisdom; and he is the best interpreter of dreams that hath wisdom for his teacher. Moreover, we have time to idle in, for what could a man find to do, lying on a leafy bed beside the wave and slumbering not? Nay, the ass is among the thorns, the lantern in the town hall, for, they say, it is always sleepless.[1]

The Friend. Tell me, then, the vision of the night; nay, tell all to thy friend.

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[1] These lines seem to contain two popular saws, of which it is difficult to guess the meaning. The first saw appears to express helplessness; the second, to hint that such comforts as lamps lit all night long exist in towns, but are out of the reach of poor fishermen.

Asphalion. As I was sleeping late, amid the labours of the salt sea (and truly not too fullfed, for we supped early if thou dost remember, and did not overtax our bellies), I saw myself busy on a rock, and there I sat and watched the fishes, and kept spinning the bait with the rods. And one of the fish nibbled, a fat one, for in sleep dogs dream of bread, and of fish dream I. Well, he was tightly hooked, and the blood was running, and the rod I grasped was bent with his struggle. So with both hands I strained, and had a sore tussle for the monster. How was I ever to land so big a fish with hooks all too slim. Then just to remind him he was hooked, I gently pricked him, pricked, and slackened, and, as he did not run, I took in line. My toil was ended with the sight of my prize; I drew up a golden fish, lo you, a fish all plated thick with gold! Then fear took hold of me, lest he might be some fish beloved by Posidon, or perchance some jewel of the sea-grey Amphitrite. Gently I unhooked him, lest ever the hooks should retain some of the gold of his mouth. Then I dragged him on shore with the ropes, and swore that never again would I set foot on sea, but abide on land, and lord it over the gold.

This was even what wakened me, but, for the rest, set thy mind to it, my friend, for I am in dismay about the oath I swore.

This was even what wakened me, but, for the rest, set thou hast found the golden fish of thy vision; dreams are but lies. But if thou wilt search these waters, wide awake, and not asleep, there is some hope in thy slumbers; seek the fish of flesh, lest thou die of famine with all thy dreams of gold!

IDYL XXII

THE DIOSCURI

This is a hymn, in the Homeric manner, to Castor and Polydeuces. Compare the life and truth of the descriptions of nature, and of the boxing-match, with the frigid manner of Apollonius Rhodius.

We hymn the children twin of Leda, and of aegis-bearing Zeus,—Castor, and Pollux, the boxer dread, when he hath harnessed his knuckles in thongs of ox-hide. Twice hymn we, and thrice the stalwart sons of the daughter of Thestias, the two brethren of Lacedaemon. Succourers are they of men in the very thick of peril, and of horses maddened in the bloody press of battle, and of ships that, defying the stars that set and rise in heaven, have encountered the perilous breath of storms. The winds raise huge billows about their stern, yea, or from the prow, or even as each wind wills, and cast them into the hold of the ship, and shatter both bulwarks, while with the sail hangs all the gear confused and broken, and the storm-rain falls from heaven as night creeps on, and the wide sea rings, being lashed by the gusts, and by showers of iron hail.

Yet even so do ye draw forth the ships from the abyss, with their sailors that looked immediately to die; and instantly the winds are still, and there is an oily calm along the sea, and the clouds flee apart, this way and that, also the Bears appear, and in the midst, dimly seen, the Asses' manger, declaring that all is smooth for sailing.

O ye twain that aid all mortals, O beloved pair, ye knights, ye harpers, ye wrestlers, ye minstrels, of Castor, or of Polydeuces first shall I begin to sing? Of both of you will I make my hymn, but first will I sing of Polydeuces.

Even already had Argo fled forth from the Clashing Rocks, and the dread jaws of snowy Pontus, and was come to the land of the Bebryces, with her crew, dear children of the gods. There all the heroes disembarked, down one ladder, from both sides of the ship of Iason. When they had landed on the deep seashore and a sea-bank sheltered from the wind,

they strewed their beds, and their hands were busy with firewood.

Then Castor of the swift steeds, and swart Polydeuces, these twain went wandering alone, apart from their fellows, and marvelling at all the various wildwood on the mountain. Beneath a smooth cliff they found an everflowing spring filled with the purest water, and the pebbles below shone like crystal or silver from the deep. Tall fir trees grew thereby, and white poplars, and planes, and cypresses with their lofty tufts of leaves, and there bloomed all fragrant flowers that fill the meadows when early summer is waning—dear work-steads of the hairy bees. But there a monstrous man was sitting in the sun, terrible of aspect; the bruisers' hard fists had crushed his ears, and his mighty breast and his broad back were domed with iron flesh, like some huge statue of hammered iron. The muscles on his brawny arms, close by the shoulder, stood out like rounded rocks, that the winter torrent has rolled, and worn smooth, in the great swirling stream, but about his back and neck was draped a lion's skin, hung by the claws. Him first accosted the champion, Polydeuces.

Polydeuces. Good luck to thee, stranger, whosoe'er thou art! What men are they that possess this land?

Amycus. What sort of luck, when I see men that I never saw before?

Polydeuces. Fear not! Be sure that those thou look'st on are neither evil, nor the children of evil men.

Amycus. No fear have I, and it is not for thee to teach me that lesson.

Polydeuces. Art thou a savage, resenting all address, or some vainglorious man?

Amycus. I am that thou see'st, and on thy land, at least, I trespass not.

Polydeuces. Come, and with kindly gifts return homeward again!

Amycus. Gift me no gifts, none such have I ready for thee.

Polydeuces. Nay, wilt thou not even grant us leave to taste this spring?

Amycus. That shalt thou learn when thirst has parched thy shrivelled lips.

Polydeuces. Will silver buy the boon, or with what price, prithee, may we gain thy leave?

Amycus. Put up thy hands and stand in single combat, man to man.

Polydeuces. A boxing-match, or is kicking fair, when we meet eye to eye?

Amycus. Do thy best with thy fists and spare not thy skill!

Polydeuces. And who is the man on whom I am to lay my hands and gloves?

Amycus. Thou see'st him close enough, the boxer will not prove a maiden!

Polydeuces. And is the prize ready, for which we two must fight?

Amycus. Thy man shall I be called (shouldst thou win), or thou mine, if I be victor.

Polydeuces. On such terms fight the red-crested birds of the game.

Amycus. Well, be we like birds or lions, we shall fight for no other stake.

So Amycus spoke, and seized and blew his hollow shell, and speedily the long-haired Bebryces gathered beneath the shadowy planes, at the blowing of the shell. And in likewise did Castor, eminent in war, go forth and summon all the heroes from the Magnesian ship. And the champions, when they had strenghened their fists with the stout ox-skin gloves, and bound long leathern thongs about their arms, stepped into the ring, breathing slaughter against each other. Then had they much ado, in that assault,—which should have the sun's light at his back. But by thy skill, Polydeuces, thou didst outwit the giant, and the sun's rays fell full on the face of Amycus. Then came he eagerly on in great wrath and heat, making play with his fists, but the son of Tyndarus smote him on the chin as he charged, maddening him even more, and the giant confused the fighting, laying on with all his weight, and going in with his head down. The Bebryces cheered their man, and on the other side the heroes still encouraged stout Polydeuces, for they feared lest the giant's weight, a match for Tityus, might crush their champion in the narrow lists. But the son of Zeus stood to him, shifting his ground again

and again, and kept smiting him, right and left, and somewhat checked the rush of the son of Posidon, for all his monstrous strength. Then he stood reeling like a drunken man under the blows, and spat out the red blood, while all the heroes together raised a cheer, as they marked the woful bruises about his mouth and jaws, and how, as his face swelled up, his eyes were half closed. Next, the prince teased him, feinting on every side but seeing now that the giant was all abroad, he planted his fist just above the middle of the nose, beneath the eyebrows, and skinned all the brow to the bone. Thus smitten, Amycus lay stretched on his back, among the flowers and grasses. There was fierce fighting when he arose again, and they bruised each other well, laying on with the hard weighted gloves; but the champion of the Bebryces was always playing on the chest, and outside the neck, while unconquered Polydeuces kept smashing his foeman's face with ugly blows. The giant's flesh was melting away in his sweat, till from a huge mass he soon became small enough, but the limbs of the other waxed always stronger, and his colour better, as he warmed to his work.

How then, at last, did the son of Zeus lay low the glutton? say goddess, for thou knowest, but I, who am but the interpreter of others, will speak all that thou wilt, and in such wise as pleases thee.

Now behold the giant was keen to do some great feat, so with his left hand he grasped the left of Polydeuces, stooping slantwise from his onset, while with his other hand he made his effort, and drove a huge fist up from his right haunch. Had his blow come home, he would have harmed the King of Amyclae, but he slipped his head out of the way, and then with his strong hand struck Amycus on the left temple, putting his shoulder into the blow. Quick gushed the black blood from the gaping temple, while Polydeuces smote the giant's mouth with his left, and the close-set teeth rattled. And still he punished his face with quick-repeated blows, till the cheeks were fairly pounded. Then Amycus lay stretched all on the ground, fainting, and held out both his hands, to show that he declined the fight, for he was near to death.

There then, despite thy victory, didst thou work him no

insensate wrong, O boxer Polydeuces, but to thee he swore a mighty oath, calling his sire Posidon from the deep, that assuredly never again would he be violent to strangers.

Thee have I hymned, my prince; but thee now, Castor, will I sing, O son of Tyndarus, O lord of the swift steeds, O wielder of the spear, thou that wearest the corselet of bronze.

Now these twain, the sons of Zeus, had seized and were bearing away the two daughters of Lycippus, and eagerly in sooth these two other brethren were pursuing them, the sons of Aphareus, even they that should soon have been the bridegrooms,—Lynceus and mighty Idas. But when they were come to the tomb of the dead Aphareus, then forth from their chariots they all sprang together, and set upon each other, under the weight of their spears and hollow shields. But Lynceus again spake, and shouted loud from under his vizor:—

'Sirs, wherefore desire ye battle, and how are ye thus violent to win the brides of others with naked swords in your hands. To us, behold, did Leucippus betroth these his daughters long before; to us this bridal is by oath confirmed. And ye did not well, in that to win the wives of others ye perverted him with gifts of oxen, and mules, and other wealth, and so won wedlock by bribes. Lo many a time, in face of both of you, I have spoken thus, I that am not a man of many words, saying,—"Not thus, dear friends, does it become heroes to woo their wives, wives that already have bridegrooms betrothed. Lo Sparta is wide, and wide is Elis, a land of chariots and horses, and Arcadia rich in sheep, and there are the citadels of the Achaeans, and Messenia, and Argos, and all the sea-coast of Sisyphus. There be maidens by their parents nurtured, maidens countless, that lack not aught in wisdom or in comeliness. Of these ye may easily win such as ye will, for many are willing to be the fathers-in-law of noble youths, and ye are the very choice of heroes all, as your fathers were, and all your father's kin, and all your blood from of old. But, friends, let this our bridal find its due conclusion, and for you let all of us seek out another marriage."

'Many such words I would speak, but the wind's breath bare them away to the wet wave of the sea, and no favour followed with my words. For ye twain are hard and ruthless,—

nay, but even now do ye listen, for ye are our cousins, and kin by the father's side. But if your heart yet lusts for war, and with blood we must break up the kindred strife, and end the feud, then Idas and his cousin, mighty Polydeuces, shall hold their hands and abstain from battle, but let us twain, Castor and I, the younger born, try the ordeal of war! Let us not leave the heaviest of grief to our fathers! Enough is one slain man from a house, but the others will make festival for all their friends, and will be bridegrooms, not slain men, and will wed these maidens. Lo, it is fitting with light loss to end a great dispute.'

So he spake, and these words the gods were not to make vain. For the elder pair laid down their harness from their shoulders on the ground, but Lynceus stepped into the midst, swaying his mighty spear beneath the outer rim of his shield, and even so did Castor sway his spear-points, and the plumes were nodding above the crests of each. With the sharp spears long they laboured and tilted at each other, if perchance they might anywhere spy a part of the flesh unarmed. But ere either was wounded the spear-points were broken, fast stuck in the linden shields. Then both drew their swords from the sheaths, and again devised each the other's slaying, and there was no truce in the fight. Many a time did Castor smite on broad shield and horse-hair crest, and many a time the keen-sighted Lynceus smote upon his shield, and his blade just shore the scarlet plume. Then, as he aimed the sharp sword at the left knee, Castor drew back with his left foot, and hacked the fingers off the hand of Lynceus. Then he being smitten cast away his sword, and turned swiftly to flee to the tomb of his father, where mighty Idas lay, and watched this strife of kinsmen. But the son of Tyndarus sped after him, and drove the broad sword through bowels and navel, and instantly the bronze cleft all in twain, and Lynceus bowed, and on his face he lay fallen on the ground, and forthwith heavy sleep rushed down upon his eyelids.

Nay, nor that other of her children did Laocoosa see, by the hearth of his fathers, after he had fulfilled a happy marriage. For lo, Messenian Idas did swiftly break away the standing stone from the tomb of his father Aphareus, and

now he would have smitten the slayer of his brother, but Zeus defended him and drave the polished stone from the hands of Idas, and utterly consumed him with a flaming thunderbolt.

Thus it is no light labour to war with the sons of Tyndarus, for a mighty pair are they, and mighty is he that begat them.

Farewell, ye children of Leda, and all goodly renown send ye ever to our singing. Dear are all minstrels to the sons of Tyndarus, and to Helen, and to the other heroes that sacked Troy in aid of Menelaus.

For you, O princes, the bard of Chios wrougth renown, when he sang the city of Priam, and the ships of the Achaeans, and the Ilian war, and Achilles, a tower of battle. And to you, in my turn, the charms of the clear-voiced Muses, even all that they can give, and all that my house has in store, these do I bring. The fairest meed of the gods is song.

IDYL XXIII

THE VENGEANCE OF LOVE

A lover hangs himself at the gate of his obdurate darling who, in turn, is slain by a statue of Love.

This poem is not attributed with much certainty to Theocritus, and is found in but a small proportion of manuscripts.

A LOVE-SICK youth pined for an unkind love, beautiful in form, but fair no more in mood. The beloved hated the lover, and had for him no gentleness at all, and knew not Love, how mighty a God is he, and what a bow his hands do wield, and what bitter arrows he dealeth at the young. Yea, in all things ever, in speech and in all approaches, was the beloved unyielding. Never was there any assuagement of Love's fires, never was there a smile of the lips, nor a bright glance of the eyes, never a blushing cheek, nor a word, nor a kiss that lightens the burden of desire. Nay, as a beast of the wild wood hath the hunters in watchful dread, even so did the beloved in all things regard the man, with angered lips, and eyes that had the dreadful glance of fate, and the whole face was answerable to this wrath, the colour fled from it, sicklied o'er with wrath-

ful pride. Yet even thus was the loved one beautiful, and the lover was the more moved by this haughtiness. At length he could no more endure so fierce a flame of the Cytherean, but drew near and wept by the hateful dwelling, and kissed the lintel of the door, and thus he lifted up his voice:

'O cruel child, and hateful, thou nursling of some fierce lioness, O child all of stone, unworthy of love; I have come with these my latest gifts to thee, even this halter of mine; for, child, I would no longer anger thee and work thee pain. Nay, I am going where thou hast condemned me to fare, where, as men say, is the path, and there the common remedy of lovers, the River of Forgetfulness. Nay, but were I to take and drain with my lips all the waters thereof, not even so shall I quench my yearning desire. And now I bid my farewell to these gates of thine.

'Behold I know the thing that is to be.

'Yea, the rose is beautiful, and Time he withers it; and fair is the violet in spring, and swiftly it waxes old; white is the lily, it fadeth when it falleth; and snow is white, and melteth after it hath been frozen. And the beauty of youth is fair, but lives only for a little season.

'That time will come when thou too shalt love, when thy heart shall burn, and thou shalt weep salt tears.

'But, child, do me even this last favour; when thou comest forth, and see'st me hanging in thy gateway,—pass me not careless by, thy hapless lover, but stand, and weep a little while; and when thou hast made this libation of thy tears, then loose me from the rope, and cast over me some garment from thine own limbs, and so cover me from sight; but first kiss me for that latest time of all, and grant the dead this grace of thy lips.

'Fear me not, I cannot live again, no, not though thou shouldst be reconciled to me, and kiss me. A tomb for me do thou hollow, to be the hiding-place of my love, and if thou departest, cry thrice above me,—

O friend, thou liest low!

And if thou wilt, add this also,—

Alas, my true friend is dead!

'And this legend do thou write, that I will scratch on thy walls,—

This man Love slew! Wayfarer, pass not heedless by,
But stand, and say, "he had a cruel darling."'

Therewith he seized a stone, and laid it against the wall, as high as the middle of the doorposts, a dreadful stone, and from the lintel he fastened the slender halter, and cast the noose about his neck, and kicked away the support from under his foot, and there was he hanged dead.

But the beloved opened the door, and saw the dead man hanging there in the court, unmoved of heart, and tearless for the strange, woful death; but on the dead man were all the garments of youth defiled. Then forth went the beloved to the contests of the wrestlers, and there was heart-set on the delightful bathing-places, and even thereby encountered the very God dishonoured, for Love stood on a pedestal of stone above the waters. And lo, the statue leaped, and slew that cruel one, and the water was red with blood, but the voice of the slain kept floating to the brim.

Rejoice, ye lovers, for he that hated is slain. Love, all ye beloved, for the God knoweth how to deal righteous judgment.

IDYL XXIV

THE INFANT HERACLES

This poem describes the earliest feat of Heracles, the slaying of the snakes sent against him by Hera, and gives an account of the hero's training. The vivacity and tenderness of the pictures of domestic life, and the minute knowledge of expiatory ceremonies seem to stamp this idyl as the work of Theocritus. As the following poem also deals with an adventure of Heracles, it seems not impossible that Theocritus wrote, or contemplated writing, a Heraclean epic, in a series of idyls.

When Heracles was but ten months old, the lady of Midea, even Alcmena, took him, on a time, and Iphicles his brother, younger by one night, and gave them both their bath,

and their fill of milk, then laid them down in the buckler of bronze, that goodly piece whereof Amphitryon had strippen the fallen Pterelaus. And then the lady stroked her children's heads, and spoke, saying:—

'Sleep, my little ones, a light delicious sleep; sleep, soul of mine, two brothers, babes unharmed; blessed be your sleep, and blessed may ye come to the dawn.'

So speaking she rocked the huge shield, and in a moment sleep laid hold on them.

But when the *Bear* at midnight wheels westward over against *Orion* that shows his mighty shoulder, even then did crafty Hera send forth two monstrous things, two snakes bristling up their coils of azure; against the broad threshold, where are the hollow pillars of the house-door she urged them; with intent that they should devour the young child Heracles. Then these twain crawled forth, writhing their ravenous bellies along the ground, and still from their eyes a baleful fire was shining as they came, and they spat out their deadly venom. But when with their flickering tongues they were drawing near the children, then Alcmena's dear babes wakened, by the will of Zeus that knows all things, and there was a bright light in the chamber. Then truly one child, even Iphicles, screamed out straightway, when he beheld the hideous monsters above the hollow shield, and saw their pitiless fangs, and he kicked off the woollen coverlet with his feet, in his eagerness to flee. But Heracles set his force against them, and grasped them with his hands, binding them both in a grievous bond, having got them by the throat, wherein lies the evil venom of baleful snakes, the venom detested even by the gods. Then the serpents, in their turn, wound with their coils about the young child, the child unweaned, that wept never in his nursling days; but again they relaxed their spines in stress of pain, and strove to find some issue from the grasp of iron.

Now Alcmena heard the cry, and wakened first,—

"Arise, Amphitryon, for numbing fear lays hold of me: arise, nor stay to put shoon beneath thy feet! Hearest thou not how loud the younger child is wailing? Mark'st thou not that though it is the depth of the night, the walls are all plain

to see as in the clear dawn?[1] There is some strange thing I trow within the house, there is, my dearest lord!"

Thus she spake, and at his wife's bidding he stepped down out of his bed, and made for his richly dight sword that he kept always hanging on its pin above his bed of cedar. Verily he was reaching out for his new-woven belt, lifting with the other hand the mighty sheath, a work of lotus wood, when lo, the wide chamber was filled again with night. Then he cried aloud on his thralls, who were drawing the deep breath of sleep,—

'Lights! Bring lights as quick as may be from the hearth, my thralls, and thrust back the strong bolts of the doors. Arise, ye serving-men, stout of heart, 'tis the master calls.'

Then quick the serving-men came speeding with torches burning, and the house waxed full as each man hasted along. Then truly when they saw the young child Heracles clutching the snakes twain in his tender grasp, they all cried out and smote their hands together. But he kept showing the creeping things to his father, Amphitryon, and leaped on high in his childish glee, and laughing, at his father's feet he laid them down, the dread monsters fallen on the sleep of death. Then Alcmena in her own bosom took and laid Iphicles, dry-eyed and wan with fear; but Amphitryon, placing the other child beneath a lamb's-wool coverlet, betook himself again to his bed, and gat him to his rest.

The cocks were now but singing their third welcome to the earliest dawn, when Alcmena called forth Tiresias, the seer that cannot lie, and told him of the new portent, and bade him declare what things should come to pass.

'Nay, and even if the gods devise some mischief, conceal it not from me in ruth and pity; and how that mortals may not escape the doom that Fate speeds from her spindle, O soothsayer Euerides, I am teaching thee, that thyself knowest it right well.'

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[1] Odyssey, xix. 'Father, surely a great marvel is that that I behold with mine eyes; meseems, at least, that the walls of the hall . . . are bright as it were with flaming fire' . . . 'Lo! this is the wont of the gods that hold Olympus.'

Thus spake the Queen, and thus he answered her:

'Be of good cheer, daughter of Perseus, woman that hast borne the noblest of children and lay up in thy heart the better of the things that are to be. For by the sweet light that long hath left mine eyes, I swear that many Achaean women, as they card the soft wool about their knees, shall sing at eventide, of Alcmena's name, and thou shalt be honourable among the women of Argos. Such a man, even this thy son, shall mount to the starry firmament, the hero broad of breast, the master of all wild beasts, and of all mankind. Twelve labours is he fated to accomplish, and thereafter to dwell in the house of Zeus, but all his mortal part a Trachinian pyre shall possess.

'And the son of the Immortals, by virtue of his bride, shall he be called, even of them that urged forth these snakes from their dens to destroy the child. Verily that day shall come when the ravening wolf, beholding the fawn in his lair, will not seek to work him harm.

'But lady, see that thou hast fire at hand, beneath the embers, and let make ready dry fuel of gorse, or thorn, or bramble, or pear boughs dried with the wind's buffeting, and on the wild fire burn these serpents twain, at midnight, even at the hour when they would have slain thy child. But at dawn let one of thy maidens gather the dust of the fire, and bear and cast it all, every grain, over the river from the brow of the broken cliff, beyond the march of your land, and return again without looking behind. Then cleanse your house with the fire of unmixed sulphur first, and then, as is ordained, with a filleted bough sprinkle holy water over all, mingled with salt. And to Zeus supreme, moreover, do ye sacrifice a young boar, that ye may ever have the mastery over all your enemies.'

So spake he, and thrust back his ivory chair, and departed, even Tiresias, despite the weight of all his many years.

But Heracles was reared under his mother's care, like some young sapling in a garden close, being called the son of Amphitryon of Argos. And the lad was taught his letters by the ancient Linus, Apollo's son, a tutor ever watchful. And to draw the bow, and send the arrow to the mark did Eurytus teach him, Eurytus rich in wide ancestral lands. And Eumolpus, son of Philammon, made the lad a minstrel, and formed

his hands to the boxwood lyre. And all the tricks wherewith the nimble Argive cross-buttockers give each other the fall, and all the wiles of boxers skilled with the gloves, and all the art that the rough and tumble fighters have sought out to aid their science, all these did Heracles learn from Harpalacus of Phanes, the son of Hermes. Him no man that beheld, even from afar, would have confidently met as a wrestler in the lists, so grim a brow overhung his dreadful face. And to drive forth his horses 'neath the chariot, and safely to guide them round the goals, with the naves of the wheels unharmed, Amphitryon taught his son in his loving-kindness, Amphitryon himself, for many a prize had he borne away from the fleet races in Argos, pasture-land of steeds, and unbroken were the chariots that he mounted, till time loosened their leathern thongs.

But to charge with spear in rest, against a foe, guarding, meanwhile, his back with the shield, to bide the biting swords, to order a company, and to measure, in his onslaught, the ambush of foemen, and to give horsemen the word of command, he was taught by knightly Castor. An outlaw came Castor out of Argos, when Tydeus was holding all the land and all the wide vineyards, having received Argos, a land of steeds, from the hand of Adrastus. No peer in war among the demigods had Castor, till age wore down his youth.

Thus did his dear mother let train Heracles, and the child's bed was made hard by his father's; a lion's skin was the coverlet he loved; his dinner was roast meat, and a great Dorian loaf in a basket, a meal to satisfy a delving hind. At the close of day he would take a meagre supper that needed no fire to the cooking, and his plain kirtle fell no lower than the middle of his shin.

IDYL XXV

HERACLES THE LION-SLAYER

This is another idyl of the epic sort. The poet's interest in the details of the rural life, and in the description of the herds of King Augeas, seem to mark it as the work of Theocritus. It has, however, been attributed by learned conjecture to various writers of an older age. The idyl, or fragment, is incomplete. Heracles visits the herds of Augeas (to clean their stalls was one of his labours), and, after an encounter with a bull, describes to the king's son his battle with the lion of Nemea.

. . . Him answered the old man, a husbandman that had the care of the tillage, ceasing a moment from the work that lay betwixt his hands—

'Right readily will I tell thee, stranger, concerning the things whereof thou inquirest, for I revere the awful wrath of Hermes of the roadside. Yea he, they say, is of all the heavenly Gods the most in anger, if any deny the wayfarer that asks eagerly for the way.

'The fleecy flocks of the king Augeas feed not all on one pasture, nor in one place, but some there be that graze by the river-banks round Elisus, and some by the sacred stream of divine Alpheius, and some by Buprasium rich in clusters of the vine, and some even in this place. And behold, the pens for each herd after its kind are builded apart. Nay, but for all the herds of Augeas, overflowing as they be, these pasture lands are ever fresh and flowering, around the great marsh of Peneus, for with herbage honey-sweet the dewy water-meadows are ever blossoming abundantly, and this fodder it is that feeds the strength of horned kine. And this their steading, on thy right hand stands all plain to view, beyond the running river, there, where the plane-trees grow luxuriant, and the green wild olive, a sacred grove, O stranger, of Apollo of the pastures, a God most gracious unto prayer. Next thereto are builded long rows of huts for the country folk, even for us that do zealously guard the great and marvellous wealth of the king; casting in season the seed in fallow lands, thrice, ay,

and four times broken by the plough. As for the marches, truly, the ditchers know them, men of many toils, who throng to the wine-press at the coming of high summer tide. For, behold, all this plain is held by gracious Augeas, and the wheat-bearing plough-land, and the orchards with their trees, as far as the upland farm of the ridge, whence the fountains spring; over all which lands we go labouring, the whole day long, as is the wont of thralls that live their lives among the fields.

'But, prithee, tell thou me, in thy turn (and for thine own gain it will be), whom comest thou hither to seek; in quest, perchance, of Augeas, or one of his servants? Of all these things, behold, I have knowledge, and could tell thee plainly, for methinks that thou, for thy part, comest of no churlish stock, nay, nor hath thy shape aught of the churl, so excellent in might shows thy form. Lo, now, even such are the children of the immortal Gods among mortal men.' Then the mighty son of Zeus answered him, saying—

'Yea, old man, I fain would see Augeas, prince of the Epeans, for truly 'twas need of him that brought me hither. If he abides at the town with his citizens, caring for his people, and settling the pleas, do thou, old man, bid one of his servants to guide me on the way, a head-man of the more honourable sort in these fields, to whom I may both tell my desire, and learn in turn what I would, for God has made all men dependent, each on each.'

Then the old man, the worthy husbandman, answered him again—

'By the guidance of some one of the immortals hast thou come hither, stranger, for verily all that thou requirest hath quickly been fulfilled. For hither hath come Augeas, the dear son of Helios, with his own son, the strong and princely Phyleus. But yesterday he came hither from the city, to be overseeing after many days his substance, that he hath uncounted in the fields. Thus do even kings in their inmost hearts believe that the eye of the master makes the house more prosperous. Nay come, let us hasten to him, and I will lead thee to our dwelling, where methinks we shall find the king.'

So he spake, and began to lead the way, but in his mind, as he marked the lion's hide, and the club that filled the stranger's

fist, the old man was deeply pondering as to whence he came, and ever he was eager to inquire of him. But back again he kept catching the word as it rose to his lips, in fear lest he should speak somewhat out of season (his companion being in haste) for hard it is to know another's mood.

Now as they began to draw nigh, the dogs from afar were instantly aware of them, both by the scent, and by the sound of footsteps, and, yelling furiously, they charged from all sides against Heracles, son of Amphitryon, while with faint yelping, on the other side, they greeted the old man, and fawned around him. But he just lifted stones from the ground, and scared them away, and, raising his voice, he right roughly chid them all, and made them cease from their yelping, being glad in his heart withal for that they guarded his dwelling, even when he was afar. Then thus he spake—

'Lo, what a comrade for men have the Gods, the lords of all, made in this creature, how mindful is he! If he had but so much wit within him as to know against whom he should rage, and with whom he should forbear, no beast in the world could vie with his deserts. But now he is something over-fierce and blindly furious.'

So he spake, and they hastened, and came even to that dwelling whither they were faring.

Now Helios had turned his steeds to the west, bringing the late day, and the fatted sheep came up from the pastures to the pens and folds. Next thereafter the kine approaching, ten thousand upon ten thousand, showed for multitude even like the watery clouds that roll forward in heaven under the stress of the South Wind, or the Thracian North (and countless are they, and ceaseless in their airy passage, for the wind's might rolls up the rear as numerous as the van, and hosts upon hosts again are moving in infinite array), even so many did herds upon herds of kine move ever forwards. And, lo, the whole plain was filled, and all the ways, as the cattle fared onwards, and the rich fields could not contain their lowing, and the stalls were lightly filled with kine of trailing feet, and the sheep were being penned in the folds.

There no man, for lack of labour, stood idle by the cattle, though countless men were there, but one was fastening guards

of wood, with shapely thongs, about the feet of the kine, that he might draw near and stand by, and milk them. And another beneath their mothers kind was placing the calves right eager to drink of the sweet milk. Yet another held a milking pail, while his fellow was fixing the rich cheese, and another led in the bulls apart from the cows. Meanwhile Augeas was going round all the stalls, and marking the care his herdsmen bestowed upon all that was his. And the king's son, and the mighty, deep-pondering Heracles, went along with the king, as he passed through his great possessions. Then though he bore a stout spirit in his heart, and a mind stablished always imperturbable, yet the son of Amphitryon still marvelled out of measure, as he beheld these countless troops of cattle. Yea none would have deemed or believed that the substance of one man could be so vast, nay, nor ten men's wealth, were they the richest in sheep of all the kings in the world. But Helios to his son gave this gift pre-eminent, namely to abound in flocks far above all other men, and Helios himself did ever and always give increase to the cattle, for upon his herds came no disease, of them that always minish the herdman's toil. But always more in number waxed the horned kine, and goodlier, year by year, for verily they all brought forth exceeding abundantly, and never cast their young, and chiefly bare heifers.

With the kine went continually three hundred bulls, white-shanked, and curved of horn,—and two hundred others, red cattle,—and all these already were of an age to mate with the kine. Other twelve bulls, again, besides these, went together in a herd, being sacred to Helios. They were white as swans, and shone among all the herds of trailing gait. And these disdaining the herds grazed still on the rich herbage in the pastures, and they were exceeding high of heart. And whensoever the swift wild beasts came down from the rough oakwood to the plain, to seek the wilder cattle, afield went these bulls first to the fight, at the smell of the savour of the beasts, bellowing fearfully, and glancing slaughter from their brows.

Among these bulls was one pre-eminent for strength and might, and for reckless pride, even the mighty Phaethon, that all the herdsmen still likened to a star, because he always shone

so bright when he went among the other cattle, and was right easy to be discerned. Now when this bull beheld the dried skin of the fierce-faced lion, he rushed against the keen-eyed Heracles himself, to dash his head and stalwart front against the sides of the hero. Even as he charged, the prince forthwith grasped him with strong hand by the left horn, and bowed his neck down to the ground, puissant as he was, and, with the weight of his shoulder, crushed him backwards, while clear stood out the strained muscle over the sinews on the hero's upper arm. Then marvelled the king himself, and his son, the warlike Phyleus, and the herdsmen that were set over the horned kine,—when they beheld the exceeding strength of the son of Amphitryon.

Now these twain, even Phyleus and mighty Heracles, left the fat fields there, and were making for the city. But just where they entered on the highway, after quickly speeding over the narrow path that stretched through the vineyard from the farmhouses, a dim path through the green wood, thereby the dear son of Augeas bespake the child of supreme Zeus, who was behind him, slightly turning his head over his right shoulder,

'Stranger, long time ago I heard a tale, which, as of late I guess, surely concerneth thee. For there came hither, in his wayfaring out of Argos, a certain young Achaean, from Helicé, by the seashore, who verily told a tale and that among many Epeians here,—how, even in his presence, a certain Argive slew a wild beast, a lion dread, a curse of evil omen to the country folk. The monster had its hollow lair by the grove of Nemean Zeus, but as for him that slew it, I know not surely whether he was a man of sacred Argos, there, or a dweller in Tiryns city, or in Mycenae, as he that told the tale declared. By birth, howbeit, he said (if rightly, I recall it) that the hero was descended from Perseus. Methinks that none of the Aegialeis had the hardihood for this deed save thyself; nay, the hide of the beast that covers thy sides doth clearly proclaim the mighty deed of thy hands. But come now, hero, tell thou me first, that truly I may know, whether my foreboding be right or wrong,—if thou art that man of whom the Achaean from Helicé spake in our hearing, and if I read

thee aright. Tell me how single-handed thou didst slay this ruinous pest, and how it came to the well-watered ground of Nemea, for not in Apis couldst thou find,—not though thou soughtest after it,—so great a monster. For the country feeds no such large game, but bears, and boars, and the pestilent race of wolves. Wherefore all were in amaze that listened to the story, and there were some who said that the traveller was lying, and pleasing them that stood by with the words of an idle tongue.'

Thus Phyleus spake, and stepped out of the middle of the road, that there might be space for both to walk abreast, and that so he might hear the more easily the words of Heracles who now came abreast with him, and spake thus,

'O son of Augeas, concerning that whereof thou first didst ask me, thyself most easily has discerned it aright. Nay then, about this monster I will tell thee all, even how all was done,—since thou art eager to hear,—save, indeed, as to whence he came, for, many as the Argives be, not one can tell that clearly. Only we guess that some one of the Immortals, in wrath for sacrifice unoffered, sent this bane against the children of Phoroneus. For over all the men of Pisa the lion swept, like a flood, and still ravaged insatiate, and chiefly spoiled the Bembinaeans, that were his neighbours, and endured things intolerable.

'Now this labour did Eurystheus enjoin on me to fulfil the first of all, and bade me slay the dreadful monster. So I took my supple bow, and hollow quiver full of arrows, and set forth; and in my other hand I held my stout club, well balanced, and wrought, with unstripped bark, from a shady wild olive-tree, that I myself had found, under sacred Helicon, and dragged up the whole tree, with the bushy roots. But when I came to the place whereby the lion abode, even then I grasped my bow and slipped the string up to the curved tip, and straightway laid thereon the bitter arrow. Then I cast my eyes on every side, spying for the baneful monster, if perchance I might see him, or ever he saw me. It was now midday, and nowhere might I discern the tracks of the monster, nor hear his roaring. Nay, nor was there one man to be seen with the cattle, and the tillage through all the furrowed lea, of

whom I might inquire, but wan fear still held them all within the homesteads. Yet I stayed not in my going, as I quested through the deep-wooded hill, till I beheld him, and instantly essayed my prowess. Now early in the evening he was making for his lair, full fed with blood and flesh, and all his bristling mane was dashed with carnage, and his fierce face, and his breast, and still with his tongue he kept licking his bearded chin. Then instantly I hid me in the dark undergrowth, on the wooded hill, awaiting his approach, and as he came nearer I smote him on the left flank, but all in vain, for naught did the sharp arrow pierce through his flesh, but leaped back, and fell on the green grass. Then quickly he raised his tawny head from the ground, in amaze, glancing all around with his eyes, and with jaws distent he showed his ravenous teeth. Then I launched against him another shaft from the string, in wrath that the former flew vainly from my hand, and I smote him right in the middle of the breast, where the lung is seated, yet not even so did the cruel arrow sink into his hide, but fell before his feet, in vain, to no avail. Then for the third time was I making ready to draw my bow again, in great shame and wrath, but the furious beast glanced his eyes around, and spied me. With his long tail he lashed his flanks, and straightway bethought him of battle. His neck was clothed with wrath, and his tawny hair bristled round his lowering brow, and his spine was curved like a bow, his whole force being gathered up from under towards his flanks and loins. And as when a wainwright, one skilled in many an art, doth bend the saplings of seasoned fig-tree, having first tempered them in the fire, to make tires for the axles of his chariot, and even then the fig-tree wood is like to leap from his hands in the bending, and springs far away at a single bound, even so the dread lion leaped on me from afar, huddled in a heap, and keen to glut him with my flesh. Then with one hand I thrust in front of me my arrows, and the double folded cloak from my shoulder, and with the other raised the seasoned club above my head, and drove at his crest, and even on the shaggy scalp of the insatiate beast brake my grievous cudgel of wild olive-tree. Then or ever he reached me, he fell from his flight, on to the ground, and stood on trembling

feet, with wagging head, for darkness gathered about both his eyes, his brain being shaken in his skull with the violence of the blow. Then when I marked how he was distraught with the grievous torment, or ever he could turn and gain breath again, I fell on him, and seized him by the column of his stubborn neck. To earth I cast my bow, and woven quiver, and strangled him with all my force, gripping him with stubborn clasp from the rear, lest he should rend my flesh with his claws, and I sprang on him and kept firmly treading his hind feet into the soil with my heels, while I used his sides to guard my thighs, till I had strained his shoulders utterly, then lifted him up, all breathless,—and Hell took his monstrous life.

'And then at last I took thought how I should strip the rough hide from the dead beast's limbs, a right hard labour, for it might not be cut with steel, when I tried, nor stone, nor with aught else. Thereon one of the Immortals put into my mind the thought to cleave the lion's hide with his own claws. With these I speedily flayed it off, and cast it about my limbs, for my defence against the brunt of wounding war.

'Friend, lo even thus befel the slaying of the Nemean Lion, that aforetime had brought many a bane on flocks and men.'

IDYL XXVI

This idyl narrates the murder of Penthcus, who was torn to pieces (after the Dionysiac Ritual) by his mother, Agave, and other Theban women, for having watched the celebration of the mysteries of Dionysus. It is still dangerous for an Australian native to approach the women of the tribe while they are celebrating their savage rites. The conservatism of Greek religion is well illustrated by Theocritus's apology for the truly savage revenge commemorated in the old Theban legend.

Ino, and Autonoe, and Agave of the apple cheeks,—three bands of Maenads to the mountain-side they led, these ladies three. They stripped the wild leaves of a rugged oak, and fresh ivy, and asphodel of the upper earth, and in an open meadow they built twelve altars; for Semele three, and nine

for Dionysus. The mystic cakes from the mystic chest they had taken in their hands, and in silence had laid them on the altars of new-stripped boughs; so Dionysus ever taught the rite, and herewith was he wont to be well pleased.

Now Pentheus from a lofty cliff was watching all, deep hidden in an ancient lentisk bush, a plant of that land. Autonoe first beheld him, and shrieked a dreadful yell, and, rushing suddenly, with her feet dashed all confused the mystic things of Bacchus the wild. For these are things unbeholden of men profane. Frenzied was she, and then forthwith the others too were frenzied. Then Pentheus fled in fear, and they pursued after him, with raiment kirtled through the belt above the knee.

This much said Pentheus, 'Women, what would ye?' and thus answered Autonoe, 'That shalt thou straightway know, ere thou hast heard it.'

The mother seized her child's head, and cried loud, as is the cry of a lioness over her cubs, while Ino, for her part, set her heel on the body, and brake asunder the broad shoulder, shoulder-blade and all, and in the same strain wrought Autonoe. The other women tore the remnants piecemeal, and to Thebes they came, all bedabbled with blood, from the mountains bearing not Pentheus but repentance.[1]

I care for none of these things, nay, nor let another take thought to make himself the foe of Dionysus, not though one should suffer yet greater torments than these,—being but a child of nine years old or entering, perchance, on his tenth year. For me, may I be pure and holy, and find favour in the eyes of the pure!

From aegis-bearing Zeus hath this augury all honour, 'to the children of the godly the better fortune, but evil befall the offspring of the ungodly.'

'Hail to Dionysus, whom Zeus supreme brought forth in snowy Dracanus, when he had unburdened his mighty thigh, and hail to beautiful Semele: and to her sisters,—Cadmeian ladies honoured of all daughters of heroes,—who did this deed at the behest of Dionysus, a deed not to be blamed; let no man blame the actions of the gods.'

[1] A play on words difficult to retain in English.

IDYL XXVII

THE WOOING OF DAPHNIS

The authenticity of this idyl has been denied, partly because the Daphnis of the poem is not identical in character with the Daphnis of the first idyl. But the piece is certainly worthy of a place beside the work of Theocritus. The dialogue is here arranged as in the text of Fritzsche.

The Maiden. Helen the wise did Paris, another neather'd, ravish!

Daphnis. 'Tis rather this Helen that kisses her shepherd, even me!

The Maiden. Boast not, little satyr, for kisses they call an empty favour.

Daphnis. Nay, even in empty kisses there is a sweet delight.

The Maiden. I wash my lips, I blow away from me thy kisses!

Daphnis. Dost thou wash thy lips? Then give me them again to kiss!

The Maiden 'Tis for thee to caress thy kine, not a maiden unwed.

Daphnis. Boast not, for swiftly thy youth flits by thee, like a dream.

The Maiden. The grapes turn to raisins, not wholly will the dry rose perish.

Daphnis. Come hither, beneath the wild olives, that I may tell thee a tale.

The Maiden. I will not come; ay, ere now with a sweet tale didst thou beguile me.

Daphnis. Come hither, beneath the elms, to listen to my pipe!

The Maiden. Nay, please thyself, no woful tune delights me.

Daphnis. Ah maiden, see that thou too shun the anger of the Paphian.

The Maiden. Good-bye to the Paphian, let Artemis only be friendly!

Daphnis. Say not so, lest she smite thee, and thou fall into a trap whence there is no escape.

The Maiden. Let her smite an she will; Artemis again would be my defender. Lay no hand on me; nay, if thou do more, and touch me with thy lips, I will bite thee.

Daphnis. From Love thou dost not flee, whom never yet maiden fled.

The Maiden. Escape him, by Pan, I do, but thou dost ever bear his yoke.

Daphnis. This is ever my fear lest he even give thee to a meaner man.

The Maiden. Many have been my wooers, but none has won my heart.

Daphnis. Yea I, out of many chosen, come here thy wooer.

The Maiden. Dear love, what can I do? Marriage has much annoy.

Daphnis. Nor pain nor sorrow has marriage, but mirth and dancing.

The Maiden. Ay, but they say that women dread their lords.

Daphnis. Nay, rather they always rule them,—whom do women fear?

The Maiden. Travail I dread, and sharp is the shaft of Eilithyia.

Daphnis. But thy queen is Artemis, that lightens labour.

The Maiden. But I fear childbirth, lest, perchance, I lose my beauty.

Daphnis. Nay, if thou bearest dear children thou wilt see the light revive in thy sons.

The Maiden. And what wedding gift dost thou bring me if I consent?

Daphnis. My whole flock, all my groves, and all my pasture land shall be thine.

The Maiden. Swear that thou wilt not win me, and then depart and leave me forlorn.

Daphnis. So help me Pan I would not leave thee, didst thou even choose to banish me!

The Maiden. Dost thou build me bowers, and a house, and folds for flocks?

Daphnis. Yea, bowers I build thee, the flocks I tend are fair.

The Maiden. But to my grey old father, what tale, ah what, shall I tell?

Daphnis. He will approve thy wedlock when he has heard my name.

The Maiden. Prithee, tell me that name of thine; in a name there is often delight.

Daphnis. Daphnis am I, Lycidas is my father, and Nomaea is my mother.

The Maiden. Thou comest of men well-born, but there I am thy match.

Daphnis. I know it, thou art of high degree, for thy father is Menalcas.

The Maiden. Show me thy grove, wherein is thy cattle-stall.

Daphnis. See here, how they bloom, my slender cypress-trees.

The Maiden. Graze on, my goats, I go to learn the herdsman's labours.

Daphnis. Feed fair, my bulls, while I show my woodlands to my lady!

The Maiden. What dost thou, little satyr; why dost thou touch my breast?

Daphnis. I will show thee that these earliest apples are ripe.

The Maiden. By Pan, I swoon; away, take back thy hand.

Daphnis. Courage, dear girl, why fearest thou me, thou art over fearful!

The Maiden. Thou makest me lie down by the water-course, defiling my fair raiment!

Daphnis. Nay, see, 'neath thy raiment fair I am throwing this soft fleece.

The Maiden. Ah, ah, thou hast snatched my girdle too: why hast thou loosed my girdle?

Daphnis. These first-fruits I offer, a gift to the Paphian.

The Maiden. Stay, wretch, hark; surely a stranger cometh; nay, I hear a sound.

Daphnis. The cypresses do but whisper to each other of thy wedding.

The Maiden. Thou hast torn my mantle, and unclad am I.

Daphnis. Another mantle I will give thee, and an ampler far than thine.

The Maiden. Thou dost promise all things, but soon thou wilt not give me even a grain of salt.

Daphnis. Ah, would that I could give thee my very life.

The Maiden. Artemis, be not wrathful, thy votary breaks her vow.

Daphnis. I will slay a calf for Love, and for Aphrodite herself a heifer.

The Maiden. A maiden I came hither, a woman shall I go homeward.

Daphnis. Nay, a wife and a mother of children shalt thou be, no more a maiden.

So, each to each, in the joy of their young fresh limbs they were murmuring: it was the hour of secret love. Then she arose, and stole to herd her sheep; with shamefast eyes she went, but her heart was comforted within her. And he went to his herds of kine, rejoicing in his wedlock.

IDYL XXVIII

This little piece of Aeolic verse accompanied the present of a distaff, which Theocritus brought from Syracuse to Theugenis, the wife of his friend Nicias, the physician of Miletus. On the margin of a translation by Longepierre (the famous book-collector), Louis XIV wrote that this idyl is a model of honourable gallantry.

O DISTAFF, thou friend of them that spin, gift of grey-eyed Athene to dames whose hearts are set on housewifery; come, boldly come with me to the bright city of Neleus, where the shrine of the Cyprian is green 'neath its roof of delicate rushes. Thither I pray that we may win fair voyage and favourable breeze from Zeus, that so I may gladden mine eyes with the sight of Nicias my friend, and be greeted of him in turn;—a sacred scion is he of the sweet-voiced Graces.

And thee, distaff, thou child of fair carven ivory, I will give into the hands of the wife of Nicias: with her shalt thou fashion many a thing, garments for men, and much rippling raiment that women wear. For the mothers of lambs in the meadows might twice be shorn of their wool in the year, with her goodwill, the dainty-ankled Theugenis, so notable is she, and cares for all things that wise matrons love.

Nay, not to houses slatternly or idle would I have given thee, distaff, seeing that thou art a countryman of mine. For that is thy native city which Archias out of Ephyre founded, long ago, the very marrow of the isle of the three capes, a town of honourable men [Syracuse]. But now shalt thou abide in the house of a wise physician, who has learned all the spells that ward off sore maladies from men, and thou shalt dwell in glad Miletus with the Ionian people, to this end, —that of all the townsfolk Theugenis may have the goodliest distaff, and that thou mayst keep her ever mindful of her friend, the lover of song.

This proverb will each man utter that looks on thee, 'Surely great grace goes with a little gift, and all the offerings of friends are precious.'

IDYL XXIX

This poem, like the preceding one, is written in the Aeolic dialect. The first line is quoted from Alcaeus. The idyl is attributed to Theocritus on the evidence of the scholiast on the Symposium *of Plato.*

'Wine and truth,' dear child, says the proverb, and in wine are we, and the truth we must tell. Yes, I will say to thee all that lies in my soul's inmost chamber. Thou dost not care to love me with thy whole heart! I know, for I live half my life in the sight of thy beauty, but all the rest is ruined. When thou art kind, my day is like the days of the Blessed, but when thou art unkind, 'tis deep in darkness. How can it be right thus to torment thy friend? Nay, if thou wilt listen at all, child, to me, that am thine elder, happier thereby wilt thou

be, and some day thou wilt thank me. Build one nest in one tree, where no fierce snake can come; for now thou dost perch on one branch to-day, and on another to-morrow, always seeking what is new. And if a stranger see and praise thy pretty face, instantly to him thou art more than a friend of three years' standing, while him that loved thee first thou holdest no higher than a friend of three days. Thou savourest, methinks, of the love of some great one; nay, choose rather all thy life ever to keep the love of one that is thy peer. If this thou dost thou wilt be well spoken of by thy townsmen, and Love will never be hard to thee, Love that lightly vanquishes the minds of men, and has wrought to tenderness my heart that was of steel. Nay, by thy delicate mouth I approach and beseech thee, remember that thou wert younger yester-year, and that we wax grey and wrinkled, or ever we can avert it; and none may recapture his youth again, for the shoulders of youth are winged, and we are all too slow to catch such flying pinions.

Mindful of this thou shouldst be gentler, and love me without guile as I love thee, so that, when thou hast a manly beard, we may be such friends as were Achilles and Patroclus!

But, if thou dost cast all I say to the winds to waft afar, and cry, in anger, 'Why, why, dost thou torment me?' then I,—that now for thy sake would go to fetch the golden apples, or to bring thee Cerberus, the watcher of the dead,—would not go forth, didst thou stand at the court-doors and call me. I should have rest from my cruel love.

IDYL XXX

THE DEAD ADONIS

This idyl is usually printed with the poems of Theocritus, but almost certainly is by another hand. I have therefore ventured to imitate the metre of the original.

When Cypris saw Adonis,
In death already lying
With all his locks dishevelled,
And cheeks turned wan and ghastly,
She bade the Loves attendant
To bring the boar before her.
And lo, the winged ones, fleetly
They scoured through all the wild wood;
The wretched boar they tracked him,
And bound and doubly bound him.
One fixed on him a halter,
And dragged him on, a captive,
Another drave him onward,
And smote him with his arrows.
But terror-struck the beast came,
For much he feared Cythere.
To him spake Aphrodite,—
'Of wild beasts all the vilest,
This thigh, by thee was 't wounded?
Was 't thou that smote my lover?'
To her the beast made answer—
'I swear to thee, Cythere,
By thee, and by thy lover,
Yea, and by these my fetters,
And them that do pursue me,—
Thy lord, thy lovely lover
I never willed to wound him;
I saw him, like a statue,
And could not bide the burning,
Nay, for his thigh was naked,
And mad was I to kiss it,
And thus my tusk it harmed him.

Take these my tusks, O Cypris,
And break them, and chastise them,
For wherefore should I wear them,
These passionate defences?
If this doth not suffice thee,
Then cut my lips out also,
Why dared they try to kiss him?'

Then Cypris had compassion;
She bade the Loves attendant
To loose the bonds that bound him.
From that day her he follows,
And flees not to the wild wood
But joins the Loves, and always
He bears Love's flame unflinching.

FRAGMENT OF THE BERENICE

Athenaeus quotes this fragment, which probably was part of a panegyric on Berenice, the mother of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

And if any man that hath his livelihood from the salt sea, and whose nets serve him for ploughs, prays for wealth, and luck in fishing, let him sacrifice, at midnight, to this goddess, the sacred fish that they call 'silver white,' for that it is brightest of sheen of all,—then let the fisher set his nets, and he shall draw them full from the sea.

EPIGRAMS

The Epigrams of Theocritus are, for the most part, either inscriptions for tombs or cenotaphs, or for the pedestals of statues, or (as the third epigram) are short occasional pieces. Several of them are but doubtfully ascribed to the poet of the Idyls. The Greek has little but brevity in common with the modern epigram.

I

For a rustic Altar

These dew-drenched roses and that tufted thyme are offered to the ladies of Helicon. And the dark-leaved laurels

are thine, O Pythian Paean, since the rock of Delphi bare this leafage to thine honour. The altar this white-horned goat shall stain with blood, this goat that browses on the tips of the terebinth boughs.

II

For a Herdsman's Offering

Daphnis, the white-limbed Daphnis, that pipes on his fair flute the pastoral strains offered to Pan these gifts,—his pierced reed-pipes, his crook, a javelin keen, a fawn-skin, and the scrip wherein he was wont, on a time, to carry the apples of Love.

III

For a Picture

Thou sleepest on the leaf-strewn ground, O Daphnis, resting thy weary limbs, and the stakes of thy nets are newly fastened on the hills. But Pan is on thy track, and Priapus, with the golden ivy wreath twined round his winsome head,—both are leaping at one bound into thy cavern. Nay, flee them, flee, shake off thy slumber, shake off the heavy sleep that is falling upon thee.

IV

Priapus

When thou hast turned yonder lane, goat-herd, where the oak-trees are, thou wilt find an image of fig-tree wood, newly carven; three-legged it is, the bark still covers it, and it is earless withal, yet meet for the arts of Cypris. A right holy precinct runs round it, and a ceaseless stream that falleth from the rocks on every side is green with laurels, and myrtles, and fragrant cypress. And all around the place that child of the grape, the vine, doth flourish with its tendrils, and the merles in spring with their sweet songs utter their wood-notes wild, and the brown nightingales reply with their complaints, pouring from their bills the honey-sweet song. There, prithee, sit down and pray to gracious Priapus, that I may be delivered from my love of Daphnis, and say that instantly

thereon I will sacrifice a fair kid. But if he refuse, ah then, should I win Daphnis's love, I would fain sacrifice three victims,—and offer a calf, a shaggy he-goat, and a lamb that I keep in the stall, and oh that graciously the god may hear my prayer.

V

The rural Concert

Ah, in the Muses' name, wilt thou play me some sweet air on the double flute, and I will take up the harp, and touch a note, and the neatherd Daphnis will charm us the while, breathing music into his wax-bound pipe. And beside this rugged oak behind the cave will we stand, and rob the goat-foot Pan of his repose.

VI

The Dead are beyond hope

Ah hapless Thyrsis, where is thy gain, shouldst thou lament till thy two eyes are consumed with tears? She has passed away,—the kid, the youngling beautiful,—she has passed away to Hades. Yea, the jaws of the fierce wolf have closed on her, and now the hounds are baying, but what avail they when nor bone nor cinder is left of her that is departed?

VII

For a statue of Asclepius

Even to Miletus he hath come, the son of Paeon, to dwell with one that is a healer of all sickness, with Nicias, who even approaches him day by day with sacrifices, and hath let carve this statue out of fragrant cedar-wood; and to Eetion he promised a high guerdon for his skill of hand: on this work Eetion has put forth all his craft.

VIII

Orthon's Grave

Stranger, the Syracusan Orthon lays this behest on thee; go never abroad in thy cups on a night of storm. For thus did

I come by my end, and far from my rich fatherland I lie, clothed on with alien soil.

IX

The Death of Cleonicus

Man, husband thy life, nor go voyaging out of season, for brief are the days of men! Unhappy Cleonicus, thou wert eager to win rich Thasus, from Coelo-Syria sailing with thy merchandise,—with thy merchandise, O Cleonicus, at the setting of the Pleiades didst thou cross the sea,—and didst sink with the sinking Pleiades!

X

A Group of the Muses

For your delight, all ye Goddesses Nine, did Xenocles offer this statue of marble, Xenocles that hath music in his soul, as none will deny. And inasmuch as for his skill in this art he wins renown, he forgets not to give their due to the Muses.

XI

The Grave of Eusthenes

This is the memorial stone of Eusthenes, the sage; a physiognomist was he, and skilled to read the very spirit in the eyes. Nobly have his friends buried him—a stranger in a strange land—and most dear was he, yea, to the makers of song. All his dues in death has the sage, and, though he was no great one, 'tis plain he had friends to care for him.

XII

The Offering of Demoteles

'Twas Demoteles the choregus, O Dionysus, who dedicated this tripod, and this statue of thee, the dearest of the blessed gods. No great fame he won when he gave a chorus of boys, but with a chorus of men he bore off the victory, for he knew what was fair and what was seemly.

XIII

For a statue of Aphrodite

This is Cypris,—not she of the people; nay, venerate the goddess by her name—the Heavenly Aphrodite. The statue is the offering of chaste Chrysogone, even in the house of Amphicles, whose children and whose life were hers! And always year by year went well with them, who began each year with thy worship, Lady, for mortals who care for the Immortals have themselves thereby the better fortune.

XIV

The Grave of Eurymedon

An infant son didst thou leave behind, and in the flower of thine own age didst die, Eurymedon, and win this tomb. For thee a throne is set among men made perfect, but thy son the citizens will hold in honour, remembering the excellence of his father.

XV

The Grave of Eurymedon

Wayfarer, I shall know whether thou dost reverence the good, or whether the coward is held by thee in the same esteem. 'Hail to this tomb,' thou wilt say, for light it lies above the holy head of Eurymedon.

XVI

For a statue of Anacreon

Mark well this statue, stranger, and say, when thou hast returned to thy home, 'In Teos I beheld the statue of Anacreon, who surely excelled all the singers of times past.' And if thou dost add that he delighted in the young, thou wilt truly paint all the man.

XVII

For a statue of Epicharmus

Dorian is the strain, and Dorian the man we sing; he that first devised Comedy, even Epicharmus. O Bacchus, here in

bronze (as the man is now no more) they have erected his statue, the colonists[1] that dwell in Syracuse, to the honour of one that was their fellow-citizen. Yea, for a gift he gave, wherefore we should be mindful thereof and pay him what wage we may, for many maxims he spoke that were serviceable to the life of all men. Great thanks be his.

XVIII

The Grave of Cleita

The little Medeus has raised this tomb by the wayside to the memory of his Thracian nurse, and has added the inscription—

HERE LIES CLEITA.

The woman will have this recompense for all her careful nurture of the boy,—and why?—because she was serviceable even to the end.

XIX

The statue of Archilochus

Stay, and behold Archilochus, him of old time, the maker of the iambics, whose myriad fame has passed westward, alike, and towards the dawning day. Surely the Muses loved him, yea, and the Delian Apollo, so practised and so skilled he grew in forging song, and chanting to the lyre.

XX

The statue of Pisander

This man, behold, Pisander of Corinth, of all the ancient makers was the first who wrote of the son of Zeus, the lion-slayer, the ready of hand, and spake of all the adventures that with toil he achieved. Know this therefore, that the people set him here, a statue of bronze, when many months had gone by and many years.

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[1]From Corinth.

XXI

The Grave of Hipponax

Here lies the poet Hipponax! If thou art a sinner draw not near his tomb, but if thou art a true man, and the son of righteous sires, sit boldly down here, yea, and sleep if thou wilt.

XXII

For the Bank of Caicus

To citizens and strangers alike this counter deals justice. If thou hast deposited aught, draw out thy money when the balance-sheet is cast up. Let others make false excuse, but Caicus tells back money lent, ay, even if one wish it after nightfall.

XXIII

On his own Poems[1]

The Chian is another man, but, I, Theocritus, who wrote these songs, am a Syracusan, a man of the people, being the son of Praxagoras and renowned Philinna. Never laid I claim to any Muse but mine own.

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[1]This epigram may have been added by the first editor of Theocritus, Artemidorus the Grammarian.

BION[1]

IDYL I

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

This poem was probably intended to be sung at one of the spring celebrations of the festival of Adonis, like that described by Theocritus in his fifteenth idyl.

Woe, woe for Adonis, he hath perished, the beauteous Adonis, dead is the beauteous Adonis, the Loves join in the lament. No more in thy purple raiment, Cypris, do thou sleep; arise, thou wretched one, sable-stoled, and beat thy breasts, and say to all, 'He hath perished, the lovely Adonis!'

Woe, woe for Adonis, the Loves join in the lament!

Low on the hills is lying the lovely Adonis, and his thigh with the boar's tusk, his white thigh with the boar's tusk is wounded, and sorrow on Cypris he brings, as softly he breathes his life away.

His dark blood drips down his skin of snow, beneath his brows his eyes wax heavy and dim, and the rose flees from his lip, and thereon the very kiss is dying, the kiss that Cypris will never forego.

To Cypris his kiss is dear, though he lives no longer, but Adonis knew not that she kissed him as he died.

Woe, woe for Adonis, the Loves join in the lament!

A cruel, cruel wound on his thigh hath Adonis, but a deeper wound in her heart doth Cytherea bear. About him his dear hounds are loudly baying, and the nymphs of the wild wood wail him; but Aphrodite with unbound locks through the glades goes wandering,—wretched, with hair unbraided, with feet unsandaled, and the thorns as she passes wound her and pluck the blossom of her sacred blood. Shrill she wails

[1] Translated by Andrew Lang.

as down the long woodlands she is borne, lamenting her Assyrian lord, and again calling him, and again. But round his navel the dark blood leapt forth, with blood from his thighs his chest was scarlet, and beneath Adonis's breast, the spaces that afore were snow-white, were purple with blood.

Woe, woe for Cytherea, the Loves join in the lament!

She hath lost her lovely lord, with him she hath lost her sacred beauty. Fair was the form of Cypris, while Adonis was living, but her beauty has died with Adonis! *Woe, woe for Cypris,* the mountains all are saying, and the oak-trees answer, *Woe for Adonis.* And the rivers bewail the sorrows of Aphrodite, and the wells are weeping Adonis on the mountains. The flowers flush red for anguish, and Cytherea through all the mountain-knees, through every dell doth shrill the piteous dirge.

Woe, woe for Cytherea, he hath perished, the lovely Adonis!

And Echo cried in answer, *He hath perished, the lovely Adonis.* Nay, who but would have lamented the grievous love of Cypris? When she saw, when she marked the unstaunched wound of Adonis, when she saw the bright red blood about his languid thigh, she cast her arms abroad and moaned, 'Abide with me, Adonis, hapless Adonis abide, that this last time of all I may possess thee, that I may cast myself about thee, and lips with lips may mingle. Awake Adonis, for a little while, and kiss me yet again, the latest kiss! Nay kiss me but a moment, but the lifetime of a kiss, till from thine inmost soul into my lips, into my heart, thy life-breath ebb, and till I drain thy sweet love-philtre, and drink down all thy love. This kiss will I treasure, even as thyself, Adonis, since, ah ill-fated, thou art fleeing me, thou art fleeing far, Adonis, and art faring to Acheron, to that hateful king and cruel, while wretched I yet live, being a goddess, and may not follow thee! Persephone, take thou my lover, my lord, for thy self art stronger than I, and all lovely things drift down to thee. But I am all ill-fated, inconsolable is my anguish, and I lament mine Adonis, dead to me, and I have no rest for sorrow.

'Thou diest, O thrice-desired, and my desire hath flown away as a dream. Nay, widowed is Cytherea, and idle are the Loves along the halls! With thee has the girdle of my beauty perished. For why, ah overbold, didst thou follow the chase, and being so fair, why wert thou thus overhardy to fight with beasts?'

So Cypris bewailed her, the Loves join in the lament:

Woe, woe for Cytherea, he hath perished, the lovely Adonis!

A tear the Paphian sheds for each blood-drop of Adonis, and tears and blood on the earth are turned to flowers. The blood brings forth the rose, the tears, the wind-flower.

Woe, woe for Adonis, he hath perished, the lovely Adonis!

No more in the oak-woods, Cypris, lament thy lord. It is no fair couch for Adonis, the lonely bed of leaves! Thine own bed, Cytherea, let him now possess,—the dead Adonis. Ah, even in death he is beautiful, beautiful in death, as one that hath fallen on sleep. Now lay him down to sleep in his own soft coverlets, wherein with thee through the night he shared the holy slumber in a couch all of gold, that yearns for Adonis, though sad is he to look upon. Cast on him garlands and blossoms: all things have perished in his death, yea all the flowers are faded. Sprinkle him with ointments of Syria, sprinkle him with unguents of myrrh. Nay, perish all perfumes, for Adonis, who was thy perfume, hath perished.

He reclines, the delicate Adonis, in his raiment of purple, and around him the Loves are weeping, and groaning aloud, clipping their locks for Adonis. And one upon his shafts, another on his bow is treading, and one hath loosed the sandal of Adonis, and another hath broken his own feathered quiver, and one in a golden vessel bears water, and another laves the wound, and another from behind him with his wings is fanning Adonis.

Woe, woe for Cytherea, the Loves join in the lament!

Every torch on the lintels of the door has Hymenaeus quenched, and hath torn to shreds the bridal crown, and

Hymen no more, *Hymen* no more is the song, but a new song is sung of wailing.

'*Woe, woe for Adonis,*' rather than the nuptial song the Graces are shrilling, lamenting the son of Cinyras, and one to the other declaring, *He hath perished, the lovely Adonis.*

And *woe, woe for Adonis,* shrilly cry the Muses, neglecting Paeon, and they lament Adonis aloud, and songs they chant to him, but he does not heed them, not that he is loth to hear, but that the Maiden of Hades doth not let him go.

Cease, Cytherea, from thy lamentations, to-day refrain from thy dirges. Thou must again bewail him, again must weep for him another year.

IDYL II

THE LOVE OF ACHILLES

Lycidas sings to Myrson a fragment about the loves of Achilles and Deidamia.

Myrson. Wilt thou be pleased now, Lycidas, to sing me sweetly some sweet Sicilian song, some wistful strain delectable, some lay of love, such as the Cyclops, Polyphemus sang on the sea-banks to Galatea?

Lycidas. Yes, Myrson, and I too fain would pipe, but what shall I sing?

Myrson. A song of Scyra, Lycidas, is my desire,—a sweet love-story,—the stolen kisses of the son of Peleus, the stolen bed of love; how he, that was a boy, did on the weeds of women, and how he belied his form, and how among the heedless daughters of Lycomedes, Deidamia cherished Achilles in her bower.

Lycidas. The herdsman bore off Helen, upon a time, and carried her to Ida, sore sorrow to Œnone. And Lacedaemon waxed wroth, and gathered together all the Achaean folk; there was never a Hellene, not one of the Mycenaeans, nor any man of Elis, nor of the Laconians, that tarried in his house, and shunned the cruel Ares.

But Achilles alone lay hid among the daughters of Lycomedes, and was trained to work in wools, in place of arms, and in his white hand held the bough of maidenhood, in semblance a maiden. For he put on women's ways, like them, and a bloom like theirs blushed on his cheek of snow, and he walked with maiden gait, and covered his locks with the snood. But the heart of a man had he, and the love of a man. From dawn to dark he would sit by Deidamia, and anon would kiss her hand, and oft would lift the beautiful warp of her loom and praise the sweet threads, having no such joy in any other girl of her company. Yea, all things he essayed, and all for one end, that they twain might share an undivided sleep.

Now he once even spake to her, saying—

'With one another other sisters sleep, but I lie alone, and alone, maiden, dost thou lie, both being girls unwedded of like age, both fair, and single both in bed do we sleep. The wicked Nysa, the crafty nurse it is that cruelly severs me from thee. For not of thee have I . . .'

IDYL III

THE SEASONS

Cleodamus and Myrson discuss the charms of the seasons, and give the palm to a southern spring.

Cleodamus. Which is sweetest, to thee, Myrson, spring, or winter or the late autumn or the summer; of which dost thou most desire the coming? Summer, when all are ended, the toils whereat we labour, or the sweet autumn, when hunger weighs lightest on men, or even idle winter, for even in winter many sit warm by the fire, and are lulled in rest and indolence. Or has beautiful spring more delight for thee? Say, which does thy heart choose? For our leisure lends us time to gossip.

Myrson. It beseems not mortals to judge the works of God; for sacred are all these things, and all are sweet, yet for thy sake I will speak out, Cleodamus, and declare what is sweeter to me than the rest. I would not have summer here,

for then the sun doth scorch me, and autumn I would not choose, for the ripe fruits breed disease. The ruinous winter, bearing snow and frost, I dread. But spring, the thrice desirable, be with me the whole year through, when there is neither frost, nor is the sun so heavy upon us. In springtime all is fruitful, all sweet things blossom in spring, and night and dawn are evenly meted to men.

IDYL IV

THE BOY AND LOVE

A fowler, while yet a boy, was hunting birds in a woodland glade, and there he saw the winged Love, perched on a box-tree bough. And when he beheld him, he rejoiced, so big the bird seemed to him, and he put together all his rods at once, and lay in wait for Love, that kept hopping, now here, now there. And the boy, being angered that his toil was endless, cast down his fowling gear, and went to the old husbandman, that had taught him his art, and told him all, and showed him Love on his perch. But the old man, smiling, shook his head, and answered the lad, 'Pursue this chase no longer, and go not after this bird. Nay, flee far from him. 'Tis an evil creature. Thou wilt be happy, so long as thou dost not catch him, but if thou comest to the measure of manhood, this bird that flees thee now, and hops away, will come uncalled, and of a sudden, and settle on thy head.'

IDYL V

THE TUTOR OF LOVE

Great Cypris stood beside me, while still I slumbered, and with her beautiful hand she led the child Love, whose head was earthward bowed. This word she spake to me, 'Dear herdsman, prithee, take Love, and teach him to sing.' So said she, and departed, and I—my store of pastoral song I taught to Love, in my innocence, as if he had been fain to learn. I taught him how the cross-flute was invented by Pan, and the flute by Athene, and by Hermes the tortoise-shell lyre, and the harp by sweet Apollo. All these things I taught him as

best I might; but he, not heeding my words, himself would sing me ditties of love, and taught me the desires of mortals and immortals, and all the deeds of his mother. And I clean forgot the lore I was teaching to Love, but what Love taught me, and his love ditties, I learned them all.

IDYL VI

LOVE AND THE MUSES

The Muses do not fear the wild Love, but heartily they cherish, and fleetly follow him. Yea, and if any man sing that hath a loveless heart, him do they flee, and do not choose to teach him. But if the mind of any be swayed by Love, and sweetly he sings, to him the Muses all run eagerly. A witness hereto am I, that this saying is wholly true, for if I sing of any other, mortal or immortal, then falters my tongue, and sings no longer as of old, but if again to Love, and Lycidas I sing, then gladly from my lips flows forth the voice of song.

FRAGMENTS

VII

I know not the way, nor is it fitting to labour at what we have not learned.

VIII

If my ditties be fair, lo these alone will win me glory, these that the Muse aforetime gave to me. And if these be not sweet, what gain is it to me to labour longer?

IX

Ah, if a double term of life were given us by Zeus, the son of Cronos, or by changeful Fate, ah, could we spend one life in joy and merriment, and one in labour, then perchance a man might toil, and in some later time might win his reward. But if the gods have willed that man enters into life but once (and that life brief, and too short to hold all we desire), then, wretched men and weary that we are, how sorely we toil, how greatly we cast our souls away on gain, and laborious arts,

continually coveting yet more wealth! Surely we have all forgotten that we are men condemned to die, and how short is the hour, that to us is allotted by Fate.

X

Happy are they that love, when with equal love they are rewarded. Happy was Theseus, when Pirithous was by his side, yea, though he went down to the house of implacable Hades. Happy among hard men and inhospitable was Orestes, for that Pylades chose to share his wanderings. And *he* was happy, Achilles Æacides, while his darling lived,—happy was he in his death, because he avenged the dread fate of Patroclus.

XI

Hesperus, golden lamp of the lovely daughter of the foam, dear Hesperus, sacred jewel of the deep blue night, dimmer as much than the moon, as thou art among the stars pre-eminent, hail, friend, and as I lead the revel to the shepherd's hut, in place of the moonlight lend me thine, for to-day the moon began her course, and too early she sank. I go not free-booting, nor to lie in wait for the benighted traveller, but a lover am I, and 'tis well to favour lovers.

XII

Mild goddess, in Cyprus born,—thou child, not of the sea, but of Zeus,—why art thou thus vexed with mortals and immortals? Nay, my word is too weak, why wert thou thus bitterly wroth, yea, even with thyself, as to bring forth Love, so mighty a bane to all,—cruel and heartless Love, whose spirit is all unlike his beauty? And wherefore didst thou furnish him with wings, and give him skill to shoot so far, that, child as he is, we never may escape the bitterness of Love.

XIII

Mute was Phoebus in this grievous anguish. All herbs he sought, and strove to win some wise healing art, and he anointed all the wound with nectar and ambrosia, but remediless are all the wounds of Fate.

XIV

But I will go my way to yon sloping hill; by the sand and the sea-banks murmuring my song, and praying to the cruel Galatea. But of my sweet hope never will I leave hold, till I reach the uttermost limit of old age.

XV

It is not well, my friend, to run to the craftsman, whatever may befall, nor in every matter to need another's aid, nay, fashion a pipe thyself, and to thee the task is easy.

XVI

May Love call to him the Muses, may the Muses bring with them Love. Ever may the Muses give song to me that yearn for it,—sweet song,—than song there is no sweeter charm.

XVII

The constant dropping of water, says the proverb, it wears a hole in a stone.

XVIII

Nay, leave me not unrewarded, for even Phoebus sang for his reward. And the meed of honour betters everything.

XIX

Beauty is the glory of womankind, and strength of men.

XX

All things, god-willing, all things may be achieved by mortals. From the hands of the blessed come tasks most easy, and that find their accomplishment.

MOSCHUS[1]

IDYL I

LOVE THE RUNAWAY

Cypris was raising the hue and cry for Love, her child,—'Who, where the three ways meet, has seen Love wandering? He is my runaway, whosoever has aught to tell of him shall win his reward. His prize is the kiss of Cypris, but if thou bringest him, not the bare kiss, O stranger, but yet more shalt thou win. The child is most notable, thou couldst tell him among twenty together, his skin is not white, but flame coloured, his eyes are keen and burning, an evil heart and a sweet tongue has he, for his speech and his mind are at variance. Like honey is his voice, but his heart of gall, all tameless is he, and deceitful, the truth is not in him, a wily brat, and cruel in his pastime. The locks of his hair are lovely, but his brow is impudent, and tiny are his little hands, yet far he shoots his arrows, shoots even to Acheron, and to the King of Hades.

'The body of Love is naked, but well is his spirit hidden, and winged like a bird he flits and descends, now here, now there, upon men and women, and nestles in their inmost hearts. He hath a little bow, and an arrow always on the string, tiny is the shaft, but it carries as high as heaven. A golden quiver on his back he bears, and within it his bitter arrows, wherewith full many a time he wounds even me.

'Cruel are all these instruments of his, but more cruel by far the little torch, his very own, wherewith he lights up the sun himself.

'And if thou catch Love, bind him, and bring him, and have no pity, and if thou see him weeping, take heed lest he give thee the slip; and if he laugh, hale him along.

'Yea, and if he wish to kiss thee, beware, for evil is his kiss, and his lips enchanted.

[1] Translated by Andrew Lang.

'And should he say, "Take these, I give thee in free gift all my armoury," touch not at all his treacherous gifts, for they all are dipped in fire.'

IDYL II

EUROPA AND THE BULL

To Europa, once on a time, a sweet dream was sent by Cypris, when the third watch of the night sets in, and near is the dawning; when sleep more sweet than honey rests on the eyelids, limb-loosening sleep, that binds the eyes with his soft bond, when the flock of truthful dreams fares wandering.

At that hour she was sleeping, beneath the roof-tree of her home, Europa, the daughter of Phoenix, being still a maid unwed. Then she beheld two Continents at strife for her sake, Asia, and the farther shore, both in the shape of women. Of these one had the guise of a stranger, the other of a lady of that land, and closer still she clung about her maiden, and kept saying, how 'she was her mother, and herself had nursed Europa.' But that other with mighty hands, and forcefully, kept haling the maiden, nothing loth; declaring that, by the will of Ægis-bearing Zeus, Europa was destined to be her prize.

But Europa leaped forth from her strown bed in terror, with beating heart, in such clear vision had she beheld the dream. Then she sat upon her bed, and long was silent, still beholding the two women, albeit with waking eyes; and at last the maiden raised her timorous voice:—

'Who of the gods of heaven has sent forth to me these phantoms? What manner of dreams have scared me when right sweetly slumbering on my strown bed, within my bower? Ah, and who was the alien woman that I beheld in my sleep? How strange a longing for her seized my heart, yea, and how graciously she herself did welcome me, and regard me as it had been her own child.

'Ye blessed gods, I pray you, prosper the fulfilment of the dream.'

Therewith she arose, and began to seek the dear maidens

of her company, girls of like age with herself, born in the same year, beloved of her heart, the daughters of noble sires, with whom she was always wont to sport, when she was arrayed for the dance, or when she would bathe her bright body at the mouths of the rivers, or would gather fragrant lilies on the leas.

And soon she found them, each bearing in her hand a basket to fill with flowers, and to the meadows near the salt sea they set forth, where always they were wont to gather in their company, delighting in the roses, and the sound of the waves. But Europa herself bore a basket of gold, a marvel well worth gazing on, a choice work of Hephaestus. He gave it to Libya, for a bridal-gift, when she approached the bed of the Shaker of the Earth, and Libya gave it to beautiful Telephassa, who was of her own blood; and to Europa, still an unwedded maid, her mother, Telephassa, gave the splendid gift.

Many bright and cunning things were wrought in the basket: therein was Io, daughter of Inachus, fashioned in gold; still in the shape of a heifer she was, and had not her woman's shape, and wildly wandering she fared upon the salt sea-ways, like one in act to swim; and the sea was wrought in blue steel. And aloft upon the double brow of the shore, two men were standing together and watching the heifer's sea-faring. There too was Zeus, son of Cronos, lighthly touching with his divine hand the cow of the line of Inachus, and her, by Nile of the seven streams, he was changing again, from a horned heifer to a woman. Silver was the stream of Nile, and the heifer of bronze and Zeus himself was fashioned in gold. And all about, beneath the rim of the rounded basket, was the story of Hermes graven, and near him lay stretched out Argus, notable for his sleepless eyes. And from the red blood of Argus was springing a bird that rejoiced in the flower-bright colour of his feathers, and spreading abroad his tail, even as some swift ship on the sea doth spread all canvas, was covering with his plumes the lips of the golden vessel. Even thus was wrought the basket of the lovely Europa.

Now the girls, so soon as they were come to the flowering meadows, took great delight in various sorts of flowers, whereof one would pluck sweet-breathed narcissus, another

the hyacinth, another the violet, a fourth the creeping thyme, and on the ground there fell many petals of the meadows rich with spring. Others again were emulously gathering the fragrant tresses of the yellow crocus; but in the midst of them all the princess culled with her hand the splendour of the crimson rose, and shone pre-eminent among them all like the foam-born goddess among the Graces. Verily she was not for long to set her heart's delight upon the flowers, nay, nor long to keep untouched her maiden girdle. For of a truth, the son of Cronos, so soon as he beheld her, was troubled, and his heart was subdued by the sudden shafts of Cypris, who alone can conquer even Zeus. Therefore, both to avoid the wrath of jealous Hera, and being eager to beguile the maiden's tender heart, he concealed his god-head, and changed his shape, and became a bull. Not such an one as feeds in the stall nor such as cleaves the furrow, and drags the curved plough, nor such as grazes on the grass, nor such a bull as is subdued beneath the yoke, and draws the burdened wain. Nay, but while all the rest of his body was bright chestnut, a silver circle shone between his brows, and his eyes gleamed softly, and ever sent forth lightning of desire. From his brow branched horns of even length, like the crescent of the horned moon, when her disk is cloven in twain. He came into the meadow, and his coming terrified not the maidens, nay, within them all wakened desire to draw nigh the lovely bull, and to touch him, and his heavenly fragrance was scattered afar, exceeding even the sweet perfume of the meadows. And he stood before the feet of fair Europa, and kept licking her neck, and cast his spell over the maiden. And she still caressed him, and gently with her hands she wiped away the deep foam from his lips, and kissed the bull. Then he lowed so gently, ye would think ye heard the Mygdonian flute uttering a dulcet sound.

He bowed himself before her feet, and, bending back his neck, he gazed on Europa, and showed her his broad back. Then she spake among her deep-tressed maidens, saying—

'Come, dear playmates, maidens of like age with me, let us mount the bull here and take our pastime, for truly, he will bear us on his back, and carry all of us; and how mild he is, and dear, and gentle to behold, and no whit like other

bulls. A mind as honest as a man's possesses him, and he lacks nothing but speech.'

So she spake, and smiling, she sat down on the back of the bull, and the others were about to follow her. But the bull leaped up immediately, now he had gotten her that he desired, and swiftly he sped to the deep. The maiden turned, and called again and again to her dear playmates, stretching out her hands, but they could not reach her. The strand he gained, and forward he sped like a dolphin, faring with unwetted hooves over the wide waves. And the sea, as he came, grew smooth, and the sea-monsters gambolled around, before the feet of Zeus, and the dolphin rejoiced, and rising from the deeps, he tumbled on the swell of the sea. The Nereids arose out of the salt water, and all of them came on in orderly array, riding on the backs of sea-beasts. And himself, the thund'rous Shaker of the World, appeared above the sea, and made smooth the wave, and guided his brother on the salt sea path; and round him were gathered the Tritons, these hoarse trumpeters of the deep, blowing from their long conches a bridal melody.

Meanwhile Europa, riding on the back of the divine bull, with one hand clasped the beast's great horn, and with the other caught up the purple fold of her garment, lest it might trail and be wet in the hoar sea's infinite spray. And her deep robe was swelled out by the winds, like the sail of a ship, and lightly still did waft the maiden onward. But when she was now far off from her own country, and neither sea-beat headland not steep hill could now be seen, but above, the air, and beneath, the limitless deep, timidly she looked around, and uttered her voice, saying—

'Whither bearest thou me, bull-god? What art thou? how dost thou fare on thy feet through the path of the sea-beasts, nor fearest the sea? The sea is a path meet for swift ships that traverse the brine, but bulls dread the salt sea-ways. What drink is sweet to thee, what food shalt thou find from the deep? Nay, art thou then some god, for godlike are these deeds of thine? Lo, neither do dolphins of the brine fare on land, nor bulls on the deep, but dreadless dost thou rush o'er land and sea alike, thy hooves serving thee for oars.

'Nay, perchance thou wilt rise above the grey air, and

flee on high, like the swift birds. Alas for me, and alas again, for mine exceeding evil fortune, alas for me that have left my father's house, and following this bull, on a strange sea-faring I go, and wander lonely. But I pray thee that rulest the grey salt sea, thou Shaker of the Earth, propitious meet me, and methinks I see thee smoothing this path of mine before me. For surely it is not without a god to aid, that I pass through these paths of the waters!'

So spake she, and the horned bull made answer to her again—

'Take courage, maiden, and dread not the swell of the deep. Behold I am Zeus, even I, though, closely beheld, I wear the form of a bull, for I can put on the semblance of what thing I will. But 'tis love of thee that has compelled me to measure out so great a space of the salt sea, in a bull's shape. Lo, Crete shall presently receive thee, Crete that was mine own foster-mother, where thy bridal chamber shall be. Yea, and from me shalt thou bear glorious sons, to be sceptre-swaying kings over earthly men.'

So spake he, and all he spake was fulfilled. And verily Crete appeared, and Zeus took his own shape again, and he loosed her girdle, and the Hours arrayed their bridal bed. She that before was a maiden straightway became the bride of Zeus, and she bare children to Zeus, yea, anon she was a mother.

IDYL III

THE LAMENT FOR BION

Wail, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades, and thou Dorian water; and weep ye rivers, for Bion, the well beloved! Now all ye green things mourn, and now ye groves lament him, ye flowers now in sad clusters breathe yourselves away. Now redden ye roses in your sorrow, and now wax red ye wind-flowers, now thou hyacinth, whisper the letters on thee graven, and add a deeper *ai ai* to thy petals; he is dead, the beautiful singer.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye nightingales that lament among the thick leaves of

the trees, tell ye to the Sicilian waters of Arethusa the tidings that Bion the herdsman is dead, and that with Bion song too has died, and perished hath the Dorian minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye Strymonian swans, sadly wail ye by the waters, and chant with melancholy notes the dolorous song, even such a song as in his time with voice like yours he was wont to sing. And tell again to the Œagrian maidens, tell to all the Nymphs Bistonian, how that he hath perished, the Dorian Orpheus.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

No more to his herds he sings, that beloved herdsman, no more 'neath the lonely oaks he sits and sings, nay, but by Pluteus's side he chants a refrain of oblivion. The mountains too are voiceless: and the heifers that wander by the bulls lament and refuse their pasture.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Thy sudden doom, O Bion, Apollo himself lamented, and the Satyrs mourned thee, and the Priapi in sable raiment, and the Panes sorrow for thy song, and the fountain fairies in the wood made moan, and their tears turned to rivers of waters. And Echo in the rocks laments that thou art silent, and no more she mimics thy voice. And in sorrow for thy fall the trees cast down their fruit, and all the flowers have faded. From the ewes hath flowed no fair milk, nor honey from the hives, nay, it hath perished for mere sorrow in the wax, for now hath thy honey perished, and no more it behoves men to gather the honey of the bees.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Not so much did the dolphin mourn beside the sea-banks, nor ever sang so sweet the nightingale on the cliffs, nor so much lamented the swallow on the long ranges of the hills, nor shrilled so loud the halcyon o'er his sorrows;

(*Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.*)

Nor so much, by the grey sea-waves, did ever the sea-bird sing, nor so much in the dells of dawn did the bird of Memnon bewail the son of the Morning, fluttering around his tomb, as they lamented for Bion dead.

Nightingales, and all the swallows that once he was wont to delight, that he would teach to speak, they sat over against each other on the boughs and kept moaning, and the birds sang in answer, 'Wail, ye wretched ones, even ye!'

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Who, ah who will ever make music on thy pipe, O thrice desired Bion, and who will put his mouth to the reeds of thine instrument? who is so bold?

For still thy lips and still thy breath survive, and Echo, among the reeds, doth still feed upon thy songs. To Pan shall I bear the pipe? Nay, perchance even he would fear to set his mouth to it, lest, after thee, he should win but the second prize.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Yea, and Galatea laments thy song, she whom once thou wouldst delight, as with thee she sat by the sea-banks. For not like the Cyclops didst thou sing—him fair Galatea ever fled, but on thee she still looked more kindly than on the salt water. And now hath she forgotten the wave, and sits on the lonely sands, but still she keeps thy kine.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

All the gifts of the Muses, herdsman, have died with thee, the delightful kisses of maidens, the lips of boys; and woful round thy tomb the loves are weeping. But Cypris loves thee far more than the kiss wherewith she kissed the dying Adonis.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

This, O most musical of rivers, is thy second sorrow, this, Meles, thy new woe. Of old didst thou lose Homer, that sweet mouth of Calliope, and men say thou didst bewail thy goodly son with streams of many tears, and didst fill all the salt sea with the voice of thy lamentation—now again another son thou weepest, and in a new sorrow art thou wasting away.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Both were beloved of the fountains, and one ever drank of the Pegasean fount, but the other would drain a draught of Arethusa. And the one sang the fair daughter of Tyndarus, and the mighty son of Thetis, and Menelaus Atreus's son, but that other,—not of wars, not of tears, but of Pan, would he

sing, and of herdsmen would he chant, and so singing, he tended the herds. And pipes he would fashion, and would milk the sweet heifer, and taught lads how to kiss, and Love he cherished in his bosom and woke the passion of Aphrodite.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Every famous city laments thee, Bion, and all the towns. Ascra laments thee far more than her Hesiod, and Pindar is less regretted by the forests of Boeotia. Nor so much did pleasant Lesbos mourn for Alcaeus, nor did the Teian town so greatly bewail her poet, while for thee more than for Archilochus doth Paros yearn, and not for Sappho, but still for thee doth Mytilene wail her musical lament;

[*Here seven verses are lost.*]

And in Syracuse Theocritus; but I sing thee the dirge of an Ausonian sorrow, I that am no stranger to the pastoral song, but heir of the Doric Muse which thou didst teach thy pupils. This was thy gift to me; to others didst thou leave thy wealth, to me thy minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep. And thou too, in the earth will be lapped in silence, but the nymphs have thought good that the frog should eternally sing. Nay, him I would not envy, for 'tis no sweet song he singeth.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Poison came, Bion, to thy mouth, thou didst know poison. To such lips as thine did it come, and was not sweetened? What mortal was so cruel that could mix poison for thee, or who could give thee the venom that heard thy voice? surely he had no music in his soul.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

But justice hath overtaken them all. Still for this sorrow I weep, and bewail thy ruin. But ah, if I might have

gone down like Orpheus to Tartarus, or as once Odysseus, or Alcides of yore, I too would speedily have come to the house of Pluteus, that thee perchance I might behold, and if thou singest to Pluteus, that I might hear what is thy song. Nay, sing to the Maiden some strain of Sicily, sing some sweet pastoral lay.

And she too is Sicilian, and on the shores by Aetna she was wont to play, and she knew the Dorian strain. Not unrewarded will the singing be; and as once to Orpheus's sweet minstrelsy she gave Eurydice to return with him, even so will she send thee too, Bion, to the hills. But if I, even I, and my piping had aught availed, before Pluteus I too would have sung.

IDYL IV

A sad dialogue between Megara the wife and Alcmena the mother of the wandering Heracles. Megara had seen her own children slain by her lord, in his frenzy, while Alcmena was constantly disquieted by ominous dreams.

My mother, wherefore art thou thus smitten in thy soul with exceeding sorrow, and the rose is no longer firm in thy cheeks as of yore? Why, tell me, art thou thus disquieted? Is it because thy glorious son is suffering pains unnumbered in bondage to a man of naught, as it were a lion in bondage to a fawn? Woe is me, why, ah why have the immortal gods thus brought on me so great dishonour, and wherefore did my parents get me for so ill a doom? Wretched woman that I am, who came to the bed of a man without reproach and ever held him honourable and dear as mine own eyes,—ay and still worship and hold him sacred in my heart—yet none other of men living hath had more evil hap or tasted in his soul so many griefs. In madness once, with the bow Apollo's self had given him—dread weapon of some Fury or spirit of Death—he struck down his own children, and took their dear life away, as his frenzy raged through the house till it swam in blood. With mine own eyes, I saw them smitten, woe is me, by their father's arrows—a thing none else hath suffered even in dreams. Nor could I aid them as they cried ever on their mother; the evil that

was upon them was past help. As a bird mourneth for her perishing little ones, devoured in the thicket by some terrible serpent while as yet they are fledglings, and the kind mother flutters round them making most shrill lament, but cannot help her nestlings, yea, and herself hath great fear to approach the cruel monster; so I unhappy mother, wailing for my brood, with frenzied feet went wandering through the house. Would that by my children's side I had died myself, and were lying with the envenomed arrow through my heart. Would that this had been, O Artemis, thou that art queen chief of power to womankind. Then would our parents have embraced and wept for us and with ample obsequies have laid us on one common pyre, and have gathered the bones of all of us into one golden urn, and buried them in the place where first we came to be. But now they dwell in Thebes, fair nurse of youth, ploughing the deep soil of the Aonian plain, while I in Tiryns, rocky city of Hera, am ever thus wounded at heart with many sorrows, nor is any respite to me from tears. My husband I behold but a little time in our house, for he hath many labours at his hand, whereat he laboureth in wanderings by land and sea, with his soul strong as rock or steel within his breast. But thy grief is as the running waters, as thou lamentest through the nights and all the days of Zeus.

Nor is there any one of my kinsfolk nigh at hand to cheer me: for it is not the house wall that severs them, but they all dwell far beyond the pine-clad Isthmus, nor is there any to whom, as a woman all hapless, I may look up and refresh my heart, save only my sister Pyrrha; nay, but she herself grieves yet more for her husband Iphicles thy son: for methinks 'tis thou that hast borne the most luckless children of all, to a God, and a mortal man.[1]

Thus spake she, and ever warmer the tears were pouring from her eyes into her sweet bosom, as she bethought her of her children and next of her own parents. And in like manner Alcmena bedewed her pale cheeks with tears, and deeply sighing from her very heart she thus bespoke her dear daughter with thick-coming words:

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[1] Alcmena bore Iphicles to Amphictyon, Hercules to Zeus.

'Dear child, what is this that hath come into the thoughts of thy heart? How art thou fain to disquiet us both with the tale of griefs that cannot be forgotten? Not for the first time are these woes wept for now. Are they not enough, the woes that possess us from our birth continually to our day of death? In love with sorrow surely would he be that should have the heart to count up our woes; such destiny have we received from God. Thyself, dear child, I behold vext by endless pains, and thy grief I can pardon, yea, for even of joy there is satiety. And exceedingly do I mourn over and pity thee, for that thou hast partaken of our cruel lot, the burden whereof is hung above our heads. For so witness Persephone and fair-robed Demeter (by whom the enemy that wilfully forswears himself, lies to his own hurt), that I love thee no less in my heart than if thou hadst been born of my womb, and wert the maiden darling of my house: nay, and methinks that thou knowest this well. Therefore say never, my flower that I heed thee not, not even though I wail more ceaselessly than Niobe of the lovely locks. No shame it is for a mother to make moan for the affliction of her son: for ten months I went heavily, even before I saw him, while I bare him under my girdle, and he brought me near the gates of the warden of Hell; so fierce the pangs I endured in my sore travail of him. And now my son is gone from me in a strange land to accomplish some new labour; nor know I in my sorrow whether I shall again receive him returning here or no. Moreover in sweet sleep a dreadful dream hath fluttered me; and I exceedingly fear for the ill-omened vision that I have seen, lest something that I would not be coming on my children.

It seemed to me that my son, the might of Heracles, held in both hands a well-wrought spade, wherewith, as one labouring for hire, he was digging a ditch at the edge of a fruitful field, stripped of his cloak and belted tunic. And when he had come to the end of all his work and his labours at the stout defence of the vine-filled close, he was about to lean his shovel against the upstanding mound and don the clothes he had worn. But suddenly blazed up above the deep trench a quenchless fire, and a marvellous great flame encompassed him. But he kept ever giving back with hurried feet, striv-

ing to flee the deadly bolt of Hephaestus; and ever before his body he kept his spade as it were a shield; and this way and that he glared around him with his eyes, lest the angry fire should consume him. Then brave Iphicles, eager, methought, to help him, stumbled and fell to earth ere he might reach him, nor could he stand upright again, but lay helpless, like a weak old man, whom joyless age constrains to fall when he would not; so he lieth on the ground as he fell, till one passing by lift him up by the hand, regarding the ancient reverence for his hoary beard. Thus lay on the earth Iphicles, wielder of the shield. But I kept wailing as I beheld my sons in their sore plight, until deep sleep quite fled from my eyes, and straightway came bright morn. Such dreams, beloved, flitted through my mind all night; may they all turn against Eurystheus nor come nigh our dwelling, and to his hurt be my soul prophetic, nor may fate bring aught otherwise to pass.

IDYL V

When the wind on the grey salt sea blows softly, then my weary spirits rise, and the land no longer pleases me, and far more doth the calm allure me. But when the hoary deep is roaring, and the sea is broken up in foam, and the waves rage high, then lift I mine eyes unto the earth and trees, and fly the sea, and the land is welcome, and the shady wood well pleasing in my sight, where even if the wind blow high the pine-tree sings her song. Surely an evil life lives the fisherman, whose home is his ship, and his labours are in the sea, and fishes thereof are his wandering spoil. Nay, sweet to me is sleep beneath the broad-leaved plane-tree; let me love to listen to the murmur of the brook hard by, soothing, not troubling the husbandman with its sound.

IDYL VI[1]

Pan loved his neighbour Echo; Echo loved
A gamesome Satyr; he, by her unmoved,

[1] Translated by Ernest Myers.

Loved only Lyde; thus through Echo, Pan,
Lyde, and Satyr, Love his circle ran.
Thus all, while their true lovers' hearts they grieved,
Were scorned in turn, and what they gave received.
O all Love's scorners, learn this lesson true;
Be kind to Love, that he be kind to you.

IDYL VII

Alpheus, when he leaves Pisa and makes his way through beneath the deep, travels on to Arethusa with his waters that the wild olives drank, bearing her bridal gifts, fair leaves and flowers and sacred soil. Deep in the waves he plunges, and runs beneath the sea, and the salt water mingles not with the sweet. Nought knows the sea as the river journeys through. Thus hath the knavish boy, the maker of mischief, the teacher of strange ways—thus hath Love by his spell taught even a river to dive.

IDYL VIII[1]

Leaving his torch and his arrows, a wallet strung on his back,
One day came the mischievous Love-god to follow the ploughshare's track:
And he chose him a staff for his driving, and yoked him a sturdy steer,
And sowed in the furrows the grain to the Mother of Earth most dear.
Then he said, looking up to the sky: 'Father Zeus, to my harvest be good,
Lest I yoke that bull to my plough that Europa once rode through the flood!'

IDYL IX[1]

Would my father had taught me craft of a keeper of sheep,
For so in the shade of the elm-tree, or under the rocks on the steep,
Piping on reeds I had sat, and had lulled my sorrow to sleep.

[1] Translated by Ernest Myers.

THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

EPIGRAMS
AND
FUGITIVE POEMS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY VARIOUS HANDS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

The earliest collection of so-called Greek epigrams was made by Meleager of Gadara (in Syria) about B.C. 60, under the title Stephanos, or Garland. It contained poems by forty-seven poets, beginning with Archilochus, Alcæus and Simonides, and ending with the compiler himself. Continual additions were made to this collection by others, notably Philippus of Thessalonica, who lived in the time of the emperor Trajan (A.D. 98-117), and Agathias (A.D. 530-582), both of whom contributed original epigrams.

From the time of the Latin cynic, Martial, the epigram has come to mean a succinct sentence composed for the single purpose of enforcing a clever point. This is quite different from the aim of the classic Greek epigrams, which was to set forth clearly, completely and in a manner calculated to be remembered, some fact or idea deserving of permanent record. For the mnemonic reason, it was requisite that both the thought and its expression be simple and beautiful. It was intended to include every essential fact and characteristic, and to exclude every idea or suggestion bearing only indirectly or in a minor degree upon the theme. Accordingly, we have in these epigrams genuine monuments to the restrained genius and pure taste of the early Greeks. Lord Neaves, a Scots jurist who made the Greek epigrams a special study, spoke of them as highly characteristic of the Greek mind, which, foregoing the temptation of fervid or majestic expression, looked to the combination of perfect simplicity with perfect beauty as the true ideal. To this ideal they adhered in small as in great matters, not only in the statue but in the epigraph upon its pedestal. And in many instances, it is the art of the inscription that has caused it to live while the statue has passed away. As Gautier says:

E'en gods away may pass,
But Verse's sacred reign
Than brass
More lasting shall remain.

The difference between the Greek epigram and the later form of which Martial was the great master may be said to be that between *pith* and *point*. This lack of piercing, and, it may be added, rankling quality, made the Greek epigrams disliked by the keen wits of France and England in that age of intellectual cleverness, the eighteenth century. Lord Chesterfield denounced them in his famous letters to his son:

"I hope you will keep company with Horace and Cicero among the Romans, and Homer and Xenophon among the Greeks, and that you have got out of the worst company in the world—the Greek epigrams. Martial has wit, and is worth looking into sometimes; but I recommend the Greek epigrams to your supreme contempt."

Lord Neaves very fittingly remarks upon this judgment: "Whatever we may think of his lordship in respect of knowledge of life and worldly wisdom, we are not disposed to bow to his authority in literature any more than in morals."

The first serious attempt to exhibit the true character of the Greek epigram in English translation was in the papers which appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' in the years 1833 and 1834, from the pen of Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North") and others, particularly William Hay.

Lord Neaves, in his discussion of the Greek epigrams, has divided them into seven classes: 1, Dedicatory; 2, Sepulchral; 3, Amatory; 4, Didactic; 5, Literary and Artistic; 6, Witty and Satirical; 7, Narrative and Miscellaneous.

According to the plan of the present series, however, we will classify the epigrams according to their authors, who are arranged for convenience of reference in alphabetical order. With the epigrammatists are included some authors of fugitive poems that are not strictly epigrams, but may be properly comprised in an anthology as the word is understood to-day. Most of the translations are by Lord Neaves, to whom the reader is instructed to give credit when no name of a translator is appended to a poem. In a number of instances he has amended the translations by others. This modification is noted where the change has been a material one. It will be observed that a number of epigrams by Romans are included in the Anthology. This is because they were written in Greek.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ACHILLES TATIUS

A native of Alexandria, assigned to the third century A.D. His work as a novelist is noted in volume seven.

Song of the Rose

If Zeus chose us a king of the flowers in his mirth,
He would call to the Rose and would royally crown it,
For the Rose, ho, the Rose, is the grace of the earth,
Is the light of the plants that are growing upon it.

For the Rose, ho, the Rose, is the eye of the flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair—
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers
On pale lovers who sit in the glow unaware.

Ho, the Rose breathes of love! Ho, the Rose lifts the cup
To the red lips of Cypris invoked for a guest!
Ho, the Rose, having curled its sweet leaves for the world,
Takes delight in the motion its petals keep up,
As they laugh to the wind as it laughs from the west!

— Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

ADDŒUS

On Alexander the Great

Macetan[1] Alexander's tomb, if called on to disclose,
Say that the world's two continents his monument compose.

The Draught-Ox

The old draught-ox, worn in the furrowed field,
Alcon to ruthless slaughter would not yield,
His toils revering: in deep pasture now
He lows, and feels his freedom from the plough.

[1] Macedonian.

On a Fisherman

The fisher Diotimus long a trusty boat had rowed,
Which also furnished on dry land a poor but fit abode.
When thrown into his last long sleep, his dreary way he made
To Hades without further help, by that same boat conveyed:
For that which had sustained his life the old man kept entire,
And dying found it useful still to form his funeral pyre.

On a Carved Gem

An Indian beryl, Tryphon won me o'er
To spread into a calm from shore to shore.
Galenè's[1] name and form he bade me bear,
And his soft hands let flow my lengthening hair.
See how my kisses soothe the watery deep,
And how my bosom lulls the waves to sleep!
Did not the envious stone my will confine,
You'd see me quickly floating on the brine.

ÆLIUS GALLUS

On a Tantalus sculptured on a Drinking-Cup

See how the guest of gods, who often quaffed
The nectar's purple juice, now longs to sip
A drop of water—while the envious draught
Shrinks downward, far away from that parched lip.
"In silence drink," this sculpture says, "and know
A froward tongue brought such excess of woe."

ÆMILIANUS

On a Picture of Aristides

Suck, hapless babe, this breast while yet I live;
Draw the last drop thy mother e'er can give.
The foeman's sword has robbed me of my breath,
But a true mother's love survives in death.

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[1] The sea-goddess of calm.

ÆSCHYLUS

Æschylus, the dramatist, fought at Marathon. He died at an advanced age at Gela, in Sicily, the inhabitants of which inscribed on his tomb the following epitaph, which he is said to have composed. It is remarkable for its commemoration of his military achievements to the exclusion of his literary success.

Epitaph

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
This tomb at Gela holds, his race now run.
His deeds, the grove of Marathon could tell,
And many a long-haired Median knows them well.

ÆSOPUS

Life

From thee, O life! and from thy myriad woes,
Who but by death can flee or find repose?
For though sweet Nature's beauties gladden thee,
The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the sea,
All else is fear and grief; and each success
Brings its retributive unhappiness.

— Dr. Wellesley.

AGATHIAS

Agathias Scholasticus was a Greek poet, historian, and jurist of Myrina, in Asia Minor (A.D. 530-582). In his collection of epigrams by himself and others called the Cyclus (Circle), he began the Greek Anthology, which still includes 101 of his epigrams.

On a Statue of Plutarch

Cheronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise:
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared
(Their heroes written, and their lives compared);
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

— John Dryden.

Matter o' Money

Euseia, rich in gold and land,
To a poor fisher gave her hand.
Ophion, dazzled with his gain,
Grew haughty, petulant, and vain.
Venus, says Fortune, looking sly,
Who play'd this trick, pray—you or I?

— Philip Smyth.

Love and Wine

Farewell to wine! or if thou bid me sip,
Present the cup more honour'd from thy lip!
Pour'd by thy hand, to rosy draughts I fly,
And cast away my dull sobriety;
For, as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul
That lovely Glycera has kissed the bowl.

— Bland.

Grammar and Medicine

A thriving doctor sent his son to school
To gain some knowledge, should he prove no fool;
But took him soon away with little warning,
On finding out the lesson he was learning—
How great Pelides' wrath, in Homer's rhyme,
Sent many souls to Hades ere their time.
"No need for this my boy should hither come;
That lesson he can better learn at home—
For I myself, now, I make bold to say,
Send many souls to Hades ere their day,
Nor e'er find want of Grammar stop my way."

To a Sophist Who Speculated About the Soul

If more you wish to learn, to Hades go,
And there as much as Plato soon you'll know.
Or if you choose, ascend the rampart's height,
Mimic Cleombrotus,[1] and plunge to-night:
The soul, thus without body left alone,
May have the truth it seeks for clearly shown,—
If there's indeed a soul, to know, or to be known.

[1] See page 362.

A Lover's Plaint to the Swallows

The livelong night I spend in woe.
And when the dawn appears,
That might bring rest to soothe my breast
And wipe away my tears;
These envious swallows haunt my door.
With pipe so loud and shrill,
They will not leave me to repose,
But twitter, twitter, still.
Ye chatterers, cease; I did no harm
To Philomela's tongue:
Go to the hoopoe's desert haunts,
And there your woes prolong;
And while you mourn poor Itys' fate,
Perchance Rhodanthe's charms
May glow in dreams of blissful rest,
Within these longing arms.

—William Hay.

On Death

Death brings us peace: Oh! fear him not:
Death ends the sufferer's heaviest lot.
He comes but once; his awful mien
Twice coming, none has ever seen.
Whilst pain and grief, man's sadd'ning doom,
Come often, and are sure to come.

—C.

December to May

Venus, thy spouse Anchises, whose young love
Oft drew thy footsteps to the Idæan grove,
Brings one dark hair, with difficulty found,
Sole relic of that age when joys abound.
Thou, goddess (for thou canst), his youth restore,
Or take grey hairs for what he was of yore.

On His Blue-Stocking Sister Who Studied Law

Bright Beauty, Music, legal Lore, Eugenia did adorn:
Venus, the Muse, and Themis now for her their locks have shorn.

On Housebound Women

Ah! youths never know the weight of care,
That delicate-spirited women must bear.
For comrades of cheery speech have they,
To blandish the woes of thought away:
With games they can cheat the hours at home,
And whenever abroad in the streets they roam
With the colours of painting they glad themselves.
But as for us, poor prisoned elves,
We are shut out from sunlight, buried in rooms,
And fretted away by our fancy's glooms.

— Swayne.

On a Happy Wife and Mother

To Venus garlands—braids of clustering hair
To Pallas, and her zone to Artemis,
Callirrhoè gave—fit tributes offered there,
Whence to her lot had fallen a triple bliss.
A loved and loving suitor she had wed,
In modest purity her life was led,
And a male race of children blessed her bed.

ALCÆUS OF MESSENE

On the Death of Homer[1]

Sorely afflicted was the hero's bard,
When Ios' sons devised that riddle hard:
Upon their Homer's corse the Nereids pour
Nectar, when stretched upon its cliffy shore;

For he had honoured Thetis and her son,
With other heroes who had glory won,
And told the deeds by wise Ulysses done.
Ios, though small, most blest of Isles! since he,
The Muses and the Graces' star, now sleeps in thee!

ALPHEUS OF MITYLENE

On a Bird Mother

Covered with wintry snows, around her young,
With sheltering wings, a fond hen-mother clung,

[1] See the Life of Homer by Herodotus, in volume two.

Till by heaven's frosts she perished; to the last
Struggling against the skies and bitter blast.
Prognè, Medea,[1] ye were mothers too;
In Hades blush—to learn what birds can do.

WILLIAM HAY AND SIR A. CROKE.

ON HOMER

Still of Andromachè the wail we hear,
Still see Troy's ramparts tottering to the ground;
The din, where Ajax fights, still strikes the ear,
And steeds drag Hector's corse the walls around,
Through Homer's Muse, whom not one land alone,
But climes of either world proclaim their own.

"NEITHER POVERTY NOR RICHES"

I care not for those wide and fertile fields,
Nor all the wealth that Gyges held in fee:
What joy a self-sufficing fortune yields,
Such modest livelihood is dear to me.
The wise old maxim, 'Not too much'—
Too much has power my heart to touch.

AMMIAN

THE MUSICAL DOCTOR

Nicias, a doctor and musician,
Lies under very foul suspicion.
He sings, and without any shame
He murders all the finest music:
Does he prescribe? our fate's the same,
If he shall e'er find me or you sick.

— DR. WELLESLEY.

ON A RASCAL

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay,—
That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

— MERIVALE.

[1] Unnatural human mothers.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

A Stoic philosopher, who flourished B.C. 127.

On a Nut-tree by the Roadside

A roadside nut-tree planted, here I stand,
A mark for every passing schoolboy's hand;
My boughs and flourishing twigs all broke or bent—
Wounded by many a missle at me sent.
What boots it now that trees should fruitful be?—
My very fruit brings this disgrace on me!

On the Destruction of Corinth by the Romans

Where are thy splendours, Dorian Corinth, where
Thy crested turrets, thy ancestral goods,
The temples of the blest, the dwellings fair,
The high-born dames, the myriad multitudes?
There's not a trace of thee, sad doomed one, left,
By rav'ning war at once of all bereft.
We, the sad Nereids, offspring of the surge,
Alone are spared to chant thy halcyon dirge.

— Dr. Wellesley.

On a Mother and Daughter who Killed Themselves at the Siege of Corinth to Avoid Captivity

Here sleeps a daughter by her mother's side;
Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied:
When hostile banners over Corinth waved,
Preferring death, we left a land enslaved;
Pierced by a mother's steel, in youth I bled,
She nobly join'd me in my gory bed:
In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave.

— Bland.

On Sappho

Amazement seized Mnemosyné[1]
At Sappho's honey'd song:
"What, does a tenth Muse, then," cried she,
"To mortal men belong!" — Dr. Wellesley.

[1] The mother of the Muses.

On the Niobe Group of Sculptures[1]

Tantalus' daughter this: once proud to show
Her fourteen children—now, oh sight of woe!
A monumental victim here she stands
Of Phœbus and Diana's vengeful hands.
He all the sons—she all the daughters slew—
At once twice Seven were stripped of life by Two.
The mother of so many thus bereft,
Had not even one to soothe her sorrows left.
Not, as is wont, did children deck her tomb;
To bury *them* was here the parent's doom.
Sins of the tongue on her, as on her sire,
Brought down in varying forms celestial ire:
She, turned to stone; he, filled with fear and dread,
With that huge rock impending o'er his head.

On the Poetess Erinna[2]

Few were thy words, Erinna, short thy lay,
  But thy short lay the Muse herself had given;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
  Nor night obscure thy fame, which lives in heav'n.

While we, the unnumbered bards of after-times,
  Sink in the melancholy grave unseen;
Unhonoured reach Avernus' fabled climes,
  And leave no record that we once have been.

Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays,
  Though but an instant heard, and then they die;
But the long chattering of discordant jays,
  The winds of April scatter through the sky.

— Merivale.

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[1] Niobe, the mortal mother of seven handsome sons and seven beautiful daughters, boasted that she excelled the goddess Leto, the mother of only two children, Apollo and Artemis (Phœbus and Diana). Leto punished her by causing these two gods to shoot down her children before her eyes. Niobe turned to stone in her grief. Either Scopas or Praxiteles carved the scene of the slaughter.

[2] A pupil of Sappho who died at the age of nineteen.

On Pindar

As the war-trumpet drowns the fawn-bone flute,
So, when your shell is heard, all else is mute.
Not vainly did the swarm of brown bees drip
Their wax-bound honey on your infant lip:
Witness the hornèd god, aside who flings
His pastoral reeds, and your high lyrics sings.

On Homer's Birthplace

From Colophon some deem thee sprung;
From Smyrna some, and some from Chios;
These noble Salamis have sung,
While *those* proclaim thee born in Ios;
And others cry up Thessaly,
The mother of Lapithæ.
Thus each to Homer has assigned
The birthplace just which suits his mind;
But if I read the volume right,
By Phœbus to his followers given,
I'd say they're all mistaken quite:
His real country must be—Heaven;
While for his mother—She can be
No other than Calliope.

— Merivale.

On Orpheus

No longer, Orpheus, will thy soothing song,
Oaks, rocks, and lawless monsters lead along:
No longer lull the stormy winds to sleep;
The hail, the drifting snow, the raging deep.
Thou'rt gone; the Muses weep around thy bier,
And most, Calliope, thy mother dear.
Why mourn our children lost, when from the grave
The gods themselves cannot their offspring save!

— Bland and Hay.

On Fidelity of Woman

Me, a dry plane-tree now, a clustering vine
Envelops: this fair foliage is not mine.
Yet once I nursed her fruit with many a bough,

As verdant and as fresh as she is now.
Do thou thus strive to gain a woman's love,
Who to thy dying day will grateful prove.

On a Picture by Apelles

Venus, emerging from her parent sea,
Apelles' graphic skill does here portray:
She wrings her hair, while round the bright drops flee,
And presses from her locks the foamy spray.
Pallas and Juno now their claims give o'er,
And say, "In beauty we contend no more."

On an Eagle Perched on the Tombstone of Aristomenes.[1]

"Majestic Bird! so proud and fierce,
Why tower'st thou o'er that warrior's hearse?"
"I tell each god-like earthly king,
Far as o'er birds of every wing
Supreme the lordly eagle sails,
Great Aristomenes prevails.
Let timid doves, with plaintive cry,
Coo o'er the graves where cowards lie:
'Tis o'er the dauntless hero's breast
The kingly eagle loves to rest."

— Leyden.

On a Shrine of Venus by the Sea

Simple this shrine, where by the dark white wave
I sit, the mistress of a briny shore:
Simple, but loved; for I delight to save
The sailor, while I quell the billows' roar.
Propitiate Venus: I will prove to thee
A friend, when tossed by love or on the clear blue sea.

— William Hay, *altered by* Lord Neaves.

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[1] Aristomenes was a Messenian prince, called by the Delphic oracle "the best of the Greeks." He was a determined enemy of the Spartans. Captured by them he was thrown into a pit, whence he was rescued by an eagle, the bird of Jove.

On Lais, the Courtesan

Lais, who walked in gold and purple dyes,
Here on her sea-girt Corinth lowly lies—
The pampered friend of Eros, whom that elf
Nurtured more daintily than Venus' self.
Brighter this human goddess than the stream,
Which in Pirenè sheds its fulgent gleam:
And wooers more she had who sought her arms,
Than ever sighed for brilliant Helen's charms.
And many revelled in those graces—sold
For the false glare of all subduing gold.
Even in her ashes lives the rich perfume
Of odours ever floating round her tomb:
Steeped are her locks in myrrh; the buxom air
Inhales the fragrance of her essenced hair.
And when she died, Cythera near her stood
With grief-soiled cheeks, and Eros sobbed aloud.
Oh! if these charms so many had not bought,
Greece had for Lais as for Helen fought.

William Hay.

On a Tattle-Tale

Not the setting of the Pleiades so fearful is to me,—
Not the howling round the rugged rock of a wild and stormy sea,—
Not the flash that fires the mighty heavens,—as the water-drinking fellow,
Who remembers and repeats the things we said when we were mellow.

On a Statue by Myron

Methinks this heifer is about to low:
So, not Prometheus only, Myron, thou,
Like him, with life canst lifeless things endow.

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

First century B.C. Thirty-six of his epigrams remain.

On Poetesses

These god-tongued women were with song supplied
From Helicon to steep Pieria's side:
Prexilla, Myro, Anytè's grand voice—
The female Homer;—Sappho, pride and choice
Of Lesbian dames, whose locks have earned a name,
Erinna, Telesilla known to fame.
And thou, Corinna, whose bright numbers yield
A vivid image of Athenè's shield.
Soft-sounding Nossis, Myrtis of sweet song,
Work-women all whose books will last full long.
Nine Muses owe to Uranus their birth,
And nine—an endless joy for man—to Earth.

The Books of Aristophanes

The plays of Aristophanes! around that work divine
The Acharnian ivy's clust'ring wreaths in verdant glory twine.
What inspiration in the page! 'tis Bacchus' self!—What sounds
Of graceful poesy, which yet with dreaded wit abounds.
Genius of Comedy! how just! how true to all that's Greek!
Whate'er in satire or in jest thy personages speak.

— Dr. Wellesley.

The Dying Father to His Daughter

Antigenes of Gela, when oppress'd
By death's cold hand, his daughter thus address'd:
My own, my sweet-faced child! thy distaff's aid
Will earn, for humble life, enough of bread:
And, for thy dower, if led to Hymen's shrine,
Be thy Greek mother's saintly manners thine.

—C.

ANTIPHILUS

First century A.D.

On Diogenes

E'en brass grows old with time; but thy renown,
Diogenes, no age can e'er live down.
Thou only didst a self-sufficing way
And easy-going life to men display.

Upon a Likeness of Medea at Rome

Timomachus, when his skilled hand designed
To paint Medea's much distracted mind,
Chose a great task, the double power to prove
Of jealous hatred and maternal love.
One passion asked a look to anger bent,
And one as strongly to compassion leant.
Both he achieved: the picture tells the truth;
Tears mix with threats, and rage combines with ruth;
Delay was here most wise: the deed thus planned
Befits Medea's not the artist's hand.

Nemesis

My gallant ship now nears my native shore;
To-morrow! and her stormy course is o'er.
To-morrow!—when my lips these words had said,
A sea like Hades, raving o'er my head,
Engulphed me; and destruction round me clung,
For this vain vaunting of a froward tongue.
Say not *to-morrow;* the tongue's slightest slip
Nemesis watches, ere it pass the lip.

— William Hay.

On a Picture of a Blind Man Carrying a Lame One

Deficient one in limbs, and one in eyes,
Each with the other's help his want supplies:
The blind man lifts the lame man on his back,
And by the other's words directs his track.
Wholesome necessity this lesson taught,—
By mutual pity, mutual aid was brought.

On the Works of Homer

Antiphilus. Who are ye, Books, and what do ye contain?
Books. Daughters of Homer we, and we explain
The tale of Troy, Achilles' wrath, the might
Of Hector's struggle in the ten years' fight,
Ulysses' toils, the tears his consort shed,
The wooers' struggles for her widowed bed.
Antiphilus. Great Works, go join the Muses' choir in heaven,
For Time proclaims their number now eleven.

— William Hay.

ANYTE

A poetess of Tegea, about B.C. 300. Twenty-two epigrams by her remain. Meleager called her "the white lily," and Antipater, "The Female Homer."

On a Shepherd's Offering

To shaggy Pan, and to the Fold-nymphs fair,
Fast by the rock a shepherd's offering stands,
Theudotus' gift to those who gave him there
Rest, when he fainted in the sultry air,
And reached him sweetest water with their hands.

On a Shrine of Venus by the Sea

This Venus' favourite haunt: 'tis her delight
To look from land upon the ocean bright,
And speed the sailor's course. The ambient brine
Quails as it sees the image in her shrine.

On a Forest Nook

Stranger, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow,
Sweet in the green leaves the breeze murmurs here:
This fountain's stream will cool the summer's glow:
Such rest is ever to tired pilgrims dear.

— Bland.

On the Female Martyrs of Miletus[1]

Then let us hence, Miletus dear; sweet native land, farewell;
Th' insulting wrongs of lawless Gauls we fear, whilst here we dwell.
Three virgins of Milesian race, to this dire fate compell'd
By Celtic Mars—yet glad we die, that we have ne'er beheld
'Spousals of blood, nor sunk to be vile handmaids to our foes,
But rather owe our thanks to Death, kind healer of our woes.

— Merivale.

Epitaphs

The maid Antibia I lament; for whom
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall:
For beauty, prudence, famed was she; but doom
Destructive overwhelmed the hopes of all.

— William Hay.

Here fair Albina lies, yet not alone;
That was forbid by Cytherea's son:
His quiver, arrows, and his bow lie here,
And Beauty's self lay lifeless on her bier,
Strew roses then, and violets round her shower,
She that's now dust, was yesterday a flower.

— Whaley.

Manes, when living, was a slave: dead now,
Great King Darius, he's as great as thou.

ARCHELAUS

On a Statue by Lysippus of Alexander the Great

Lysippus formed in brass the courage high
Of Alexander, and his aspect bold:
The brass looks up to heaven, and seems to cry:
The earth is mine: thou, Jove, Olympus hold.

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[1] When Miletus was invaded by the Gauls, three ladies killed themselves to escape falling into their hands.

ARCHIAS

The friend and preceptor of Cicero, who delivered one of his most famous orations on the poet's behalf. He wrote several Greek epigrams.

On Life and Death

Praiseworthy are the Thracians, who lament
The infant that hath left its mother's womb:
Who deem those happy, too, whom Death has sent
Without prevision to the peaceful tomb.
Well in their grief and gladness is express'd
That Life is labour, and that Death is rest.

— Hay and Bland.

On Alexander of Macedon

Troy fell with Hector, and no champion's spear,
From that o'erwhelming hour, taught Greece to fear.
With Alexander perished Pella's name;
Thus one great mind is life and power and fame.

— Dr. Croly.

On Eros

What! fly from love? vain hope: there's no retreat,
When he has wings and I have only feet.

On Echo

To Echo, mute or talkative
Address good words; for she can give
Retorts to those who dare her:
If you provoke me, I reply;
If you are silent, so am I—
Can any tongue speak fairer?

— Dr. Wellesley.

ARIPHRON OF SICYON

To Health

Eldest born of powers divine!
Bless'd Hygeia! be it mine
To enjoy what thou canst give,
And henceforth with thee to live:

For in power if pleasure be,
Wealth or numerous progeny,
Or in amorous embrace,
Where no spy infests the place;
Or in aught that Heaven bestows
To alleviate human woes,
When the wearied heart despairs
Of a respite from its cares;
These and every true delight
Flourish only in thy sight;
And the Sister Graces three
Owe themselves their youth to thee;
Without whom we may possess
Much, but never happiness.

— William Cowper.

ARISTO

The Poor Scholar's Admonition to the Mice

O mice! if here you come for food, you'd better go elsewhere,
For in this cabin, small and rude, you'll find but slender fare.
Go where you'll meet with good fat cheese, and sweet dried figs in plenty,
Where even the scraps will yield with ease a banquet rich and dainty:
If to devour my books you come, you'll rue it, without question,
And find them all, as I find some, of very hard digestion.

ARISTOTLE

Aristotle, the versatile writer of philosophy and science, was also a poet. A few of his poems have come down to us, of which the following is the most notable.

Hymn to Virtue

in memory of king hermeias

Virtue, to men thou bringest care and toil;
Yet art thou life's best, fairest spoil!
O virgin Goddess, for thy beauty's sake
To die is delicate in this our Greece,

Or to endure of pain the stern strong ache!
Such fruit for our soul's ease
Of joys undying, dearer far than gold
Or home or soft-eyed sleep, dost thou unfold.
It was for thee the seed of Zeus,
Stout Heracles, and Leda's twins did choose
Strength-draining deeds, to spread abroad thy name:
Smit with the love of thee
Aias and Achilleus went smilingly
Down to Death's portal, crowned with deathless fame.
Now since thou art so fair,
Leaving the lightsome air
Atarneus' Hero hath died gloriously.
Wherefore immortal praise shall be his guerdon:
His goodness and his deeds are made the burden
Of songs divine
Sung by Memory's daughters nine
Hymning of hospitable Zeus the might
And friendship firm as Fate in Fate's despite.

— John Addington Symonds.

ASCLEPIADES

A poet of Samos of the beginning of the third century B.C. He invented the meter named after him. He left thirty-nine epigrams, mostly erotic.

Love is Sweetest

Sweet to the thirsty man is snow, to quench the summer's heat;
The winter's end, the spring's return, to sailors too is sweet;
But sweeter far when lovers twain have found a blissful bower,
Where mutual vows and mutual love will speed each happy hour.

On Hesiod

The Muses, Hesiod, on the mountain steep,
Themselves at noon thy flocks beheld thee keep;
The bright-leaved bay they plucked, and all the Nine
Placed in thy hand at once the branch divine.

Then their dear Helicon's inspiring wave,
From where the wing'd steed smote the ground, they gave,
Which deeply quaffed, thy verse the lineage told
Of gods, and husbandry, and heroes old.

— Goldwin Smith.

On Ajax

I, Valour, wretched maid, sit here forlorn
By Ajax' tomb, my locks for sorrow shorn:
Grieved at my heart, among the Greeks to see
Crafty and base Deceit preferred to me.

AUSONIUS

Flourished A.D. 370. He was born at Bordeaux, the son of a physician. The Emperor Valentinian selected him as tutor to his son Gratian, which led to his advancement to the office of Prætorian Præfect, first of Italy, and then of the Gauls. By Gratian he was made Consul.

Echo

Vain painter, why dost strive my face to draw
With busy hands, a goddess' eyes ne'er saw?
Daughter of air and wind, I do rejoice
In empty shouts; without a mind, a voice.
Reviving last-form'd sounds, I bid them stay,
And with unconscious converse love to play.
Within your ears shrill echo I rebound,
And if you'll paint me like, then paint a sound.

— Lovelace.

On Bissula, a German Captive

Oh my joy, my charm, my treasure,
My love, my pastime, and my pleasure!
Dear pupil! sweet barbarian! thee
Our Latian damsels envying see:
If my young girl's name be found
Somewhat of uncouther sound;
That grating sound let strangers hear;
Ah, Bissula! it charms thy master's ear.

— Elton.

Epitaph on His Sister

Is there a virtue which the prudent fair
Might wish, that fell not to my Julia's share?
And hers were virtues, which the strongest kind
Might wish; a manly nobleness of mind.
Good fame and sustenance her distaff wrought;
And skill'd in goodness, she that goodness taught.
Truth more than life she prized: in God above
Her cares were wrapt, and in a brother's love.
A widow in her bloom, the maid austere
Might the chaste manners of her age revere.
She, who had seen six decades swiftly glide,
Died in the mansion where her father died.

—Elton.

BIANOR

On a Clever Crow

The bird of Phœbus, parched with thirst's dire pain,
A housewife's pitcher spied, for catching rain:
He perched, loud croaking, on the brim, but no,—
Too short his beak, the water much too low!
Thy power then, Phœbus, in the bird inspired
An artifice to gain what he desired:
With gathered pebbles, quickly to the brink
He raised the water's level, and could drink.

CALLIMACHUS

Advice on Marriage

An Atarnèan stranger once to Pittacus[1] applied,
That ancient sage, Hyrradius' son, and Mitylene's pride:
"Grave sir, betwixt two marriages I now have power to choose,
And hope you will advise me which to take and which refuse.
One of the maidens, every way, is very near myself;
The other's far above me, both in pedigree and pelf.

[1] One of the Seven Sages.

Now which is best?" The old man raised the staff which old men bear,
And with it pointed to some boys that then were playing there,
Whipping their tops along the street: "Their steps," he said, "pursue,
And look, and listen carefully; they'll tell you what to do."
Following them, the stranger went to see what might befall,
And "Whip the top that's nearest you!" was still their constant call.
He, by this boyish lesson taught, resigned the high-born dame,
And wed the maiden "nearest him." Go thou and do the same!

Thou Wast Not Born for Death, Immortal Bird!

I wept, my Heraclitus, when they told
That thou wert dead; I thought of days of old,—
How oft in talk we sent the sun to rest:
Long since hast thou, my Halicarnassian guest,
Been dust: yet live thy nightingales—on these
The all-plundering hand of death shall never seize.

—William Hay.

The Love Chase

The hunter, in the mountains, every roe,
And every hare, pursues through frost and snow,
Tracking their footsteps. But if some one say,
"See! here's a beast struck down," he turns away.
Such is *my* love: I chase the flying game,
And pass with coldness the self-offering dame.[1]

Epitaph

His son, now twelve years old, Philippus sees
Here laid, his mighty hope, Nicoteles.

Desire of Immortality

"O sun, farewell!"—from the tall rampart's height,
Cleombrotus exclaiming, plung'd to night!

[1] This epigram was admired and paraphrased by Horace.

Nor wasting care, nor fortune's adverse strife
Chill'd his young hopes with weariness of life;
But Plato's godlike page had fix'd his eye,
And made him long for immortality.

— Merivale.

On the Dead Babe of a Dead Mother

I wept Theonoè's loss; but one fair child
Its father's heart of half its woe beguiled:
And now, sole source of hope and solace left,
That one fair child the envious Fates have reft.
Hear, Proserpine, my prayer, and lay to rest
My little babe on its lost mother's breast.

— Goldwin Smith.

On One Dead at Sea

Would that swift ships had never been; for so
We ne'er had wept for Sopolis: but he
Dead on the waves now drifts; while we must go
Past a void tomb, a mere name's mockery.

— John Addington Symonds.

On the Death of a Brother and Sister

At morn we placed on his funeral bier
Young Melanippus; and at eventide,
Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
By her own hand his blooming sister died.
Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,
Annihilated by a double blow,
Nor son could hope, nor daughter, more to embrace,
And all Cyrene sadden'd at his woe.

— Cowper.

CALLISTRATUS

Second century A.D.

A Lover's Wishes

I wish I were an ivory lyre—
A lyre of burnished ivory—
That to the Dionysian choir
Blooming boys might carry me:

Or would I were a chalice bright
Of virgin gold by fire untried,
For virgin chaste as morning light
To bear me to the altar-side.

— MERIVALE.

A SONG OF LIBERTY

My sword I wreathe in a myrtle-spray,
Aristogeiton's and Harmodios' way:
When they the king had valorously slain,
And made our Athens free and great again.

Ah, dear Harmodios! but thou art not dead;
Unto the Blessed Islands thou art sped;
Where, as they say, swift-limbed Achilles is,
And Tydeus' son, the happy Diomed.

My sword I wreathe in the myrtle-spray,
Aristogeiton's and Harmodios' way:
When at the feast of Pallas those brave youths
The king Hipparchos gloriously did slay.

Ever and everywhere their fame shall be,
Aristogeiton and Harmodios!
Because they killed the wicked king for us,
All to make this our Athens great and free.

— EDWIN ARNOLD.

CAPITO

ON GRACELESS BEAUTY

Beauty, on which no graces wait,
May please, but not retain;
Just as, without the barb, the bait
Floats useless on the main.

CARPHILLIDES

EPITAPH ON A HAPPY MAN

View not my tomb with pity, passer-by:
No cause for tears o'er me, though doomed to die.
I've seen my children's children: a dear wife,
With me grown old, has cheered my lengthened life.

Three of my offspring, honourably wed,
Have given me grandsons from their fruitful bed,
Who in my lap have oft been lulled to sleep;
For no disease or death e'er called to weep.
These, with due honours, blameless to my rest
Have sent me, in the region of the blest.

CLEOBULUS

Flourished B.C. 586. He was Tyrant of Lindus, and one of the Seven Sages of Greece.

Inscription on the Tomb of Midas

A maid of bronze am I, and here will stand
On Midas' tomb, as long as on the strand
The sea shall beat; as long as trees shall grow,
Sun rise, moon shine, or liquid waters flow;
So long by this sad tomb I'll watch and cry,
Midas lies here! to every passer by.

— Colonel Mure.

CRATES OF THEBES

Flourished about B.C. 330. He was a celebrated philosopher of the Cynic sect.

The Cure of Love

Sharp hunger is the cure of love,
Or time the mischief may remove:
If time and fasting give no hope,
Go!—end thy miseries with a rope.

— Shepherd.

CRINAGORAS

A poet of Mitylene who flourished in the Augustan Age. He was the author of some fifty epigrams.

A Soldier of the Legion

Tell us not of Cynegirus,[1]
Leave Othryades[1] unsung;

[1] Cynegirus, brother of Æschylus, the dramatist, pursued the flying Persians after the battle of Marathon, to their ships, and seized a

Other deeds to-day inspire us,
Claiming praise from every tongue.
In the Rhine's well-watered region,
Where a Roman soldier lay,
See! the eagle of his legion
Carried by the foe away!
Though his strength and life were sinking,
Bravely he resolved to rise;
Faced the captor without shrinking,
And regained the precious prize.
When the standard, thus recovered,
To its ancient guards had passed,
Triumph o'er his features hovered,
And in joy he breathed his last.

DAMAGETUS

On a Labor of Hercules

The Nemean Lion and the Argive guest,—
Of wild beasts and of demigods the best,—
Engage in combat, each with scowling eye,
To solve the issue, who shall live or die.
Jove, let the Argive man the victor be,
That Nemea safe again to traverse we may see.

DAMASCIUS

On a Slave

Zosima, who when alive was only a slave in the body,
Now, in the body as well, freedom at last has obtained.

---

vessel, with his right hand to detain it. The hand was cut off, whereupon he grasped the ship with the other, which was also severed: then he took hold with his teeth, indomitable in death. Othryades was one of the three hundred Spartan champions who fought with three hundred Argives for the possession of Thyrea. All the Spartans but himself were killed, and he was left for dead on the field. Reviving, he killed himself, being ashamed to return to Sparta as the sole survivor. Cynegirus and Othryades became typical of heroism.

DIODORUS ZONAS

An orator and poet of Sardis. Nine of his epigrams remain.

On Æschylus

This tombstone tells, "Here Æschylus is laid:"
By Gela's streams, from his own land afar:
Illustrious bard! what envious fate has made
Athenians ever with good men at war!

On a Votive Offering

When, the wind stirring the Carpathian main,
The yard gave way in that night's hurricane,
Diogenes, beholding, made the vow
That from impending fate if rescued now,
Cabeirus, great Bœotian god, to thee
He would, within thy precincts hang up Me—
A little garment—this he now performs.
Oh! save him both from poverty and storms.

DIOSCORIDES

On Æschylus

Thespis' invention, and the sylvan plays,
And Bacchic games that gained the rustic's praise,
Æschylus raised aloft, and nobler made;
Not bringing carved and curious words to aid,
But like a torrent rushing down with force,
And stirring all things in its mighty course.
He changed the stage's forms: O voice sublime,
Fit for a demigod of ancient time.

Epitaph on a Slave

A slave, a Lydian, yet my master gave
To me, who fostered him, a freeman's grave:
Master, live long; and when on life's decline
You come to Hades, there I'll still be thine.

DIOTIMUS

I am Diana, worthy of the name:
My sire, none else than Jove, these looks proclaim.
Confess, such maiden vigour here is found,
All earth's too narrow for my hunting-ground.

A Winter Thunder-storm

The gentle herd returned, at evening close,
Untended from the hills, and white with snows;
For ah! Therimachus beneath the oak,
Sleeps his long sleep, touched by the lightning-stroke.
—C.

ERINNA

Epitaphs upon Baucis

I.

The virgin Baucis' sepulchre am I:
Creep softly to the pillared mount of woe,
And whisper to the grave, in earth below,
"Grave! thou art envious in thy cruelty!"
To thee now gazing here, her barbarous fate
These bride's adornments tell;—that with the fire
Of Hymen's torch which led her to the gate,
Her husband burned the maid upon her pyre.
Yes, Hymen! thou didst change the marriage-song
To the shrill wailing of the mourners' throng.

II.

Pillars of death! carved syrens! tearful urn!
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To those who near my tomb their footsteps turn,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail! and say, a maid
Rests in her bloom below; her sire the name
Of Baucis gave; her birth and lineage high:
And say her bosom-friend Erinna came,
And on this marble graved her elegy.
— Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

On a Portrait of a Friend

This painting, best Prometheus, for thy shrine
Accept: see, human hands have skill like thine.
If he who thus this maiden drew had known
To add a voice, we had rejoiced to own
All Agatharchis to the life here shown.

EUPHORION

On the Votive Offering of a Young Poet

When first Eudoxus cut the locks he wore,
That charm of boyhood he to Phœbus bore;
Instead of locks, Far-darter, hear his vow,
And let Acharnian ivy wreath his brow.

EVENUS

On a Goat Nibbling a Grape-vine

Though you should gnaw me to the root,
  Yet, he-goat, to the altar led,
You'll find I've borne enough of fruit
  To pour on your devoted head.[1]

On Temperance[2]

Water your wine to keep in moderation,
There's grief or madness in a strong potation.
For always it is Bacchus' highest pleasure
To move with Naiads three in mingled measure.

---

[1] The goat, from its habit of browsing on vine-leaves, was obnoxious to Dionysus, the god of wine, and so was the animal sacrificed to him. Leonidas of Tarentum also wrote an epigram on the theme. During the reign of Domitian, the Roman emperor, who prohibited the cultivation of vineyards without an imperial license, one of these epigrams, with the name Cæsar substituted for "he-goat," was widely circulated by the vine-growers, with the result that the obnoxious edict was recalled.

[2] Greek wine was very high proof, and the moralists recommended that it should be drunk only when diluted with three parts of water to one of wine.

'Tis there you'll find him famous company
For sports and loves and decent jollity;
But, when alone, avoid his fiery breath,
He breathes not love—but sleep, not far from death.
— MERIVALE.

GÆTULICUS

ON A VOTIVE OFFERING

Alcon beheld his boy,[1] while laid to rest,
Close in a deadly serpent's folds compressed:
He bent his bow with hand that thrilled with dread,
But did not miss his mark—the arrow sped
Right thro' the monster's jaws with prosperous aim,
Near, but not touching, the dear infant's frame.
His quiver, fraught with shafts devised to kill,
Hangs on this oak, released from working ill,
A record of good fortune and good skill.

GEMINUS

ON A PILLAR OF VICTORY

This stone to Mars must grief to Athens bring,
Telling the might of Macedonia's king:
The deeds of Marathon are now disgraced,
The victories of Salamis effaced,
Before the points of Philip's spears abased.
Invoke the dead, Demosthenes; in vain!
To taunt both quick and dead I here remain.

ON A BRONZE STATUE, BY LYSIPPUS, OF HERCULES DEPRESSED

Where, Hercules, thy club, thy lion's skin,
Thy bow, thy quiver, with its darts within
Where thy proud look? why did Lysippus' art
Such pain, such sadness, to the bronze impart?
Stripped of thine arms thou griev'st: who used thee so?
The wingèd Love, the one resistless foe.

[1] Said to have been Phalerus, who subsequently became one of the Argonauts.

GREGORY NAZIANZEN

Flourished about A.D. 365. He was born at Azianzum, an obscure village belonging to Nazianzum, a town of the second Cappadocia. He was a celebrated champion of the orthodox faith against the Arians, and in his old age became Bishop of Constantinople.

The Tomb of Euphemius

A blooming youth lies buried here,
Euphemius, to his country dear.
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With every Muse and every Grace;
About the marriage-state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

— Samuel Wesley, Jun.

Epitaph on His Brother Cæsarius[1]

In youth we sent thee from thy native soil,
August, and crown'd with learning's hallow'd spoil.
Fame, Wealth, on thee delighted to attend;
Thy home a palace, and a king thy friend.
So liv'd Cæsarius, honour'd, lov'd, and blest—
But ah! this mournful urn will speak the rest.

— Boyd.

HADRIAN

Roman emperor, born A.D. 76, died A.D. 138. He wrote a number of Greek epigrams.

Troy Revenged by Rome

Hector, brave heart, if still thy spirit hears,
O list, and stay awhile thy patriot tears!

[1] Cæsarius was eminent for learning, especially for his knowledge of medicine. He went to Constantinople, where he became chief physician, and also treasurer to the Emperor Julian. Fearing, however, that his Christian principles were in danger, his brother persuaded him to return home. Two years afterwards he went again to the eastern capital, where Valens advanced him to his former dignities, and designed his advancement to greater. He again returned to Nazianzum, at the request of St. Gregory, and there died.

Troy stands a noble city; and in war
Her sons, though weak to thee, still valiant are.
The Myrmidons are gone. To Achilles say,
Æneas' offspring all Thessalia sway.

—Goldwin Smith.

HERMOCREON

On a Fountain

Ye water-nymphs, to whom Hermocreon placed
These gifts, when a fresh fountain here he found,
Hail! and when those fair feet my home have graced,
Be filled with the pure streams that flow around.

HESIOD

The Strait and Narrow Path

Where Virtue dwells, the gods have placed before
The dropping *sweat* that springs from every pore,
And ere the feet can reach her bright abode,
Long, rugged, steep the ascent, and rough the road.
The ridge once gained, the path so hard of late
Runs easy on, and level with the gate.

—Sir Charles Abraham Elton.

HIPPARCHUS

On a Terminal Monument[1]

The Deme of . . . here begins: the city's precincts end:
Hipparchus raised this monument: Never deceive a friend.

On a Statue Marking a Boundary[1]

This Hermes stands where Thria and the city's limits meet:
Hipparchus raised this monument: Let Justice guide your feet.

[1] It was a custom of the Greeks to put moral precepts upon boundary stones.

HYBRIAS

Song of a Cretan Warrior

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield!
With these I till, with these I sow;
With these I reap my harvest field,—
No other wealth the gods bestow:
With these I plant the fertile vine;
With these I press the luscious wine.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield!
They make me lord of all below,—
For those who dread my spear to wield,
Before my shaggy shield must bow.
Their fields, their vineyards, they resign,
And all that cowards have is mine.

— Leyden.

JULIAN THE EGYPTIAN

On Lais, the Courtesan

I, Lais, who on conquered Greece looked down with haughty pride;
I, to whose courts in other days a swarm of lovers hied,
O, ever lovely Venus! now this mirror give to thee;
For my present self I would not, and my past I cannot see.

On Kindly Death

"Cruel is Death." "Nay, kind. He that is ta'en
Was old in wisdom, though his years were few."
"Life's pleasure hath he lost." "Escaped life's pain:"
"Nor wedded joys,"—"nor wedded sorrows, knew."

— Goldwin Smith.

Cupid Quaffed

Twining a wreath, I found, one day,
Love, that among the roses lay;
Quick by the wings I caught him up,
And plunged him in the brimming cup.

Then urged by thirst's imperious call,
I drank the wine off, Love and all;
And ever since, within my breast,
His tickling wings destroy my rest.

On a Votive Offering

Old Cyniras to the Nymphs this net: no more
His strength can stand the toils that once it bore:
Rejoice, ye fishes, sporting in the sea,
From danger at his hands you now are free.

JULIAN THE EMPEROR

Julian, the Roman emperor, called the Apostate, because of his defection from Christianity and his persecution of the Christians, was also a bitter opponent of what he considered to be other abuses of the time, as the following Greek epigram by him indicates.

Against Beer

Who? whence this, Bacchus? for by Bacchus' self,
The son of Jove, I know not this strange elf.
The other smells like nectar: but thou here
Like the he-goat. Those wretched Kelts, I fear,
For want of grapes made thee of ears of corn.
Demetrius art thou, of Demeter born,
Not Bacchus, Dionysus, nor yet wine—
Those names but fit the products of the vine;
Beer thou mayst be from Barley; or, that failing,
We'll call thee Ale, for thou wilt keep us ailing.

—*Paraphrased by* Lord Neaves.

LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

A grammarian who flourished at Rome towards the close of the first century A.D. He wrote epigrams called Isopsēpha (Even Votes), arranged in such a way that the numerical value of the letters in every distich should be the same. [The Greeks used the letters of the alphabet to represent numbers as well as sounds, *a*=1, *b*=2, etc.]

The Mother and Child

Lysippe's infant near'd the steep cliff's brow,
And instant would have past to depths below;
But the fond, love-taught mother bared her breast,
And back he sprung to that safe home of rest.

On Herodotus

The Muses to Herodotus[1] one day
Came, nine of them, and dined;
And in return, their host to pay,
Left each a book behind.

— De Tessier.

On a Picture of Venus in Mars' Armor

These arms of Mars, why, Venus, do you wear?
Why the unwieldy weight for nothing bear?
The god himself yields to your naked charms;
To conquer men, what need of other arms?

— Ogle, *amended by* Lord Neaves.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

This poet flourished about B.C. 275. We have a hundred epigrams by him in the Doric dialect, which are among the best compositions of this class.

On a Votive Offering to Rhea[2]

O holy Mother! on the peak
Of Dindyma, and on those summits bleak
That frown on Phrygia's scorchèd plain,
Holding thy throne,—with fav'ring aspect deign
To smile on Aristodicè,
Seilenè's virgin child, that she
May grow in beauty and her charms improve
To fulness, and invite connubial love.
For this, thy porch she seeks, with tributes rare,
And o'er thine altars strews her votive hair.

— Merivale.

[1] The history of Herodotus, in nine books, had the name of a Muse affixed to each.

[2] The mother of the gods.

On a Drinking Horn at a Spring

Cool stream, where waters from the cleft rock start,
Forms, too, of Naiads, carved by rustic art,
Ye fountain-heads, and countless spots around,
Made lovely by your rills that here abound,
Farewell! and from a wayfarer receive
The horn which here he dipped his hot thirst to relieve.

On Votive Offerings of Three Nets[1]

Three brothers dedicate, O Pan, to thee,
Their nets, the various emblems of their toil;
Pigres, who brings from realms of air his spoil,
Dames, from woods, and Clitor from the sea.
So may the treasures of the deep be given
To this—to those the fruits of earth, and heaven.

On Epictetus

I, Epictetus, was a slave, who now lie buried here,
A cripple, and as Irus poor, and to the immortals dear.

On a Votive Offering

Here, Ilethyia,[2] at thy noble feet
Ambrosia lays a grateful offering meet—
A robe and head-dress—favoured by thy power
In the sore travail of her perilous hour;
And in due season strengthened to bring forth
A double offspring at a happy birth.

On Archilochus

Stand, and Archilochus, the bard, behold!
Him, by his keen iambics known of old:
Whose glory has by myriad pathways run
To realms of night and to the rising sun.
The Muses much their zealous votary loved;
And Phœbus, too, on him his favour proved:
Where care and skill were matched with equal fire,
Fit strains to frame and sing them to his lyre.

—Fawkes, *amended by* Lord Neaves.

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[1] A fowling, a hunting, and a fishing net.

[2] The goddess of parturition.

On Homer

The fiery sun, when wheeling up heaven's height,
Obscures the stars and the moon's holy light;
So Homer, seen 'mid the poetic throng,
Dims by his splendour all the orbs of song.

Epitaph on a Young Mother

"Who, and whose child art thou, who here dost lie
Under this marble?" "Prexo named am I,
The daughter of Calliteles." "Where born?"
"In Samos." "O'er thy tomb, say, who did mourn?"
"Theocritus, the spouse my parents chose."
"What caused thy death?" "Childbirth my days did close."
"How old?" "Just twenty-two." "No child didst leave?"
"Calliteles but three years old must grieve."
"Blessings and length of days be on the boy."
"Thanks, friend, and fortune's smiles mayst thou enjoy."

On Apelles's Picture of Venus Anadyomene[1]

As Venus from her mother's bosom rose
(Her beauty with the murmuring sea-foam glows),
Apelles caught and fixed each heavenly charm;
No picture, but the life, sincere and warm.
See how those finger-tips her tresses wring!
See how those eyes a calm-like radiance fling!
That quince-formed breast reveals her in her prime,
Of love and soft desire the happy time.
Athenè and Jove's consort both avow—
"O Jove! we own that we are vanquished now."

On an Unworthy Votive Offering

Away with spoils like these!—they are not mine;—
Hateful to Mars, nor worthy of his shrine:
Uncleft the helm, unstained with blood the shield,
The inglorious spear, unbroken in the field.

[1] An epithet meaning Rising from the Sea.

Reddening with shame, I feel the hot drops flow,
In scorn for cowards, from my blushing brow.
These, let some lover range in wanton pride
Round nuptial halls and chambers of the bride.
Hang in the temple of the god of fight
Arms dropping gore; for such his soul delight.
— Hodgson.

On the Votive Offering of Playthings

To Hermes, this fair ball of pleasant sound,
This boxen rattle, fraught with lively noise,
These maddening dice, this top well whirling round,—
Philocles has hung up, his boyhood's toys.

Compensation

The harper Simylus, the whole night through,
Harped till his music all the neighbours slew:
All but deaf Origen, for whose dull *ears*
Nature atoned by giving length of *years*.

Epitaph on a Tomb by the Sea

Fearless embark from the wrecked seaman's tomb;
Others sailed safely when I met my doom.

On a Frail Bark

They tell me I am slight and frail,
Unskill'd to breast the waves and gale:
'Tis true; yet many a statelier form
Than mine, has founder'd in the storm.
It is not size, it is not power,
But Heav'n, that saves in danger's hour;—
Trust, helmsman, to your spars; but see!
God, 'midst the tempest, saved e'en me! — C.

Home, Sweet Home

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,

Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

— Bland.

LEONTIUS

On a Picture in a Bath at Smyrna of the Graces Nude[1]

While the Graces were taking a bath here one day,
Little Love with their goddess-ship's clothes made away
Then took to his heels, and here left them all bare,
Ashamed out of doors to be seen as they were.

— Dr. Wellesley.

LUCIAN

The Folly of Fools

A blockhead bit by fleas put out the light,
And chuckling cried, Now you can't see to bite.

While others tippled, Sam from drinking shrunk,
While made the rest think Sam alone was drunk.

Vanitas Vanitatum.

Things owned by mortals needs must mortal be,
Away our best possessions from us flee;
And if at times they seem disposed to stay,
Then *we* from *them* too quickly flee away.

On a Painted Woman

Yes, you may dye your hair, but not your age,
  Nor smooth, alas! the wrinkles of your face:
Yes, you may varnish o'er the tell-tale page,
  And wear a mask for every vanished grace.
But there's an end. No Hecuba, by aid
Of rouge and ceruse, is a Helen made.

— Merivale.

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[1] In early Greek art the Graces were always represented as clothed, to indicate that charm is not dependent on mere beauty of form.

The Golden Mean

Enjoy your goods as if your death were near:
Save them as if 'twere distant many a year.
Sparing or spending, be thy wisdom seen
In keeping ever to the golden mean.

—William Hay.

We Should Count Time by Heart Throbs

The happy think a lifetime a short stage:
One night to the unhappy seems an age.

Haste Makes Waste

Slow-footed Counsel is most sure to gain;
Rashness still brings Repentance in her train.

Epitaph on a Child

A boy of five years old, serene and gay,
Unpitying Hades hurried me away.
Yet weep not for Callimachus; if few
The days I lived, few were my sorrows too.

On a Votive Offering to Sea Gods

To Glaucus, Nereus, Ino, and to Melicerte as well,
To Neptune, and the mystic powers in Samothrace that dwell,
Grateful that, from the sea preserved, he now on shore can live,
Lucillus cuts and gives these hairs—'tis all he has to give.

The All-seeing Gods

Committing wrong, the chance may be that you elude men's eyes;
You never can elude the gods, when wrong you e'en devise.

False Friends

No mischief worthier of our fear
In nature can be found,
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound;

For, lull'd into a dangerous dream,
We close infold a foe
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
The inevitable blow. — COWPER.

LUCILLIUS

Flourished in the second century A.D.

EPIGRAMS

Gellia, your mirror's false; you could not bear,
If it were true, to see your image there.

Chloe, those locks of raven hair,—
Some people say you dye them black;
But that's a libel, I can swear,
For I know where you buy them black.

Poor Diophon of envy died,
His brother thief to see
Nailed near him, to be crucified,
Upon a higher tree.

I mourn not those who lose their vital breath;
But those who, living, live in fear of death.

Eutychus many portraits made, and many sons begot;
But, strange to say! none ever saw a likeness in the lot.

Yours is a pauper's soul, a rich man's pelf:
Rich to your heirs, a pauper to yourself.

If one grown old still longer life implores,
I wish his years prolonged for many scores.

Flint dream'd he gave a feast, 'twas regal fare,
And hang'd himself in 's sleep in sheer despair.

PLUTO AND THE PHYSICIAN

When Magnus pass'd below, Dis, trembling said,
He comes, and will to life restore my dead. — C.

On a Schoolmaster Who Had a Gay Wife

You in your school for ever flog and flay us,
Teaching what Paris did to Meneläus;
But all the while, within your private dwelling,
There's many a Paris courting of your Helen.

On a Declamatory Pleader

A little pig, an ox, a goat (my only one), I lost,
And Menecles, to plead my cause, I fee'd at some small cost.
I only wanted back my beasts, which seemed my simple due;
Then, Menecles, what had I with Othryades to do?
I never thought in this affair to charge with any theft
The men who, at Thermopylæ, their lives and bodies left.
My suit is with Eutychides; and if I get decree,
Leonidas and Xerxes both are welcome to go free.
Plead my true case: lest I cry out (I can't my feelings smother),
"The little pig one story tells, and Menecles another."

The foregoing epigrams are in the translation of Lord Neaves; the following are by William Cowper, the first being amended by Lord Neaves.

Board or Lodging

Asclepiades, the Miser, in his house
Espied one day, with some surprise, a mouse:
"Tell me, dear mouse," he cried, "to what cause is it
I owe this pleasant but unlooked-for visit?"
The mouse said, smiling: "Fear not for your hoard:
I come, my friend, to lodge, and not to board."

On a Thief Who Stole a Statue of Hermes

When Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize
Of Hermes, swift-winged envoy of the skies,
Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,[1]

[1] See the Homeric Hymn to Mercury in volume two.

And whom, as arbiter and overseer
Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here;—
"Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster;
Oftimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

A Counterpart to Narcissus

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook
Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
Thy nose, thou chance to see;
Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
As self-enamoured he.

MACEDONIUS

On a Votive Offering

King of the sea, and Ruler of the shore,
This ship, ordained to touch the waves no more,
I, Crantas, give to thee,—a ship long driven
In sport before the wandering winds of heaven;
In which, oft sailing, I have thought with dread,
I soon might reach the regions of the dead.
Renouncing winds and waves, and hope and fear,
Now on dry land I fix my footstep here.

Hospitality

Stranger and countryman to me
Welcome alike shall ever be.
To ask of any guest his name,
Or whose he is, or whence he came,
I hold can never be *his* part
Who owns a hospitable heart.

Memory and Forgetfulness

I

Memory, and thou, Forgetfulness, all hail!
Each in her province greatly may avail.
Memory, of all things good remind us still:
Forgetfulness, obliterate all that's ill.

II

Memory, and thou, Forgetfulness, not yet
Your powers in happy harmony I find:
One oft recalls what I would fain forget,
And *one* blots out what I would bear in mind.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

On a Carved Gem

Love, the inevitable, here appears,
Graved on a seal, reining the lion's might:
One hand the whip, and one the bridle bears,
To urge and guide: here grace and force unite.
I fear the murderer: he who could subdue
This savage beast, must rule tame mortals too.

MARIANUS

The Eros [Passion] of Learning

Where now thy pliant bow and subtle darts?
Those shafts that seek to pierce our inmost hearts?
Where now the wings that speed thy rapid flight?
Where now the torch that sheds a baneful light?
Why do those hands three flowery garlands bear?
And why a fourth restrain thy lovely hair?"
"Seek'st thou, good stranger, what I am to know?
To no corporeal source my birth I owe;
No gross material mother nursed my frame;
And all the Vulgar Venus I disclaim.
Men's souls by me to heavenly science rise,
And, fired with purer flames, possess the skies,
Four glorious wreaths my skilful hands entwine,
And Virtues four inspire the fair design.
Three of the garlands are about me spread,
And this, the wreath of Wisdom, binds my head.

—Ogle.

MELEAGER

A Greek poet of Gadara in Palestine, who flourished about B.C. 60. His collection of epigrams, by himself and others, entitled Stephanos (Wreath), formed the nucleus of the Greek Anthology. There remain 131 of his own poems, treating of love with wit and cleverness.

To Zenophile in Springtime

'Tis now that the white violets steal out the spring to greet,
And that among his longed-for showers Narcissus smiles so sweet.
'Tis now that lilies, upland born, frequent the slopes of green,
And that the flower that lovers love, of all the flowers the queen,
Without an equal anywhere in full-blown beauty glows;
Thou know'st it well Zenophilè! Persuasion's flower, the Rose.
Ah! why, ye hills and meadows, does bright laughter thus illume
Your leafy haunts? so lavish why, and prodigal of bloom?
Not all the wreaths of all the flowers that Spring herself might cull
As mine own Virgin e'er could be one-half so beautiful!

— John Wilson (Christopher North).

To Zenophile Playing on the Lyre

'Tis a sweet strain by Pan of Arcady!
Which warbles from thy lyre with thrilling sound,
Zenophilè. Oh! how can I be free,
Since Loves on every side enclose me round,
Forbidding me to breathe a single hour
In peace?—since first thy beauty, then thy lyre,
Thy grace, and then . . . . Oh! words of feeble power,
Thy perfect *all* has set me all on fire.

— William Hay.

To Zenophile's Lips

The wine-cup is glad: dear Zenophilè's lip
It boasts to have touched, when she stooped down to sip.
Happy wine-cup! I wish that, with lips joined to mine,
All my soul at a draught she would drink up like wine.

Beauty Compared With Flowers

The snowdrop peeps from every glade,
The gay narcissus proudly glows,
The lily decks the mountain shade,
Where blooms my fair—a blushing rose.

Ye meads! why vainly thus display
The buds that grace your vernal hour?
For see ye not my Zoë stray
Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower?

— Shepherd.

Flowers for Heliodora

I'll frame, my Heliodora! a garland for thy hair,
Which thou, in all thy beauty's pride, mayst not disdain to wear;
For I, with tender myrtles, white violets will twine—
White violets, but not so pure as that pure breast of thine:
With laughing lilies I will twine narcissus; and the sweet
Crocus shall in its yellow hue with purple hyacinth meet:
And I will twine with all the rest, and all the rest above,
Queen of them all, the red red Rose, the flower which lovers love.

— John Wilson (Christopher North).

Fly, Happy Sails!

Light barks of Helle's straits! whose flagging sails
Woo the embraces of the northern gales,
If on the strand that views the Coan steep
You see my Phanion gazing on the deep,
"Thou beautiful!" say to her, "these thy sighs
Hasten thy lover to thy longing eyes;
Maiden beloved, I cannot wait the sea,
My eager feet will bring me soon to thee."
Tell her these words, and Jove with favouring gales
Forthwith, at length, will fill your flagging sails.

— William Hay.

Hue and Cry after Cupid

Love, I proclaim, the vagrant child,
Who, even now, at dawn of day,
Stole from his bed and flew away.
He's wont to weep, as though he smiled,
For ever prattling, swift, and daring;
Laughs with wide mouth and wrinkled nose;
Wing'd on the back, and always bearing
A quiver, rattling as he goes.
Unknown the author of his birth;
For Air, 'tis certain, ne'er begot
The saucy boy; and as for Earth
And Sea, both swear they own him not:
To all and everywhere a foe.
But you must look and keep good watch,
Lest he should still around you throw
Fresh nets, unwary souls to catch.
Stay, while I yet am speaking, lo!
There, there he sits like one forbidden;
And did you hope to 'scape me so—
In Lesbia's[1] eyes, you truant, hidden?

— Merivale.

Love for Sale

Sold he must be—there, while he lies asleep
On his own mother's breast; I cannot keep
The bold, pert imp,—the jeering wingèd pest—
Whose active talons never are at rest.
The chattering, fearless creature, full of wiles,
With tearful eyes suffused, with roguish smiles,—
Eyes looking darts, whose glances all inflame,
Whose wildness even his mother cannot tame!
Sold he must be—the monster;—buy him, pray,
Good stranger, only bear him far away.
Stop, stop, he weeps—sold, dear, thou shalt not be,
But dwell a pet with my Zenophilè.

— William Hay.

[1] Zenophile's, in the Greek.

Water in Wine

Bacchus, from Semelè's scorched body saved,
The Nymphs received, and with pure water laved.
Hence he and they are friends: if you decline
To let them mix, you'll swallow fire for wine.

Thou Art Black, but Comely

By Didyma's beauty I'm carried away;
I melt, when I see it, like wax before fire:
She is black, it is true: so are coals; but even they,
When they're warmed, a bright glow like the rose-cup acquire.

On Niobe[1]

Daughter of Tantalus, lorn Niobe,
Sad are the tidings which I bear to thee,
Words fraught with woe: ay, now unbind thy hair,
The streaming signal of thy wild despair:
For Phœbus' darts grief-painted reek with gore,
Alas! alas!—thy sons are now no more.
But what is this—what means this oozing flood!
Her daughters, too, are weltering in their blood.
One clasps a mother's knees, one clings around
Her neck, and one lies prostrate on the ground:
One seeks her breast: one eyes the coming woe,
And shudders: one is trembling, crouching low:
The seventh is breathing out her latest sigh,
And life-in-death is flickering in that eye.
She—the woe-stricken mother—left alone,
Erst full of words—is now mute-stricken stone.

—William Hay.

Love's Inheritance

No wonder Cupid is a murderous boy,
A fiery archer, making pain his joy.
His dam, while fond of Mars, is Vulcan's wife;
And thus 'twixt fire and sword divides her life.
His mother's mother, too—why, that's the Sea!
When lashed with winds, a roaring fury she.

[1] See page 349.

No father has he, and no father's kin:
'Tis through the mother all his faults flow in.
Thus has he Vulcan's flames, the wild Sea's rage
And Mars's blood-stained darts his wars on us to wage.

To His Dead Wife

Tears, Heliodora! tears for thee, companion of the dead,
Last yearnings of thy husband's love, to Hades now I shed;
Tears from a heart by anguish wrung for her whom I deplore—
Memorials of regretful love upon her tomb I pour.
For thee, belov'd, even with the dead, thy Meleager sighs,
Now parting with a precious gift which Acheron will not prize.
Where my desirèd blossom now? its bloom hath Hades spoiled,
And my consummate flower, alas! the cruel dust hath soiled.
Thou all-sustaining Mother, Earth! oh, clasp her to thy breast,
My evermore lamented one,—and softly let her rest!

—Hay and Wilson.

On a Dead Bride

Her virgin zone unloosed, Cleæra's charms
Death clasps—stern bridegroom—in his iron arms.
Hymns at the bridal valves last night were sung—
Last night the bridal roof with revels rung—
This morn the wail was raised, and, hushed and low,
The strains of joy were changed to moans of woe;
And the bright torch to Hymen's hall which led,
With mournful glare now lighted to the dead.

—Wrangham.

On Eros

Dreadful is Love! dreadful! but where's the good
That oft this cry of "dreadful" is renewed?
The urchin laughs at us; though o'er and o'er
Reproached, he's pleased; reviled, he thrives the more.
Venus, thou sea-born Queen! I much admire,—
Thou, sprung from water, shouldst produce this fire!

The Murmur of Love

The voice of love still tingles in my ears;
Still from my eyes in silence flow my tears;
By night, by day, no respite do I find;
One dear idea fills my anxious mind.
Say, winged lovelings! round my aching heart
Still will ye flutter—never to depart?

—Shepherd.

On a Bee That Settled on the Neck of His Mistress

Thou flower-fed bee! Why leave the buds of spring
And to my lov'd-one's breast thy fond flight wing?
Is it to warn us, that Love tips his dart
With gall and honey for his victim's heart?
It is, it is! But go, light wanton, go!
The bitter truth you teach too well I know.

—C.

METRODORUS

It is Good to Live

Good all the ways of life: the forum rings
With deeds of glorious enterprise; home brings
Sweet rest; the charms of Nature clothe the fields;
The sea brings gain: abroad wealth honour yields:
Want may be hid; comfort, thy name is wife:
A single is a free and easy life.
Children are joys: cares shun the childless bed:
Strength attends youth; reverence the hoary head.
Since thus it is, a wise man's choice should be,
Both to be born, and born such good to see.

—William Hay.

MYRO OF BYZANTIUM

To the Forest Nymphs

O forest-nymphs! O daughters of the river,
Who haunt ambrosial these deep glades for ever
With rosy feet,

Thrice hail! and be Cleonymus your care:
For he, in this pine-sheltered, calm retreat,
To you erected all these statues fair.

—Burgon.

NICARCHUS

Author of thirty-eight epigrams in the Greek Anthology; the two following partake of the nature of the modern comic valentine.

On a Husband-Seeking Old Maid

"Niconoè has doubtless reached her prime:
Yes, for she did so in Deucalion's time.
We don't know as to that, but think her doom
Less fitted for a husband than a tomb."

On a "Killing" Singer

"Men die when the night raven sings or cries:
But when Dick sings, e'en the night raven dies."

The Great Contention

Three dwarfs contended by a state decree,
Which was the least and lightest of the three.
First, Hermon came, and his vast skill to try,
With thread in hand leap'd through a needle's eye.
Forth from a crevice Demas then advanc'd,
And on a spider's web securely danc'd.
What feat show'd Sospiter in this high quarrel?
No eyes could see him, and he won the laurel.

—C.

NOSSIS

A Greek poetess of Locri in Italy during the fourth century, B.C. There are twelve epigrams by her in the Greek Anthology. The following were translated by William Hay.

On Her Child's Portrait

This is Melinna's self: the gentle child
Looks sweetly on me with those eyes so mild.
My own dear daughter—oh! what bliss to trace
A parent's features in an infant face!

On a Lifelike Portrait

Thymaretè, thy very self is there,
Pictured in all thy dignity and grace:
Thy noble pride, thine awe-commanding air,
Mingled with mildness in that lovely face;
Shaking his tail, thy faithful dog draws near,
Deeming he gazes on his mistress dear.

ONESTES

The Prize of Learning

You toiled up Helicon; but nectar, poured
From the Pegasian well, your strength restored:
So Wisdom's path is steep; but, gained the height,
The Muses' gifts will fill you with delight.

Temperance in Drink

Freedom in drinking always is the best;
Force is an insult to both wine and guest.
Some *on* the ground their wine will slily pour;
Some *under* ground may sink to Lethe's shore.
Away, ye sots! the needs of natural joy
A modest measure amply will supply.

PALLADAS

Fifth Century A.D.

On Gold

Father of flatterers, Gold, of Pain and Care begot,
A fear it is to have thee, and a pain to have thee not.

Carpe Diem

To die is due by all: no mortal knows
Whether to-morrow's dawn his life may close.
Knowing this well, O man, let cheering wine,
That sweet forgetfulness of death, be thine.
Give way to love too: live from day to day,
And yield to Fate o'er all things else the sway.

— William Hay.

To Women: Here's Happy Days

All wives are plagues; yet two blest times have they,—
Their bridal first, and then their burial day.

Born to be Hanged

Serapis[1] to a murderer, they say,
Came in a vision, while asleep he lay,
Near a frail wall,—and thus his dictate ran:
"Up, go, sleep elsewhere, thou most wretched man!"
He, startled, changed his place, when, hark! that sound:
With sudden crash the wall comes to the ground.
With joy the wretch an offering soon provides,
Thinking the god is pleased with homicides.
But now again that voice is heard by night:
"Think'st thou that I in men like thee delight?
I saved thee once—it was a painless fate
Averted—but know this, my righteous hate
Reserved thee for the cross, whose pangs thy crimes await."
—William Hay.

Soul in the Body's Cage

The Body is a torture to the Soul;
A hell, a fate, a load, a stern control,
That weighs it to the ground with many woes,
Nor e'er allows it to enjoy repose.
But from the Body, as from Death, set free,
It flies to God and Immortality.

The Golden Mean

Envy, as Pindar has averred,
To Pity should be much preferred:
The envied have a brilliant fate;
Pity is given where griefs are great.

[1] The worship of Serapis, an Egyptian deity identified with both Jupiter and Pluto, was introduced into Greece in the time of the Ptolemies.

But I would wish alike to be
From pity and from envy free.
A mean is best: high places know
Great perils: scorn still haunts the low.

Old Age Still Joyful

To me the wanton girls insulting say,
"Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey:"
Just on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
Whether my locks are black, or silver-white;
Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
And dissipate anxieties in wine.

— Fawkes.

PALLAS

The Double Dinner

Most people dine but once, but when we've dined
With our friend Salaminus,
We dine again at home, for faith! we find
He did not truly dine us.

— Dr. Wellesley.

PARMENIO

A poet of Macedonia, probably of the time of Augustus.

The Dinner of Herbs

Enough for me this cloak, though homely spun;
Fed on the flowers of song, your feasts I shun:
I hate your wealthy fool—the flatterer's god—
Nor hang I trembling on his awful nod:
Calm and contented, I have learned to feel
The blessed freedom of a humble meal.

— William Hay.

The Mother's Stratagem

Her child once leaning o'er the extreme roof
Of a high house (children are free from fear),
Its mother bared her breast, yet kept aloof,
And made her child to its loved haunt draw near:
Thus did the milky fount, in that blest hour
Of giving life, exert a double power.

Reductio ad Absurdum

The rumour's false that Alexander's dead,
Unless we hold that Phœbus told a lie:
"Thou art invincible," the Pythian said;
And those that are invincible can't die.

On Xerxes

Him who reversed the laws that Nature gave,
Sailed o'er the land, and walked upon the wave,
Mars, with three hundred spears from Sparta's plain,
Arrested: blush, ye mountains, and thou main!

PAUL THE SILENTIARY

Paulus Silentiarius, so called because he was chief of the *silentiarii,* or secretaries of the emperor Justinian, wrote eighty-three epigrams which appear in the Anthology.

Epitaph on a Girl

Thy bier, and not thy bridal bed, sweet maid,
With grieving hands thy parents have arrayed.
Thou from life's troubles and from childbirth's pains
Escap'st; for them a cloud of woes remains.
Fate, at thy twelfth year, wrapped thee in the mould—
In beauty, young; in moral merits, old.

—Lord Neaves.

Wisdom Preferred to Wealth

No gracious boon is life, if vexing cares
Wither the temples with thin hoary hairs
Be mine *enough*—since too much golden store
Always corrodes the maddened heart the more.
Thence better oft, amid this mortal strife,
Is poverty than riches, death than life.
Since thus it is, on Wisdom fix thy gaze;
Hers thy heart's wishes, hers be all its ways.

—William Hay.

Love Not Extinguished by Age

For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia, than a smoother face!
I'd rather fold thee in my arms
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.
To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious than their vernal rose,
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent as thy winter glows.

— Bland.

The Garden of Justinian[1]

Here strive for empire, o'er the happy scene,
The nymphs of fountain, sea, and woodland green;
The power of grace and beauty holds the prize
Suspended even to her votaries,
And finds amazed, where'er she casts her eye,
Their contest forms the matchless harmony.

— Bland.

Cupid at Rest

Fear no more Love's shafts, for he
Hath all his quiver spent on me.
Fear not his wings; since on this breast
His scornful foot the victor prest,
Here sits he fast, and here must stay,
For he hath shorn his wings away.

— Dr. Wellesley.

Indulging Sorrow Useless

If tears to pain could bring relief,
And always weeping end our grief,

[1] This is supposed to be descriptive of the gardens of Justinian at Heræum, on the Asiatic shore of the Propontis, of which Gibbon says: "The poets of the age have celebrated the rare alliance of nature and art, the harmony of the nymphs of the groves, the fountains and the waves."

Who then the moisten'd cheek would dry,
And not with gold such solace buy?
But tears avail not, nor avert
The shaft of sorrow from the heart.
Yet fall they will, 'tis Heaven's decree,
In grief, as blossoms from the tree.

— C.

PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

An epigrammatic poet who flourished about the time of Trajan. He compiled an Anthology, whence he is known as the Anthologist. Eighty odd of his epigrams remain.

The Twelve Labors of Hercules

The Nemean monster, and the Hydra dire
I quelled: the Bull, the Boar, I saw expire
Under my hands; I seized the queenly Zone,
And Diomede's fierce steeds I made my own.
I plucked the golden Apples: Geryon slew:
And what I could achieve Augèas knew:
The Hind I caught: the vile Birds ceased their flight:
Cerberus I upwards dragged; and gained Olympus' height.

On a Picture of Medea

Who breathed, thou lawless Colchian, such fierce ire
Into thy likeness, such barbarian fire?
Thy children's blood dost thou yet thirst to spill?
Glaucè again for a new Jason kill?
Hence, cursed murderess, whose relentless heart
Dares to infect with hate the painter's art!

On Homer

Sooner shall heaven put out the stars—the night
Be gilded by the sun's resplendent light;
The sea to men a pleasant beverage yield,
Or the dead rise to range Life's busy field,
Than blank forgetfulness shroud Homer's name,
And of those ancient pages quench the fame.

On Themistocles

Trace, too, the streams, whose deep and copious course
Xerxes dried up with his unnumbered force.
Add Salamis; and make the shrine, that stands
Reared to my memory by Magnesian hands,
Such as Themistocles' high fame demands.

Xerxes and the Dead Leonidas

When Xerxes saw proud Sparta's chieftain dead,
Who then for Greece self-sacrific'd had bled,
He o'er the corse his purple mantle spread.
When from the hollow earth a voice was heard,
"I scorn thy gift, a traitor's gift abhorr'd!
My shield's my burial-place: Down! Persia's pride:
I pass to Hades; but, as Spartan, died." —C.

PHILO

Babbling Age

Grey hairs are wisdom—if you hold your tongue:
Speak—and they are but hairs, as in the young.

PHILODEMUS

Flourished about B.C. 80. He was by birth a Gadarene, but migrated to Athens, and thence to Rome.

Music and Love

The strains that flow from young Aminta's lyre,
Her tongue's soft voice, and melting eloquence,
Her sparkling eyes, that glow with fond desire,
Her warbling notes, that chain the admiring sense,
Subdue my soul—I know not how nor whence.
Too soon it will be known when all my soul's on fire.
— Merivale.

PINYTUS

On Sappho

This tomb reveals where Sappho's ashes lie,
But her sweet words of wisdom ne'er will die.

PLATO

The philosopher (see his Life in volume four). A number of epigrams are ascribed to him, probably without justification. If he wrote the amatory ones it must have been in early youth.

To Sappho

Some thoughtlessly proclaim the Muses nine;
A tenth is Lesbian Sappho, maid divine.

To Lais, the Courtesan

Venus! take this votive glass,
Since I am not what I was:
What I shall hereafter be,
Venus! let me never see.

— Matthew Prior.

To Stella

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

— Shelley.

On a Statue

Said Venus when Venus in Cnidos she viewed:
Fie! where did Praxiteles see me thus nude?

On Aristophanes

The Graces, seeking for a shrine,
Whose glories ne'er should cease,
Found, as they strayed, the soul divine
Of Aristophanes.

— Merivale.

The Thief and the Suicide

Jack, finding gold, left a rope on the ground;
Bill, missing his gold, used the rope which he found.

— S. T. Coleridge.

Love and Learning

To the Muses said Venus: "Maids, mind what you do;
Honour me, or I'll set my boy Cupid on you."
Then to Venus the Muses: "To Mars chatter thus:
Your urchin ne'er ventures to fly upon us."

Cupid Asleep

We reacned the grove's deep shadow, and there found
Cythera's son in sleep's sweet fetters bound,
Looking like ruddy apples on their tree:
No quiver and no bended bow had he;
These were suspended on a leafy spray.
Himself in cups of roses cradled lay,
Smiling in sleep; while, from their flight in air,
The brown bees to his soft lips made repair,
To ply their waxen task, and leave their honey there.

The Lover's Wish

My star, thou view'st the stars on high:
Would that I were that spangled sky,
That I, thence looking down on thee,
With all its eyes thy charms might see.

The Soul Kiss

My soul, love, on my lips, while kissing thee,
Fluttered and longed to flit across from me.

Epitaph on a Sailor's Tomb

I am a shipwrecked sailor's tomb: a peasant's there doth stand:
Thus the same world of Hades lies beneath both sea and land.

On a Votive Offering at a Fountain

The servant of the Nymphs, who loves the showers,
The minstrel moist, who lurks in watery bowers,
A frog, in bronze, a Wayfarer here laid,
Whose burning thirst was quenched by welcome aid.
By the hoarse monitor's amphibious tone
A hidden spring was to the wanderer shown.
He followed, nor forsook the guiding sound
Till the much-wished-for draught he grateful found.

POLEMO

Memento Mori

The poor man's armour see! this flask and bread,
This wreath of dewy leaves to deck the head;
This bone, too, of a dead man's brain the shell,
The Soul's supreme and holy citadel.
The carving says, "Drink, eat, and twine your flowers;
This dead man's state will presently be ours."

POLYSTRATUS

The Destruction of Corinth[1]

Achæan Acrocorinth, the bright star
  Of Hellas, with its narrow Isthmian bound,
  Lucius o'ercame, in one enormous mound
Piling the dead, conspicuous from afar.

Thus, to the Greeks denying funeral fires,
  Have great Æneas' later progeny
  Performed high Jove's retributive decree,
And well avenged the city of their sires!

—Charles Merivale.

POSIDIPPUS

An Alexandrian epigrammatist, twenty-two of whose poems are preserved in the Greek Anthology.

Better Dead

Which the best way of life? The forum rings
With bickering brawls; home, too, vexation brings:
Toil in the country, terror reigns at sea:
Abroad wealth trembles lest its goods may flee;
And want is woe: trouble, thy name is wife:
A single is a solitary life:

[1] Lucius Mummius, the Roman consul, utterly destroyed Corinth B.C. 146. Since the Romans were thought to be descendants of the Trojans, the poet conceives the act to have been retributive for the destruction of Troy by the Greeks.

Children are cares; cheerless a childless state:
Youth is but folly; weak a hoary pate.
Since thus it is, a wise man still should cry
Ne'er to be born, or being born to die.

—William Hay.

On a Statue of Opportunity

"The sculptor whence?" "From Sicyon." "Who?" "Lysippus is his name."
"And you?" "I'm Opportunity, that all things rule and tame."
"On tiptoe why?" "I always run." "Why winglets on your feet—
And double too?" "Before the wind I fly with progress fleet."
" Why is a razor in your hand?" " To teach men this to know,
That sharper than a razor's edge the times for action grow."
"Why this lock on your forehead?" "That you all may seize me there."
"And why then is your occiput so very bald and bare?"
"That none who once have let me pass may ever have the power
To pull me back, and bring again the once-neglected hour."
"Why did the artist fashion you?" "For your instruction, friend,
And placed me in this vestibule these lessons to commend."

PTOLEMY THE ASTRONOMER

Claudius Ptolemæus (second century A.D.), the famous mathematician, astronomer, and geographer, left the following epigram which describes the joy of the scientist in his work.

On the Study of Astronomy

Though but the being of a day,
When I yon planet's course survey
This earth I then despise:
Near Jove's eternal throne I stand,
And quaff from an immortal hand
The nectar of the skies.

—P. Smyth.

RUFINUS

A Byzantine poet, the author of thirty-eight epigrams in the Greek Anthology.

To an Old Coquette

You now salute me graciously, when gone
Your beauty's power, that once like marble shone;
You now look sweet, though forced to hide away
Those locks that o'er your proud neck used to stray.
Vain are your arts: your faded charms I scorn;
The rose now past, I care not for the thorn.

To a Coy Sweetheart

How long, hard Prodicè, am I to kneel,
And pray and whine, to move that breast of steel?
You e'en are getting grey, as much as I am;
We soon shall be—just Hecuba and Priam.

— Lord Neaves.

Coveted Intimacies

Oh that I were some gentle air,
That when the heats of summer glow,
And lay thy panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow!
Oh that I were yon blushing rose,
Which even now thy hands have pressed,
That I might love in sweet repose,
Reclining on thy snowy breast!
Oh that I were a lily fair,
That, culled by fingers fairer still,
I might thy every movement share,
And on thy beauty gaze my fill!

— Merivale, *adapted by* Neaves.

Fading Beauties

This crown of fairest flowers, my Rhodoclè,
Which my own hands have wreathed, I send to thee:
The lily,—the anemonè, moist with dew,
The rose, narcissus, and the violet blue.

Thus crowned, let no vain thoughts thy mind invade,
Thou, and the wreath, both bloom,—and both must fade.
—Hay, *adapted by* Neaves.

A Model for Sculptors

Where now Praxiteles? Where the skilful art
Of Polycleitus, that could life impart?
Who will mould Meletē's sweet-scented hair,
Her lustrous eyes, her neck, like ivory fair?
Sculptors and casters, sure we owe a shrine
To her bright form as to a power divine.

O Terque Quaterque Beati Sunt!

The eyes of Juno, Meletē, are thine,
Minerva's hands, and Venus' breasts divine;
While thy fair feet like Thetis' ankles shine.
Happy is he who sees thee; he who hears
Thy voice melodious, trebly blest appears:
Who woos thee has a demigod's delight;
And he who wins thee is immortal quite.

Love Leagued with Wine

My breast is armed with Reason against Love:
One against one, he shan't victorious prove.
Though I'm a mortal, an immortal he,
Yet from the combat I will never flee.
But if he's joined by Bacchus, I'm undone:
Who could resist such odds of two to one?

The Spartan Mother

A Spartan 'scaping from the fight,
His mother met him in his flight,
Upheld a falchion to his breast,
And thus the fugitive addressed:
"Thou canst but live to blot with shame
Indelible thy mother's name;

While every breath that thou shalt draw
Offends against thy country's law;
But if thou perish by this hand,
Myself indeed throughout this land,
To my dishonour, shall be known
The mother still of such a son;
But Sparta will be safe and free,
And that shall serve to comfort me.

— Cowper.

SABINUS

Votive Offerings

Roses, the Nymphs,—and Pan, a kid—received in this green shade
From Biton; and for Bacchus too a thyrsus here he laid.
Accept the gifts, and prosper well, ye several Powers Divine,—
Pan and the Nymphs, the flocks and founts,—Bacchus, the joyous wine.

SIMMIAS OF RHODES

A poet and grammarian of the Alexandrian school, who flourished about B. C. 300. The Greek Anthology contains six epigrams ascribed to him, besides three short poems of the fantastic kind called "figure poems," that is poems in which the lines are so arranged to resemble the form of some object; those of Simmias are entitled, from their forms, the Wings, the Egg, and the Hatchet.

On the Tomb of Sophocles[1]

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, lend thine aid, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

— The Spectator.

[1] This epitaph by a glaring anachronism was ascribed by the Spectator to Simonides of Ceos. It has with more reasonableness been ascribed to Simmias.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS

(See also page 167.)

Epigrams

Miltiades erected a statue to Pan in gratitude for the panic fear which the Athenians believed he created in the Persian (Median) army at Marathon. Simonides wrote for it the following epigram (translated by Lord Neaves):

Me, goat-foot Pan, the Arcad—the Medes' fear,
The Athenians' friend—Miltiades placed here.

For the Spartan heroes who fell at Thermopylæ with their king Leonidas, Simonides wrote an epigram, faithfully rendered into English by the translation of Bowles:

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

Professor Wilson says of this noble epigram:

"'Tis but two lines, and all Greece for centuries had them by heart. She forgot them, and—Greece was living Greece no more."

Simonides also wrote a hymn to these patriotic martyrs, a fragment of which has been preserved. The following translation is by Lord Neaves:

Of those at famed Thermopylæ who lie,
Glorious the fortune, bright the destiny.
Their tomb an altar is; their noble name
A fond remembrance of ancestral fame.
Their death, a song of triumph; neither rust
Nor time, that turns all mortal things to dust,
Shall dim the splendour of that holy shrine,
Where Greece for ever sees her native virtues shine.

These epigrams upon the Spartans were inscribed on memorial pillars by public authority.

Simonides also wrote an individual tribute to Megistias, a prophet who was with the army, and who, though urged by Leonidas, refused to flee from the certain death. It is thus translated by Lord Neaves:

Of famed Megistias here behold the tomb,
Slain by the Medes who crossed Sperchèus' tide:
A seer, who well foresaw his coming doom,
But would not leave his Spartan leader's side.

Of the Corinthians who fell at Salamis Simonides wrote:

Well-watered Corinth was our home before;
We lie on Salamis' Aiantian shore.
The ships of Tyre, the Persian, and the Mede
We routed, and thus holy Greece we freed.

The Corinthian votaries of Aphrodite offered up supplications to her to save Greece from the Persian invasion. At the end of the war the citizens dedicated a painted tablet to the goddess, for which Simonides wrote this inscription:

These divine women to fair Venus prayed
To give the struggling friends of Greece her aid;
And She the Greek Acropolis decreed
Not to yield up to the bow-bearing Mede.

On all the Greek heroes slain in the Persian invasion Simonides wrote this epigram:

Nobly to die! if that be virtue's crown,
Fortune to us her bounty well displayed.
Striving to make Greece free, we gained renown
That shrouds us where we lie, and ne'er can fade.

On the slaying of Hipparchus, the Athenian tyrant, Simonides wrote:

Truly a great light met the Athenians' view,
What time his sword Aristogiton drew,
And, with Harmodius' help, Hipparchus slew.

The following epigrams were ascribed to Simonides, but were probably composed by a younger relative of the same name. They are presented in Merivale's translation.

The Double Victory

The Athenian general Cimon was victorious over both the Persian fleet and army on the same day at the river Eurymedon.

Ne'er since that olden time when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
Since horrid Mars first poured on either shore
The storm of battle and its wild uproar,

Hath man by land and sea such glory won,
As for the mighty deed this day was done.
By land, the Medes in myriads press the ground;
By sea, a hundred Tyrian ships are drowned,
With all their martial host; while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

On Those who Fell at the Eurymedon

These by the streams of famed Eurymedon,
Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run:
In swift-winged ships, and on the embattled field,
Alike they forced the Median bows to yield,
Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they lie,
Their names inscribed on rolls of victory.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

All human things are subject to decay:
And well the man of Chios[1] tuned his lay—
"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found;"
Yet few receive the melancholy sound,
Or in their breasts imprint this solemn truth,
For hope is near to all, but most to youth.
Hope's vernal season leads the laughing hours,
And strews o'er every path the fairest flowers:
To cloud the scene, no distant mists appear;
Age moves no thought, and death awakes no fear.
Ah! how unmindful is the giddy crowd
Of the small span to youth and life allowed!
Ye who reflect, the short-lived good employ;
And while the power remains, indulge your joy.

— Merivale.

The Debt of Nature

My heir rejoices when I die; and so
His heir will do, when he in turn shall go:
This debt we all of us to nature owe.

[1] Homer.

Epitaph on a Gentlewoman

Of One who, high in Greece precedence held,
Hippias, who all men of his day excelled,
Archedicè the daughter here doth rest:
Her father, brothers, husband, sons, possessed
A princely rank; but in her gentle mind
None could a trace of arrogance e'er find.

Virtue

'Tis said that Virtue dwells sublime
On rugged cliffs, full hard to climb,
Where round her ranged, a sacred band
Acknowledge her divine command;
But mortal ne'er her form may see,
Unless his restless energy
Breaks forth in sweat that gains the goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul.

— William Hay.

The Four Blessings of Life

Good health for mortal man is best,
And next to this a beauteous form;
Then riches not by guile possessed,
And, lastly, youth, with friendships warm.

— Sterling.

Anacreon's Tomb

All-cheering vine, with purple clusters crowned,
Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound
Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest,
Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast,
Still may'st thou flourish; that the bard divine,
Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,
May view, tho sunk amongst the silent dead,
Thy honours waving o'er his aged head;
Whilst on his ashes in perennial rills,
Soothing his shade, thy nectared juice distils:
Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire,
That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.

— W. Shepard.

TRAJAN

Trajan, the Roman emperor, tried his hand at a Greek epigram, with the following result. That he was not a finished Greek scholar is indicated by an error in quantity in the verses. The English translation is an old one.

A New Use of a Human Face

With nose so long and mouth so wide
And those twelve grinders side by si le,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

XENOCRITUS

On a Maiden Lost at Sea

Shipwrecked Lysidicè, thou hapless fair,
Lost in the sea, the brine bedews thy hair.
Ocean was stirred; and viewing the wild tide,
Thou fell'st, in terror, from the vessel's side.
Thine and thy native Cuma's name are read
On this void tomb, to tell that thou art dead.
Thy bones are somewhere washed in the cold deep;
And Aristomachus, thy sire, must weep
That, journeying with thee for thy marriage-day,
Nor bride, nor even her corse, he could convey.

— William Hay.

ZENO

On Cadmus

Cadmus am I: then grudge me not the boast, that, though I am a
Phœnician born, I taught you Greeks your Alpha, Beta, Gamma.

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